



Thardly seems possible that this year's Carnival was the twelfth of the series commenced in 1923. Children who at that first Carnival obtained their presents from the tree, which was under the control of Father Christmas, impersonated by Mr. Henry Carpenter, are now of age, and have been for several years in the world of industry. So the world goes on and we all go on with it, and fresh recruits each year take the places of those no longer in the happy state of childhood.

It is really remarkable how this social event contrives not to grow old, but manages to maintain its freshness as surely and certainly as in the early days when the idea which it represents was being carefully and solidly founded by our Chief.

Much of the secret of the success of the

gathering is due to the whole-hearted enthusiasm with which workers in every branch of the scheme throw their energies into the particular job they have undertaken to see through.

Without any attempt at revolutionary change fresh ideas are incorporated as the years pass by, and the results are so happy that the spirit and atmosphere of the day remain the same as at its inception, but the outer shell which envelops it is full of everchanging charm and variety.

To those pioneers still with us, and those who have passed beyond, we owe a debt of gratitude. Some have ceased to take an active part in the H.W.A., but their early work is not forgotten and the organisation to-day is a symbol of the foundations they so well and truly laid.



BY the time this number of the Magazine is published we may have become familiar with writing the number "4" in the numerals of the year, instead of the "3" with which we were associated last year.

No matter how glad we may be to get rid of an old year and its anxieties, the habit of writing 1933 for the last Old Year, even though we are in the new one, seems to persist, and thereby, one supposes, hangs a very simple illustration of the way in which old habits force themselves, not only upon new days, new weeks, and new months, but also upon a New Year.

As the actions of the body are in fact reactions of the mind, so almost automatically does the repeated thought fill up the cells of the brain and becomes part of the mental outlook and habit of life.

The youngster cannot be too careful as to the kind of thoughts he regularly thinks, for he is thereby forming the habits of his life, whether they be good or ill.

In this development lies the danger of what is known as "loose thinking." The unguarded gate of the citadel always makes the entry of an enemy so much more easy; and the uncared-for mind more often grows its weed than its flower.

In these days we lack, perhaps, the habit of sound reading and quiet thinking. The standard of literature is not, on the whole, as high as it was. The classics may be the text books from which impositions are copied, but one wonders if they are the daily, friendly companions of uprising youth as they were a generation or two ago.

In spite of the advances of scientific thought in the modern movements towards achievements and world habits that were unknown to our forefathers, a mind must always remain the poorer if it has not soaked itself in some of the writings of Macaulay, Scott, Dickens, and the like, who, if they wrote of life and conditions as they knew them in their day, also wrote with a wide knowledge of life and character in terms of inimitable English prose.

One would like to recommend to all our younger people an unbiassed study of some of the works of famous writers; their time will be anything but badly spent in so doing.

Life may, in its courses, be robbed of much that matters, but as long as reason lasts no man can ever be robbed of his book-love and the company of those children of his mind which love of reading may beget to him.

As one wise man has confessed:—
"When the hurly-burly and the striving at last take on their real perspective and true worth I hope to see the vision of a few well-tried friends, a memory of a service well rendered, a few healed battle-scars, the untold friends of the mind secured for me between many a well-thumbed page, a consciousness of a peace that none can take away and, at the end, a corner by the fireside where the great Love dwells."



### Children's Christmas Carnival.

Only those behind the scenes are aware of the vast amount of preliminary preparation necessary for the Christmas Carnival, held annually in connection with the Harris Welfare Association. In this respect the efforts of the committee and their band of willing helpers were equally thorough and enterprising on the occasion of their twelfth annual venture.

No wonder, therefore, at the success of the undertaking, or at the magnificent display when the doors of the factory were thrown open to the members of the association and their wives, children, and friends on Saturday, the 6th January.

The entire area of the Warehouse floor had been converted into a carnival hall by a band of volunteers, who skillfuly masked machinery and merchandise with bunting and festoons. The shows, amusements, and buffets were cleverly arranged in suitable parts of the carnival hall, according to a plan carefully thought out by Mr. A. J. Mail.

Early in the afternoon the children assembled in the Town Hall, where they were entertained by the Venturers' Concert Party and the H.W.A. Dramatic Society (all members of the staff), who presented "The Family Group," by Mabel Constanduros. The efforts of the artistes (Misses B. M. Austin, T. McFaull, V. Woodward, B. Wiltshire, M. E. Fennell, and Messrs. H. Brittain, J. E. Bromham, J. Wiltshire, and Herby Webb) in the above entertainment placed the children in a state of thorough good humour, and in this state of mind they were afterwards marshalled to the tea room by the stewards.

With the children at tea were the retired servants of the Company, who were present as the guests of the President of the H.W.A.

The happiest and most joyous feature of the Christmas tea is the visit to each table by Mr. Bodinnar, who on this occasion, as usual, had a happy word for each one.

He was accompanied by Mrs. Bodinnar and Miss Bodinnar. Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Redman were also present.

The Catering Committee, under the supervision of Mr. Geo. Gough, had arranged a bountiful repast, which culminated in a

crescendo of excitement as crackers were distributed at each table.

As a preliminary to the distribution of presents from the Christmas Tree by Mrs. Bodinnar, Father Christmas perambulated the hall, and was rapturously received by the children. Portions of the Christmas cake, the gift of the President, were distributed by Miss Bodinnar, and packets of sweets, the gift of Mr. Redman, were distributed by Mrs. Redman.

There were some novel and striking entries made in the children's fancy dress competition, and after much difficulty, owing to the uniform excellence of the designs, Mrs. Bodinnar, who was assisted by Sister Gowan, made the following awards:—

Girls, 8-14.—1, Cynthia Andrews; 2, Margaret Gegg.

Girls, under 8.—1, Margaret Black and Dorothy Black; 2, Joy Burgess; 3, Margaret Hart; 4, Brenda Hart.

Boys, 8-14.—R. Angell.
Boys, under 8.—R. Tucker.

At this stage of the proceedings Miss Doreen Scull presented Mrs. Bodinnar with a bouquet of pink carnations.

In the early part of the evening the centre of interest shifted to the Town Hall, where, as a curtain raiser, the Venturers' Concert Party and Mr. H. Austin gave a short performance preceding the presentation of "Playgoers" (Arthur Pinero), by members of the H.W.A. Dramatic Society. The cast was ably sustained by the Misses D. Bouillon, M. Strange, J. Ellery, D. Cockram, T. McFaull, M. Garraway, and Messrs. G. R. Ashman and A. A. Flay. This may safely be described as one of the most creditable performances as yet given by the society.

Subsequently a Jazz Band Contest was held in the Carnival Hall, followed by the ceremony of crowning the Carnival Queen (Miss Joan Turner) by the President.

A most attractive tableau was presented by the Queen and her Maids of Honour, the Misses E. Bailey, S. McLean, M. Paradise, and C. Palandri, accompanied by their attendant Courtiers—Misses I. Deacon, E. Haddrell, M. Newis, B. Randall, and O. Smith, and Messrs. A. R. Bennett, F. Bevan, J. Brimmer, V. Gale, C. Gingell, E. Witchell, and R. S. J. Hill as St. George, who made a most charming and effective group. Subsequently the party paraded round the hall, headed by the band. Mr. J. F. G. Edwarde



"The Carnival Queen and her Attendants."



"The Royal Procession."



"Mr. Bodinnar amongst the Veterans."



"A Group of Helpers"

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

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was responsible for this ceremony and also the general decoration of the room.

As usual the much-appreciated services of the Calne Town Band were given free, under the conductorship of Mr. C. E. Blackford.

Incidental music at the Town Hall and during the tea was provided by the Harris Orchestra.

Amidst an atmosphere of carnival gaiety a happy throng enjoyed every good thing offered until a late hour, both at the Factory and in the Town Hall, where there was dancing to the strains of the Embassy Dance Orchestra, Mr. I. J. Taylor acting as

There were a number of attractive competitions and side-shows, which aroused keen interest and helped to ensure the success of the day's proceedings, which must be most gratifying to the chairman, Mr. T. W. Petherick: the joint hon, secretaries, Messrs. G. R. Ashman, A. McLean, and R. B. Swaffield; and the whole of the hard-working Committee and their band of willing helpers.

The following were the fortunate winners at the various attractions and side-shows :-

Handicraft Competition (men)-1, Mr. K. E. I. Rutty (paintings and drawings); 2, Mr. S. H. Duck (modelled head); 3, Mr. Cecil Selfe (wool rug).

Lucky Programme-Mr. A. J. Drew.

Dressed Doll-Mr. W. C. Stanley.

Chocolates-Mr. R. Haines.

Corinthian—1. Mr. P. Carter: 2. Mr. G. W. Green: 3, Miss Olive Swain.

Skittles—1, Mr. Haines; 2, Mr. R. Taylor; 3, Mr. C. King.

Side of Bacon—1, Mr. A. Trembling; 2, Mr. R. V. Haines; 3, Mr. H. Simpkins.

### \* \* \* NOT WHAT SHE MEANT.

A lady once employed a girl to stone some plums for her. Calling the girl to her. she said, "Here, Tane, I want you to stone them like this, and when you have finished tell me," so taking the stone out of one, she put the plum in her mouth and went away. The lady happened to be passing through the same room later, when the girl said to her, "Please, mum, I can't eat any more plums." "What do you mean?" And when the lady went up she found that the girl had eaten the plums and left the stones.

### Photographic Notes

TAKING CHILDREN'S PORTRAITS AT HOME.

THE LITTLE TRICKS THAT GET THE BEST PICTURES.

One of the most important points in child portraiture—and one which every amateur photographer can master with a little practice—is to release the shutter when the sitter least expects it.

Photographs of prim little boys and girls in starched clothes will not remind the parents of their children in years to come, but those of laughing and dimpled youngsters will be treasured.

Children are most natural in familiar surroundings, and it is here that the amateur, with his small Kodak or Brownie, scores, for with a little trouble he can convert the nursery or a corner of the drawing-room into a most successful studio.

The "studio" should have at least one large, well-lighted window, and a piece of muslin should be stretched across the lower half of this to prevent glare. A sheet, a curtain, or a patternless wall-paper of a light colour will serve as the background. If the portrait is to be a head-and-shoulders affair, with the camera only 4ft. from the sitter, a portrait attachment should be fitted over the lens, otherwise the picture will be out of focus.

### Get the Child Absorbed.

The sitter should be dressed in simple every-day clothes, so that he feels, as well as looks, as natural as possible. Something should be done to hold his interest—let him hold and play with a favourite toy, or in the case of a girl let her cuddle a doll—then, while the sitter is completely absorbed, the amateur can release the shutter and secure a charming picture.

One of the greatest attractions of child portraiture is that the amateur never knows when his little sitter will assume a delightful expression of pleasure or grief—and children's tears can be just as attractive (photographically) as their smiles.

Patience is one of the greatest assets in work of this kind, and a few minutes' extra waiting may be rewarded with a print of which a professional would feel proud.

### 1933 and Onward.

T was the great writer, R. L. Stevenson. who once wrote that "it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive." And that is so, because if life is not a journey it is nothing. There is so much to do and so far to go that no-one has any right to imagine he has really arrived at all. Always the cry must be "onward."

Our Factories, as they look back on the year that is fast closing, will know that it has been a year of travel and that the Promised Land is still to be reached and travelled through. But as we have gone on our way the countryside has changed and become far less arid and desolate. We see evidences that old England is more prosperous than was the case this time last year.

Mr. Garvin, writing in the "Observer' of Sunday, December 17th, put it in another way. He took the example of the emergence of day from the night. It is actually so gradual that there is no one moment when one can say it is day until after the actual turn has been made; then suddenly one can say the night has passed, the day has dawned. So with our National affairs; we can now say confidently that, taking things throughout, the night of depression has passed and daylight is actually with us. Of course, one can always find what one looks for and we should not now look too closely on the present trouble that besets our particular branch of Agriculture. Things had been allowed to drift and drift until there were those who said "the game is up. England, as an agricultural land, is the great washout." But two or three years ago there were others who said "Not so. We are going to revive Agriculture and its kindred industries." Naturally, we had to start with our raw material, and in that respect the plans made have met with so large a measure of success that at the moment we have an embarrassment of riches in the shape of multitudes of pigs. The Curers' turn must come, though delayed until 1934. So we continue our travels hopefully and in good heart.

Those who have read our Magazine may remember perchance that the writer is one of those who rather believes that to get things done one cannot but help having bees in one's bonnet, and that I have had and have—two. The one I deal with above and the other is the chaos on the roads.

During the passing of 1933 the people who are engaged in the world's most perilous work are those whose time is spent on the roads. We remember the old time verses about seafaring and coal mining:-

"Ye gentlemen of England who sit at home in ease.

How little do you think upon the dangers of the seas."

Or that tragic lament:—

"Don't go down the mine, daddy." But now seafaring and coal mining as dangerous occupations pale their fires before the greater dangers of the road. One has only to count up the number of our outdoor staff who have met with serious accidents this past year to realise how dangerous the road has become. Now, at last, the necessary data has been collected and Parliament, with other bodies, are busy working out ways and means to abate the ghastly toll of dead and injured.

Meanwhile we of the travelling staff keep on going on hopefully. Neither, I believe, would any one of us willingly forego the life that takes us about and provides so much of interest and change. We do very much travel and, although we encounter dangers that make tiger hunting only a bit of a spree, yet we know, too, the joys of the

open road.

R.E.H.

### GIRLS AND COOKING.

Girls are being taught a lot of things not worth twopence, but every girl, whether she marries a duke or a kitchen-boy, ought to know how to cook. Then, at any rate. she would know how to superintend her kitchen. The only form of wealth is the wealth of knowledge one carries in the brain. -Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter.

The bill of fare, as you may well suppose, Was suited to those plentiful old times Before our modern luxuries arose: With truffles, ragouts, and various crimes. They served up salmon, benison, and wild boars

By hundreds and by dozens and by scores. Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard, Muttons and fatted beeves and bacon swine. WHISTLECRAFT: "King Arthur."

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### Dramatic Society.

### " SHANGHAI."

(Presented by the Dramatic Society on Tuesday, December 13th, 1933.)

A rather difficult short play produced in a very able and masterful way.

The only criticism one could make is that in making themselves word perfect the characters had rather failed to appreciate that being natural is one of the main essentials in play acting. To be this one has got to absolutely forget all about the audience and try to visualise and take unto themselves the feelings and actions the author endeavours to convey into his characters. Far easier said than done, but it is something that will come with practice and concentration.

"Shanghai" contained passages which, unless they were carried off with more than mere amateurish ability, would have been simply ludicrous and would have produced rather a disconcerting effect upon the

Literally speaking, the bouquet had to be equally divided. Miss Kathleen Angell gave a very able rendering of Mrs. Patch, the proprietress of the riverside eating house, whilst Miss Dorothy Cockram more than filled the part of Flora, "the maid with a purpose."

One really got sentimental during the tender passages between Flora and Bert, the latter splendidly portrayed by Mr. Richard

The part of the prodigal son, Joe Patch, was admirably taken by Mr. Jack Wiltshire. He was lucky to be able to let his audience know how much he was enjoying hot soup on such a cold night.

The scenery was exceedingly effective and made all the difference.

It seems that it will be far better for the Dramatic Society to present a series of short plays rather than to concentrate on the long variety until such time as they are in a position to master the latter. Short plays with few characters lend themselves to the individual parts being thoroughly mastered. The fact of having a few characters in each play enables all members of the Dramatic Society to appear in one or the other

A small job done well is far better than a big one incomplete. A.G.

### "THE FAMILY GROUP."

By Mabel Constanduros.

(Presented at the Town Hall, Saturday afternoon, January, 6th.)

One of the advantages of playing to an audience of juveniles is the fact that in spite of the growth of sophistication they are always willing to advance over the orchestra and almost over the footlights, to welcome the artistes. The entire onus of getting over having been removed, the result was an afternoon performance of downright good fun and real merit.

J. E. Bromham, always a host in himself, made an ideal photographer of continental origin. In fact, we were almost persuaded that the caste had been reinforced from without, until a reference to the programme revealed his well-known name and initials.

The same submerging of personality was achieved by Miss V. Woodward, who successfully cloaked her own under a very creditable presentation of the disgruntled but very much alert grandmother.

Herby Webb made a delightful and impish Little Ede, with short socks, elbow sleeves, and a natural display of all the jolly winning ways of a little girl of about six summers.

Miss B. Wiltshire, as Emily, paraded, marshalled, and arranged the family group with a masterfulness which bodes ill for any similar group so marshalled in real life.

Jack Wiltshire, as the father, looked suitably stiff, cowed, and bored, and spoke with a voice which conveyed and emphasised those looks.

Miss Austin's Aunt Maria was convincingly drooping, crushed, and forlorn, with its air of "nobody wants me"—an attitude of mind energetically fostered by the aged though vital grandma.

A really good performance which must have gladdened the heart of the producer, and which was suitably heralded in by the Venturers' Concert Party and the Harris Orchestra, both augmented for the occasion.

### " PLAYGOERS."

BY ARTHUR PINERO.

(Presented at the Town Hall, on Saturday evening, January 6th).

It is a feather in the cap of the H.W.A. Dramatic Society that on a day of events following fast one upon the other, they were

able to fill the Town Hall to overflowing.

The play chosen by the Selection Committee was well within the compass of the cast and resulted in forty-five minutes of real pleasure and enjoyment for the audience.

Miss D. Bouillon played effectively the ineffective young wife, so anxious to smoothly run the establishment over which she reigned as chatelaine, but so thwarted and vexed by the troublesome servant problem which wears out the young wife in suburbia (at least so the popular Press correspondence columns tell us).

Mr. G. R. Ashman, her willing and effective spouse, always rose when dragged into the discussion with heavy stuff, delivered in the do or die style demanded of newly-wed husbands when dealing with Bolshie cooks and lesser fry of the domestic underworld.

The false noses and carnivalia of the Stock Exchange on binge days are probably taboo in the dignified seclusion of the members' homes, but the perruquier had managed with a lavish display of red paint to make hubbie look not quite so much an object of dignity as he otherwise would have looked if left to his own natural resources.

Miss M. Garraway, as the lachrymose useful maid, gave a very clever piece of acting, as likewise did the superior parlourmaid (Miss D. Cockram), who, gifted with second sight, answered the telephone just two seconds before the bell rang.

Miss McFaull played the aloof and studiedly insolent housemaid very convincingly, and Miss Joan Ellery was as perky and as cheeky as any kitchenmaid could wish to be, and probably would have been even more electric in her jumpings from the sofa if she had not been so firmly wedged in by the ample presences of the cook and one other of the domestics.

Miss M. Strange, as the cook, contrived to look her part, but her voice lacked the resonance of the "Third International" to adequately back up a very fine portrayal.

And now for the Odd Man. Mr. A. A. Flay is to be congratulated upon a very fine performance. In make-up, manner, gesture, and speech, he was the ideal man-servant, and if he ever wants a job and cares to call round at the servants' entrance any time after half-past five, there is a job waiting for him. Such an adder to the gaiety of nations and families should not be wasted on ordinary work.

As in the afternoon the Venturers'

Concert Party and the Harris Orchestra lent their welcome aid.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Skuse, Rubery, Stockdale, and Butler for their labours behind the scenes.

### HEAVEN.

Spend in pure converse our eternal day;
Think each in each, immediately wise;
Learn all we lacked before; hear, know,
and say

What this tumultuous body now denies; And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;

And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.

RUPERT BROOKE.

### \* \* \* AN IMPRINT.

Oh, friends! once more a year has passed away,
Seeming a footprint in a bed of clay;
That is a mark of something that has been,

And yet this pattern or this hollow mould Once served its purpose; yea a thousand fold. For by the weight of time was it impressed To make some joyful, some, alas, distressed!

That is no more, and cannot now be seen.

Health to you for whom last year did measure Its full of some conspicuous pleasure!
May joy survive and never distant seem As though it were a passing, pleasant dream.

And we to you whose cup did brim with woe, Deep in our hearts seek words that may console.

For some have wounds that nought on earth can heal,

And broken hearts the brave cannot conceal.

There is but One Whom we would have you hear,

Whose simple message was, "Be of good cheer."

For He, the Man of Sorrows—knowing grief, Alone expresses words of sure relief.

All have had some experience each year That tends upon each future life to bear, Let us glean wisdom from each minute past And build achievement that will ever last.

THOMAS HARVEY.

### Harris (Calne) Employees' Benefit Society.

The Annual General Meeting of the Harris (Calne) Employees' Benefit Society was held in the Town Hall, Calne, on Tuesday, December 13th. Mr. T. W. Petherick presided in the absence of J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P., President of the Society, who was detained in London on business. Mr. R. P. Redman was also away on business and unable to be present. Mr. P. T. Knowles, the Chairman of the Committee, presented the Annual Report and Statement of Accounts, which disclosed the following interesting items: - Members' Contributions, £544 10s. 9d.; benefits paid to members,  $f_{317}$  16s. 2d.; expenses,  $f_{30}$  18s. 7d. (This latter item is met by a contribution from C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd., and paid into the Reserve Fund, which at the moment, excluding the above sum, stands at £399 5s. 4d.) The share-out, divided among the 906 members, amounted to £193 4s. 10d., leaving a balance to be carried forward of \$46 9s.

The Hospital Fund Account showed an equally satisfactory position. Members' contributions were £347 18s. 8d.; of this £79 9s. 9d. was paid to hospitals in respect of patients, £10 16s. 9d. for convalescence; £8 2s. Nursing Home fees; Wilts County Council, 16s.; massage, £3 5s.; cost of conveying patients, £70; petty expenses, f1. This left a surplus of £174 9s. 2d., and from it an ex-gratia donation to various hospitals was made amounting to £145 10s... leaving a balance to be carried forward of £28 19s. 2d. (The Hospital Reserve Fund Account stands at £255 8s. 6d.)

These satisfactory figures were placed before the members and were received with the greatest pleasure. Tributes were made to Officers, Committee, and Secretary for the careful and sympathetic manner in which the work of the Society was administered, and formal business routine followed.

This meeting was followed by the Annual General Meeting of the Harris Welfare Association, and again in the absence of Mr. Bodinnar Mr. Petherick occupied the chair. At the conclusion of the business Mr. Stanley North Smith, on the President's behalf, presented the various trophies won during the past season.

The evening terminated with a programme by the Dramatic Society, a criticism of which appears elsewhere in our columns.

### Wellington to 'Frisco.

Our first port of call was Raratonga, where we had the good fortune to receive an invitation to a native feast. We all sat on the floor and were regaled with the milk of cocoanuts plucked straight from the trees, sucking pig, and a native pudding which tasted like sago mixed with gelatine. We were decorated with floral crowns on our heads and wreaths around our necks.

One of the natives traded me a pearl in exchange for a pair of blue silk blouses, so I got a cheap and genuine pearl.

While there a rough sea was raging, so we all had to make the journey ashore in boats, riding over the surf. The tropical trees and flowers are gorgeous, the blooms are like wax, and the colouring beyond description.

The next island we visited was Tahiti. The town was not attractive, but out in the country it was wonderful with its crops of bananas, cocoanut trees, and orange groves. Land crabs thrive on this island, and some of them are as large as kittens. They are quite a pest and a constant war is waged on them to prevent an entire destruction of the crops of the island. The sea was a gorgeous series of colours ranging from electric green to every variety of blue. The natives are tall, slim, and graceful, and owe much of their prosperity to Americans, who use the island as a holiday playground.

Sunset and sunrise in this part of the Pacific are glorious sights that once seen are never forgotten.

The actual sea voyage was full of interest with all the social round of a holiday cruise. We had many interesting passengers on board, including Zane Grev, who has a wonderful home in Tahiti.

'Frisco is an old city with thousands of seals round the shores; their noise is terrific and their aroma is objectionable. We visited the wonderful aquarium, and it took nearly one whole day to make a tour of the

In seaplanes and aeroplanes we journeyed to Los Angeles. It was a very thrilling journey. We were able to wear ordinary clothes, but were only allowed to carry a very limited supply of luggage.

We remained in Hollywood for about nine weeks, and saw many of the cinema stars. There are miles of orange groves and all kinds of fruit trees abound except apple trees, and the cultivation is of a very high standard, and not a weed to be seen.

The Japanese are an important factor in this part of America, but they are not enfranchised, and cannot purchase their

Whilst here we toured right down to

Mexico City, enjoying every inch of the way through beautiful landscapes and historic towns, but, after all, give me the Old Country —it cannot be surpassed, for Rural England is superb.

Note:—We are indebted to Mr. R. Freeth for these glimpses of travel made by a near relative during the last few months.

### C. & T. HARRIS (CALNE) LTD., SAVINGS SCHEME.

The Annual General Meeting, of which notice had been given to all Depositors, was held at the Calne Factory on Friday, 26th January, 1934, and we have pleasure in printing a copy of the Balance Sheet which was then submitted and adopted: -,

### DATANCE CITEER OLD DECEMBED 4000

BALANCE SHEET, 31st	DECEMBER, 1933.	
LIABILITIES.	ASSETS.	
Amount due to Depositors, including interest to date 52,269 11 9	$ \begin{array}{cccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccccc$	
	cent. Conversion Loan 5,337 18 0  Market Value—£47,572 10s. 0d. 45,671 1	0
	Interest on Investments accrued to date 177 18 Claim for Refund of Income Tax 78 19	
£52,269 11 9	£52,269 11	9

### AUDITORS' REPORT.

I have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books, Records, and Vouchers of the Fund, and find it to be in accordance therewith.

The correctness of the Cash at Bank has been confirmed by reference to a Certificate received from the Bankers.

The Certificates of the Investments as set out above are registered in the names of four Trustees, and are held by Lloyds Bank Limited for safe custody.

I hereby certify that 99 per cent. of the Depositors' Pass Books have been examined with the Ledger Accounts.

106, Edmund Street, Birmingham. 22nd January, 1934.

(Signed), JAMES PITT, Of AGAR, BATES, NEAL & Co., Chartered Accountants.

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### The Dovecote.

The glory of many Tudor residences is the dovecote or "Columbaria," as these interesting buildings are often called in ancient deeds. Dovecotes were built in the forms either square or round. These types prevail according to the district, and there is much that is interesting to say about these strange buildings.

The Lord of the Manor was an important person all through the Middle Ages and beyond. Among the powers he possessed was the right to have a dovecote. What more sounds a peaceable possession! What more harmless than a dove! Unfortunately, however, the birds he kept were not doves, but pigeons; a very different kind of bird and one endowed with a voracious appetite.

We must, therefore, picture to ourselves the Lord of the Manor having his dovecote inhabited by some five or six hundred pairs of ever-hungry pigeons, who lived, not on the food with which he supplied them, but on what they could pick up for themselves from the farms and gardens of the surrounding countryside. Any attempt to act drastically with these ravenous birds was dealt with most savagely, for the pigeons must not be destroyed, no matter how much damage they did.

One remedy the farmer had against these marauders, that was to employ boys who were paid a few pence per week to scare them away. Bird keeping was a regular employment for lads in days before school attendance was compulsory. The boys were provided with wooden rattles, which they swung round and round, or with a clapper made of two small pieces of board losely fastened together with a leather thong. They accompanied this noise with one they made by singing a ceaseless refrain in a high-pitched voice. The words they used and the tune they sang are among the oldest of our country sounds.

Dovecotes have been in use from a very early age. Some are said to date from Norman or earlier times. A book written as long ago as the fourth century gives quaint directions for building a dovecote. One of the things to be guarded against was attack from rats and weasles.

In some of the dovecotes there was accommodation for more than a thousand

birds, but for what purpose were such large quantities required? It must be remembered that in times past farmers did not feed their stocks on roots, and consequently were not able to keep many animals through the winter, only those known as store cattle, sheep, or pigs were saved, and a few cows for milk. All others were slaughtered and salted down. Hence, throughout the long winter months the only meat available was salt meat. Anything that would compensate for this was most desirable, and as a consequence large flocks of pigeons were kept to supply the table.

The dovecote was entered by a man with a long-handled net, both the entrance door and trap-door below the louvre being closed. He swept his net among the flying birds until he had secured enough.

The expression, "a flutter in the dovecote," can well be understood when we think of hundreds of scared and dazed pigeons flying home as the net swept among them. If a greater delicacy than a grown-up bird was wanted a ladder that revolved on a pole in the centre of the building could be mounted and sufficient young ones taken from the nests to make "squab pie."

"IF."

(With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling). If you can keep up heart when men around you

Are losing theirs and blaming "this bad trade."

If you can trust your firm when men confound you.

And competition meet all unafraid.

If you can wait for orders, go on waiting,
Or being lied about, don't echo lies;

Or being snubbed go smiling and not hating, And to a prospect's tricks be very wise. If you can dream success, but work the faster, If you can think, but still make work your

If you can meet with orders—and disaster, And treat bad days and good days just the same:

If you can talk with clients, yet keep virtue, Or sell to Kings—nor lose the human touch, If neither foes nor customers can hurt you, And you can laugh and joke—but not too much.

If you can fill each order—seeking minutes With sixty seconds loyal service done, Yours is the job—and everything that's in it, And what is more, a salesman be, my son.

### Sympathy for the Editor.

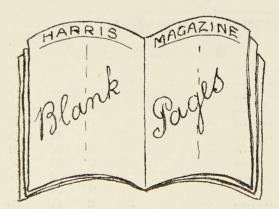
Dear Mr. Editor your job's very hard, You do it ungrudgingly, you get no reward. When your note comes along you our article ask,

We think of you and your difficult task.



To fill the pages of our Mag. is a difficult thing When nothing from anyone seems to come in. Are the efforts worth while, you no doubt sometimes wonder,

And we all know to drop it would be a great blunder.

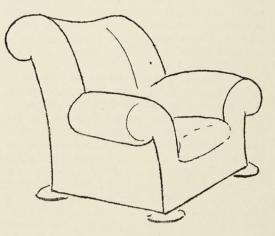


We all want our Mag. so we'll all have to think,

And once a month let us into that armchair sink.

Get all comfy, with our pipe or cigarette well alight,

And as our thoughts come take our pencil and write.



Suppose "Between Ourselves" were to close down,

We then should all read our Mag. with a frown.

But our Chief every month still shows us the way;

We thank him, but he'd like to read what we say.



He certainly sets us a good example,

And of things to write about there's always ample.

And each month when the Magazine you invest in,

If you see your own article 'twill be more interestin'.

Some friends have contributed for many years,

And now we're regretting no article appears. We hope they will again in their arm-chair sit And still continue to do their little bit.

### entre erita Calne igitised

### Health Hints.

THE WHYS AND HOWS OF DIET. What our Foodstuffs consist of.

SALTS.—In recent times a greater importance has been attributed to the simple mineral constituents of the diet than was formerly the case. There are various socalled deficiency diseases which are due to the absence or deficiency of some substance. often a mineral salt in the diet.

The important mineral constituents are the following:

CALCIUM.—Required by every tissue in the body, especially the bones and teeth. It is required by the blood which, without it, will not clot. The heart will not beat, the muscles will not work, and the clotting of milk in the stomach, which is necessary to enable it to be digested, cannot take place without Calcium.

Source: - Cheese, Eggs, Milk, Oatmeal. Phosphorous.—In the form of Phosphoric Acid, is an essential constituent of bones and teeth, and all the cells and tissues of the body, particularly nervous tissue.

Source: -Milk, Cheese, Eggs, Oatmeal,

IRON.—Is needed to enable the blood to carry oxygen from the lungs to the tissues. Source: -Meat, Eggs, Whole Meal, some

Green Vegetables.

CHLORINE.—Is present in all tissues of the body and consequently an essential constituent of the diet.

Source: - Common Salt.

IODINE.—Is required particularly by one organ, the thyroid gland, situated in the neck. The function of this organ is to control the combustion of food in the body and to influence the growth and changes of the body, more especially before the stage of adult life is reached. If this organ is diseased or defective, very serious consequences may follow, mental and physical development may be stunted. The necessary (onions), fish and cod liver oil. In case of should be remembered that if the foods taken vield on combustion in the body acid waste products, a great deal is thrown upon residues on combustion.

For practical purposes it is hardly necessary to discuss the amounts of each mineral salt required. If the diet contains cheese, milk, eggs, meat, oatmeal, green vegetables, salad, salt, the body will obtain the supplies it requires. Green vegetables play a very important part, and there is one point in this connection to be borne in mind. Let them be cooked in very little water so that the soluble salts are not "cooked out" and lost. Steaming is preferable to boiling as a means of cooking vegetables.

"Use three Physicians—Dr. Quick, Dr.

iodine is obtained from sea air, salt when obtained from salt water, certain vegetables doubt, iodised salt can be used. In connection with the mineral contents of the diet, it the kidneys, whose function it is to get rid of them. Herein lies one of the great values of vegetables in the diet, for they yield basic

To summarise the question of mineral contents the diet must furnish, it will be seen that we get Calcium from Cheese, Eggs, Milk, Oatmeal, and Vegetables; Phosphorous from Cheese, Eggs, Meats, Milk, Oatmeal, Green Vegetables; Iron from Egg volk, Meat, Wholemeal, Green Vegetables; Chlorine from Table Salt; Iodine from

Fish, Iodised Salt.

"Diet cures more than the lance."-CERVANTES. Merryman, and Dr. Dyet."

### INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLE LEAGUE, 1933-34. Results to January 26th, 1934. Pnts. Pnts. Played. Won. Lost. Drn. Poss. Obtd. Pie, Box, No. 1 Despatch, Lifts, Mill, Chauffeurs, and 78 49 14 23 12 72 47 21 7 2 60 44 21 11 66 43 16 16 1 66 33 66 32 16 2 15 19 2 66 26 12 Engineers and Maintenance A ..... 12 21 0 66 24 Printing, Lard, Basement, Cellars, Lab., Tin, and Shop 33 11 20 2 66 24 24 66 16

### Sunshine and Health.

### Ultra-Violet Radiation and Metabolism.

Much experimental work has been done on this section as the result of the discovery of two important facts, viz., that light can increase phosphorus retention in animals. and that light is effective in curing rickets in children.

It is unnecessary here to trace historically the events which have lead up to our present knowledge of this subject, but it will be interesting to review the present position.

Rickets is essentially a malformation of the bone and is due to the lack of deposition of phosphate of lime, this being the substance to which the rigidity of bone is due. Now the lime and phosphorus necessary for proper bone formation has to be supplied by the blood stream, which, in turn, derives its supplies from the digestive tract during the absorption of food. Hence an important factor in the proper calcification of bone is the necessity of a sufficiency of lime and phosphorus in the diet.

Rickets has been produced in experimental animals as the result of a diet deficient in one or both of these substances. In fact, a similar disease is common amongst animals in certain parts of the world, which has been found to be due to a lack of lime and phosphorus in the soil, which deficiency is passed on to the herbage on which the animals feed. This, however, is another story, and rickets in man is very rarely due to an insufficient intake of lime and phosphorus, since the human diet contains sufficient of these substances to supply all needs. The deficiency assumes more importance in the case of growing children on an ill-balanced diet since they require more lime and phosphorus to build up the necessary tissues.

Rickets may occur in children on a diet sufficient in lime and phosphorus owing to the lack of absorption of these elements from the digestive tract. This lack of absorption is due to an insufficiency of vitamin D in the diet, and when vitamin D is given to the child or, alternatively, when the child is exposed to ultra-violet rays of wave length less than 3,130 units, then lime and phosphorus absorption is increased and a rise to the normal level of these substances in the blood occurs.

Now vitamin D occurs naturally in certain foods, notably in cod liver oil and egg yolk, and to some extent in butter and milk. This vitamin, however, is poorly distributed in natural foodstuffs when compared with the others, and the young growing child is likely to suffer from a deficiency unless the supply is supplemented from other

### Ultra-Violet Radiation and Vitamin D.

It has been found that when a substance called ergosterol, naturally occurring in fats, is exposed to ultra-violet radiation, then a change takes place with the production of a substance having a very marked effect on lime and phosphorus absorption. Hence ergosterol is regarded as pro-vitamin D and its irradiation product the antirachitic vitamin. This irradiation must be carried out with extreme care, firstly because the vitamin itself is extremely potent and must be very carefully standardised since an excess is extremely dangerous, and secondly. while irradiation of ergosterol results in the formation of vitamin D, this is not stable, and the active substance passes into a further substance which is inactive. The active form is relatively stable in oily solution, and recently the vitamin has been obtained in the solid form practically pure, this being known as calciferol.

Now ergosterol occurs widely distributed in the body tissues, and it is now generally agreed that exposure of the body to ultraviolet radiation results in the formation of vitamin D from the ergosterol in the skin cells, this being subsequently absorbed into the blood stream, where it regulates lime and phosphorus absorption in a manner indistinguishable from the effect when taken

internally.

It was pointed out above that an excess of vitamin D above body requirements is extremely dangerous. With the other vitamins the margin between the correct dose and the toxic dose is relatively large, but with vitmain D this margin is rather small. It is necessary, therefore, when feeding a vitamin D preparation, to adhere to the correct dose. An excess results in calcification of the arteries and kidneys with fatal results. There was a case of this some time ago where a mother, in Edinburgh, had persistantly given her child double the prescribed dose with the idea, presumably. that the cure would be so much the quicker. Needless to say the child died.

Heritag Calne Digitised

Since ultra-violet rays have been shown to take an active part in the production of vitamin D in the animal body, many facts have been arrived at in recent years as to the amount of these rays in ordinary sunlight and their behaviour on transmission through window glass.

Now it is a general rule that the shorter the wave length of any radiation the more easily is it absorbed, and while sunlight contains all kinds of radiation, including very short waves which are definitely harmful on anything more than short exposure, these very short waves are absorbed in the upper layers of the atmosphere and so never reach the earth at all. In fact, the solar radiation reaching the earth stops short at a wave length of approximately 295 units. We say approximately because

the figure varies with atmospheric conditions

and solar altitude.

It has been amply proved that only wave lengths shorter than 313 units are curative in rickets and that only those shorter than 305 units produce a marked effect. This antirachitic radiation varies greatly with time of day, time of year, altitude, and latitude, and represents only a very small fraction of the total solar energy reaching the earth. Our temperature sense tells us that sunlight is far hotter in summer than in winter, and the relative speed with which it causes sunburn at different times of year gives us some idea of the change in its ultraviolet content. It is surprising to find, however, that the annual variation in ultraviolet energy is greater than the annual variation in heat. For example, measurements taken at mid-day in June show the ultra-violet content to be ten times the amount as measured at mid-day in January. These results refer to optimum conditions, i.e., bright sunshine.

The actual solar ultra-violet radiation available for the health of animals and human beings depends also on the scattered light from the sky, on the reflected light from snow, water, sand, &c., and on the degree of contamination of the air by smoke in cities. The scattered light from the sky may be very high in ultra-violet radiation and varies less than direct sunlight throughout the day. Also scattered ultra-violet radiation is markedly increased if snow is on the ground. It is difficult, therefore, to estimate the exact amount of antirachitic radiation received, but our knowledge is

sufficient to be able to apply it to good advantage. From October to April only noon sunshine contains any significant amount of these radiations, so that children should have their outdoor exposure and exercise as near noon as possible during these months. The actual antirachitic dose varies with the diet, and it is apparent from the seasonal incidence of rickets that the usual sunlight exposures given to children in the winter are insufficient in themselves to prevent the disease.

### The Transmission of Ultra-violet Rays throug h

The antirachitic radiations present in sunlight are absorbed by ordinary window glass, but transmitted to varying extents by certain special glasses, e.g., vita glass. These special glasses transmit 40 to 50 per cent of the radiation when new, but only 25 to 35 per cent. when old. Thus it should be borne in mind that an animal or child placed behind a window made with such glass should be given three or four times the exposure necessary in outdoor sunlight. In a north window the amount of ultra-violet radiation reaching a point inside is onethird to one-quarter the amount of the radiation emitted by the area of sky seen through the window, which is obviously a very small amount. Measurements have shown that, in the centre of a north room. with a large window area glazed with ultra-violet transmitting glass, it would take twenty hours to get as much ultraviolet radiation as can be obtained in two minutes outdoors at noon.

Even so, this glass is of unquestionable value when used with these facts in mind. Delicate children may obtain irradiation without outdoor exposure, and it should be useful in day nurseries. It is probably valueless in schools where the majority of the children are too far from the windows to get an appreciable amount of the radiation, but in the case of animals habitually housed, as in a zoo, it produces excellent results.

\* \* \* H.F.

### BEST THREE OUT OF FIVE?

Two cats were about to have a duel.
"Let us have an understanding before
we begin," said one.

"About what?" asked the other.

"Is it to be a duel to the death, or shall we make it the best three lives out of five?"

### Our Portrait Gallery.

MISS W. SMITH



Miss W. Smith, the Magazine distributor at Ipswich, is a very popular member of the Staff, and is noted for her genial disposition with everybody who comes in contact with her

She is keenly interested in music, being an excellent pianist, and is very much in demand at our Socials and among her wide circle of friends.

Takes great interest in our social events and has served on the Sports and Social Club Committee since its inception.

Miss Smith joined the staff at Ipswich when the factory commenced operations in 1921 and has acted in a secretarial capacity since that date.

### HIS INSTRUMENT.

If you are going in for music, which instrument would you choose?

Well, I've always thought I would like to be a soloist on a cash register.

A rainbow may sometimes be seen all day long in Siberia. It is due to reflection of the sun on fine particles of snow in the air.



BELLS

On December 24th, at Calne Parish Church, Miss Elsie Watkins was married to Mr. H. Russ, of the Traffic Department. The combined wedding present was a handsome clock. Miss Watkins was also presented with an oak flower tub from the Pie Department, to which she was attached for nine years.

At St. Andrew's Parish Church, Chippenham, on December 30th, Mr. J. Angell, of the Basement, was married to Miss Irene Wilson, of Chippenham. Mr. Angell was the recipient of a silver oxidised curb from the Basement Department and a mirror from the Factory.

At Calne Parish Church, on January 6th, Miss Lily Bush was married to Mr. Fred Grainger, of Quemerford. Miss Bush was for nine years in the Retort Department, and was presented with a fire screen and companion set from that department, Mr. Gale making the presentation. The present from the Factory consisted of bedroom rugs

### \* \* \* TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile they glide
Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK.



January has often in the past proved a difficult month from the point of view of bacon supplies. This year the position has been somewhat different, for although our killings are not up to the months before Christmas they are still sufficiently large to enable us to fill orders in full.

We do not want to make this article a business lecture, but the present is more than ever a time to get out of the rut of ordinary routine and to push round for new customers and to explore new avenues for opening up business. Districts which in the past have appeared to be hopeless can now be worked with a very definite prospect of securing orders.

Imported supplies show a huge decrease as compared with the quantity coming into the country for the corresponding period of last year, and this has got to be made up with something else. This is where the greatly increased supplies of English Bacon come in.

It is so very easy both for our friends inside and outside to get into a rut of daily routine, and it is as well from time to time to pull up and consider just where this is leading. Has every possible outlet been tackled? Is there any other section of the trade who can handle Wiltshire Bacon?

And there is another aspect which requires careful watching; that is, that in addition to being Bacon Curers we are manufacturers of Sausages, Pies, Cooked Meats, and Specialities in Glasses and Tins. There is a possibility of every account opened for Bacon developing into an account for Small Goods, and vice versa. The largely increased supplies of pigs, in addition to calling for increased sales of Bacon, also call for increased sales of Small Goods to assist in clearing the numerous by-products

Let us, therefore, make a point of pausing at least once a week to examine where our efforts have been leading.

Before the Pig and Bacon Schemes can be said to be firmly established there will still be disappointments, much hard work and worry; but courage and a cheerful spirit are needed and there is no doubt that eventually we shall get to the position of supplying a far larger proportion of this country's Bacon consumption.

J.H.G.

All our friends on the road will join in wishing the best of success to the Kidlington

Bacon Factory, near Oxford, and to the Four Counties Bacon Co., Eastleigh, which are opening up before the end of the month under Mr. F. Gale, of Dunmow, and Mr. G. H. Taylor, of Redruth, respectively.

A warning to those using cars. Since the beginning of 1934 no fewer than three thefts from our travellers have occurred in widely different parts of the country. Only one car has so far been recovered. It is very necessary that precautions are taken when leaving a car unattended in whatever part of the country.

We take this opportunity of welcoming Mr. G. E. Burton, who has joined us as Pioneer Representative, and Messrs. V. M. Sturgess and W. J. Perry, who have come ot Calne as Relief Salesmen.

A member of a national medical association tells the following story at the expense of a physician:

\* \* \*

"Are you sure," an anxious patient once asked—"are you sure that I shall recover? I have heard that doctors have sometimes given wrong diagnosis and treated a patient for pneumonia who afterwards died of typhoid fever."

"You have been woefully misinformed," replied the physician indignantly. "If I treat a man for pneumonia, he dies of pneumonia."



### LIBRARY SECTION

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"The Will of James Mark Crane," by U. L. Silberrad.

Mr. Crane left one-third of his fortune to his niece, and the other two-thirds to a man he had never met, provided his niece fulfilled certain conditions by a certain time. While his niece was trying to fulfil the conditions she also discovered the reason why her uncle left the two-thirds of his fortune to Mr. Spennylove.

"The Nightwatchman and Other Longshoremen," by W. W. Jacobs.

A collection of humorous short stories.

"The Roving Eye," by Humphrey Pakington.

The story of a young naval officer who became engaged to the wrong girl.

"Royal Flush," by Margaret Irwin.

The life story of the youngest daughter of Charles I., who was smuggled over to France to join her mother when Charles was taken prisoner. After the Restoration she married the French King's brother, and acted as "go-between" in private negotiations between Charles and Louis.

### HOCKEY.

### LADIES.

A good performance was put up against Stothert & Pitts on December 2nd, and at one time it looked as if an easy victory was to be obtained. Leading by three goals to nil at half-time, the invariable fatal mistake of taking things easy seemed almost to occur, as is evidenced by the final score of 4 goals to 3 in our favour. L. Holley (2), D. Cockram, and I. Hunt were the scorers for our side.

Disappointment came our way when our match on December 9th, v. Christopher Thomas & Co., of Bristol, was scratched owing to the severe frost making the ground

dangerous for play. This was our experience again on December 16th, when we were obliged to scratch our match with G.W.R. (Swindon). On December 30th we entertained Holt at Lickhill, and this seemed all we did beyond scoring our goal in the twenty minutes we had for play. Heavy rain stopped the game and darkness prevented resumption when the rain ceased. Miss Holley scored the only goal.

### MEN.

On December 2nd we were again handicapped in collecting a team together. and against Bath only nine players turned up. This was a pity as Bath generally provides us with a fast and keen game. Again we were grateful to new players stepping in the breach at short notice in an emergency. With only five regular players on the field our combination was naturally disorganised, and we were lucky to lose by only 4 goals to 1. As was to be expected. our defence was hard pressed, but, helped by the halves, the backs played a wonderful game. A depleted forward line tried hard, but against good players their opportunities were few. T. Ratcliff scored our only goal.

At Warminster, on December 9th, we secured a good victory by 5 goals to 3. True, our opponents were without their star goalkeeper, who was away playing in the Weston Hockey Trials. Our win was unexpected, as at one time we were two goals down. However, sticking to our job, we equalised just before half-time. In the second half we assumed the ascendancy and, with another three goals to a single reply by Warminster, we won as before stated. Ratcliff secured all five goals. We were glad to welcome our late skipper, H. S. Angell, in the team for the first time this season, and his display was excellent.

December 16th, v. Devizes, and December 30th, v. Garrards, were scratched.



Not having made contribution to the Magazine for a couple of issues, we apologise to the Editor for our omission, and have made a New Year's resolution to send some news along each month during 1934. Like other factories, however, we have had an extra "spot of work" during the last few months, which somewhat cramped our desire

for journalistic activities.

Being too late to extend Christmas greetings to all our friends connected with the Firm in the various factories, we hope they have all had a very happy Christmas, and wish them the best of luck and prosperity in 1934. This, to a very large extent, will depend upon the prosperity of the industry with which we are connected and to our individual contribution to its interest, as in these days of competition the best of which each is capable is necessary for the welfare of all. The schemes which have been inaugurated during the past year will, we hope and believe, bear fruit during 1934, and thus end the bad times the industry has experienced during the past few years.

In November we lost, through transfer to the Chippenham factory, Mr. J. G. Hooper, and while we regret the loss of any of our colleagues, we heartily congratulate him upon his promotion and wish him every success in his new sphere. Mr. Hooper had been with us since 1915, excepting the period he was serving with H.M. Forces during the Great War, and was a member of the Office Staff, his particular interest being the Creamery side of our work. Mr. Hooper's absence will be felt in our various social activities, as he was always ready to give his assistance at all functions. Before leaving us he very generously presented a handsome cup to the Darts Club for annual competition, so that this will keep his memory fresh in the minds of those who had the pleasure of working and being associated with him.

December saw yet another member of our staff enter the wedded state, Miss Vera C. M. Barnstable being married on the 2nd to Mr. Reginald Major, of Highbridge. Miss Barnstable has been a member of the Office Staff for a number of years, and Mr. Kidley, on behalf of the employees, made her a presentation of a silver tea service, and expressed the wish of all her colleagues for a very happy future.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. William King, of Huntspill, in his 76th year. Mr. King was, until his retirement a few years ago, employed at the Creamery, and our deep sympathy is extended to his widow and family.

Several of our colleagues have been on the sick list this month, Messrs. Alfred Wyatt and Edward Puddy particularly having been absent a good while. To them both we wish a speedy recovery to normal health. Our factory foreman, Mr. H. Blackmore, also had the misfortune to sprain an ankle just before Christmas, and has been compelled to take a rest, and to him also we wish speedy recovery.

On December 13th the Welfare Association held another of their popular whist drives and dances, and while the financial result of the event was not quite so good as usual, a very pleasant evening was spent.

The annual meeting of the Benefit Society was held on the 22nd December, Mr. Kidley presiding in the absence of the President, Mr. Bodinnar, who unfortunately was, owing to pressure of work, unable to attend, much to the regret of the members.

Our shop manager, Mr. R. A. Hand, has suffered bereavement in the death of his father, Mr. Gilbert Hand, after a painful illness, and we extend to Mr. Hand and the family our sincere sympathy. The late Mr. Hand was some years ago employed at the factory in the Sausage Department.

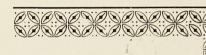
R.C.L.

Why is a caterpillar like a hot roll?

Because it's the grub that makes the butterfly.

## Calne Heritage Centre





HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 8. \_\_\_\_\_ FEBRUARY, 1934. \_\_\_\_\_ No. 2.



N a foreword to the handbook of the Harris Welfare Association the President refers to the additional facilities provided as each year passes by and concludes with the following sentence:

"We should be lacking in our sense of what is right if we did not again express our appreciation of all that is being done."

After glancing through the booklet and considering the many advantages of cultural, accreational, and social work offered by the Association, he must be hard to please who fails to recognise the value obtained for an annual outlay of five shillings, that being the subscription which entitles a member to participate in the activities of all sections of the work.

An outstanding advantage which members of the Association gain is the privilege

of joining the circulating Library organised by the proprietors of a national chain system. The annual subscription for this facility is five shillings, instead of ten shillings and sixpence, and selection may be made from an extensive list of the latest works of fiction and more serious subjects by eminent authors. Another privilege which should prove of interest to our outside staff is the concession permitting members to exchange books at any of Messrs. Boot's Libraries throughout the kingdom.

With the approach of Spring the Tennis and Cricket sections will commence practice, and any newcomers to our ranks are heartily invited to get into touch with the secretaries of these clubs with a view to inclusion in the teams as playing members.

## Digitised by Calne Heritage Centre

### Annual Meeting of the Savings Scheme.

THE Annual Meeting of the C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd. Savings Scheme was held on Friday, the 26th January 1934

J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P., who presided over a large and enthusiastic gathering, was supported by Mr. R. P. Redman and the officials and committee of management.

At the outset of his speech Mr. Bodinnar referred to the larger number present than there had been for a very long time, and, continuing, said:—

"I want to welcome every new member of the staff in the hard job of work we are all doing in connection with the food supplies of the country.

"Although I have not the privilege and the pleasure of knowing each one of you personally, as was the case in other days, I should like you to realise that at the top there is nothing but sympathy, nothing but goodwill in the conduct of this business, and I want to emphasise these facts with particular meaning to-day.

### INITIAL DIFFICULTIES

"When I left London early this morning it was enveloped in a horrible fog, but when I reached Swindon the sun was just trying to break through, and now in Calne the sun is shining a little, and I hope that having passed through all the trials of 1933 we may emerge into a little of the sunshine of prosperity as a result of all the hard work which has been put into the National Schemes now operating in the country.

"Last year I said to you that, in accepting the Pig and Bacon Marketing Schemes, the curers of this country were taking on the biggest gamble they had ever known. As you are aware that gamble was taken on, and the dice were not loaded in favour of the curer; this latter fact has been proved by the investigations of the Wyndham Portal Committee, which includes three members of the Bacon Marketing Board—Mr. Marsh, Mr. Lewis, and myself. These investigations have shown that tremendous losses have been suffered by the bacon curer. The position became so serious a month or two ago that the Ministry of Agriculture was informed that in some parts of the country certain bacon curers who had the results of very heavy previous losses pressing hardly on them were unable to meet their contract commitments for pigs.

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

### IMPROVING POSITION

"The result of these representations was that the Minister agreed that a sum of £500,000 should be available as a contribution towards a part of the loss incurred by carrying the schemes on until February the 28th, 1934. This amount was never intended to cover the whole loss that bacon curers would make. I can assure you that the bacon curers' losses will not be made up wholly out of it, they will still be left with some portion of the loss to bear on their own shoulders.

"Things are improving to some extent. Foreign countries that found it very difficult to carry out the requirements of our Government are now completing their arrangements, and it does look as though matters will be under better control in the future than they have been in the past in respect of foreign goods. In addition to this, people are getting used to English bacon because the pigs are slowly but surely getting a little better, and to-day we are getting a better pig than was the case six months ago. It is going to take a long time to get the ideal pig for curing into bacon, but the farmer is thinking hard and working hard with this end in view.

"I believe that we are on the eve of better things in England. There is still the awful tragedy of nearly two million people without work, but a great many people have been absorbed into work again, and the heavy industries are improving. There is more confidence in the world to-day than when we met here a year ago. Things are livening up, and I am very glad that after all these years of gloom and depression we can look each other in the face and say that at long last the world is ceasing to go down hill. The faces of men who can give good orders and of those who are seeking work are turned at last hopefully up the hill, and progress is being made.

### MORE WORK, MORE EMPLOYMENT.

"I hope that during 1934 we shall find an increased demand for the goods we manufacture in this factory and at our other factories, and that we may be able to provide more work for those who need it. The only consolation that the Directors of the Company have got out of the two schemes to which I have referred is the knowledge that in every factory under their control, in spite of very heavy losses, they have been able to provide work for a great many more people. In some of the branch factories working staffs have been doubled, and in others more than doubled, and outside our own circle we have found extra work in connection with the necessary additional transport on railways, the provision of pig troughs and all the other things required for additional pigs in this country.

"Although very heavy losses have been incurred, and are still being incurred to some extent, nevertheless, there remains the consolation that the schemes are sound, and with the necessary Government support should, in time, work out successfully. These schemes could never have gone forward without the support of the Directors of our companies, and as a result of this support we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have contributed not only to the national well-being, but to the personal well-being of many thousands of people."

### THE SAVINGS SCHEME.

Referring to the Savings Scheme, Mr. Bodinnar said:—

"We have completed the eighth year of our Savings Scheme, and the balance-sheet shows a marked advance in a good many ways. War Loan and Conversion Loan have been purchased at a cost of £45,600. This good investment was worth £47,572. on December 31st. There is also in cash at Lloyds Bank the sum of £6,343 and an amount of £255 due for Income-tax repayment, and interest on investments due but not received at the end of the year. All these sums amount to about £52,269, mostly in British Government stock—still the very best in the world.

"I was very happy to notice that not quite so much had been drawn out during the past year, but not quite so happy to notice that 21 out of every 100 have not yet made use of this wonderful scheme. With absolute safety you can invest your money in this scheme at 5 per cent., and you and I who have the opportunity of using such a scheme, which carries all the facilities of a bank with gilt-edged security behind it, are extremely lucky people to have such an opportunity.

"As a result of the reduction in the rate of interest on the War Loan from 5 per cent.

to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., the Directors of the Company, who pay the difference between the interest on the stock and the 5 per cent. you receive, have had to contribute £400 more than they paid during the previous year. This they have done most gladly and willingly.

"No longer is there need to apologise for the Savings Scheme; the only thing to do is to apologise for those who are not making use of it.

### BONUS SCHEME.

"Nine years have elapsed since the Bonus Scheme was launched and the cost of bonuses at all our factories during that period has been within a few pounds of £60,000. At Calne the amount paid out now amounts to £47,218. Of this sum £34,500 remained in the Savings Scheme, so that about \$12,700 has been drawn out. I wonder just how much of that money need not have been drawn out if a second thought had been given to it? I am not going to persuade any one again to save this money, but I am going to point out the meanness of any man who receives this free gift (which may be cancelled by the Firm if they do not see their way to carry it on) and spends it on some selfish pleasure at the expense of those near and dear to him. I hope you won't think this an unkind thing to say to any person who may be adopting such a principle— (applause).

"In conclusion, may I move that the Auditors' Report of the Savings Scheme be

adopted?'

This was seconded by Mr. McLean, supported by Mr. F. Webb, and carried unanimously.

### PRESENTATION OF LONG SERVICE MEDALS

At the conclusion of the meeting long service medals and bars were presented by Mr. Bodinnar to those who had completed the qualifying period during the past year. As the recipients passed along the platform they were heartily greeted by their friends in the crowd, who gave each person an ovation suitable to his own particular needs and requirements.

### \* \* \* THE DISCONTENTED FOOL.

Few things are necessary to make a wise man happy, but nothing can render a fool contented. That is why nearly all men are reasonable.—LA ROCHEFOUCALD.

## Calne Heritage Centre **Digitised**

### On Flamboro' Head.

Note:—The Editor appeals, in plaintive tones, for "copy." The glorious summer of 1933 must have left to all of us some happy memories of sea, or river, moorland or pastures. Why not write about it? It is in the hope of, for once in my life, setting a good example, that I write the simple story of one happy day).

THE morning was hot, very hot. We were lying on the sands of Bridlington after a bathe, my wife sheltered by a huge parasol, myself taking cover under the "Daily Mail," and both slowly baking. "Where can we go for a little breeze?" said she.

"Wake up, sleepy-head, and tell me." I groaned, emerged, and considered. Ha, an inspiration! "Let's get the old 'bus out and go up to Flamborough Head." Carried

Forty minutes later we parked on the plateau which lies above the North Landing. There, some 300 feet above sea level, a light but most refreshing breeze was blowing.

A steep and winding pathway leads from the headland down towards the sea, and presently we come to a little engineroom, wherein is an engine, used for drawing the boats up an exceedingly steep concrete slipway by means of a wire cable. Just now it is drawing up boxes of big stones, and baskets of fish, which are then fixed pannierwise on to the backs of some donkeys. These little animals, heavily laden, and each with a man running beside, then make a wild dash up the steep path on to the top. It is a curious sight, and the donkeys are up to every move in the game. One of them chummed up with my wife, ate up all her chocolates, and tried to follow her in the hope of getting some more.

Cautiously we wended our way down beside the slipway until we reached the North Landing itself—a tiny rock-bound little cove, opening in from the sea through the great cliffs. Here we embarked in a small, but strongly-built motor-boat, in charge of a genial mariner complete with blue jersey and sea boots (the mariner I mean) and set off to explore the caves that run under the Head. Sheer above us towered the great cliffs tenanted by the

wild fowl of the sea. In the spring, we learned, men are lowered from the cliff top by ropes, and gather a rich harvest of eggs, mostly plovers and guillemots, which command a ready sale. We nosed our way into caves, eroded by the sea from the living rock, where the casseless waves splashed and echoed, and gulls screamed at us for invading their sanctuary. It was wonderful to see what the sea could do, working tirelessly through the centuries.

Here were pinnacles of rock standing up some 20ft. or 30ft. above the sea, separated from the cliff of which they had once formed a part. Here, just under the water, were sharp rocks—a deadly menace in stormy weather. And ever the sea came on, wave after wave, gently lapping the rocks neath the summer sun, or fiercely dashing them with the strength of a North Sea gale.

Our little voyage ended, and its incidental emoluments bestowed, we toiled up the slopes back on to the Headland, and thence to lunch.

Bravely resisting the temptation to somnolence, we returned after lunch, parking this time at the landward edge of the Head itself.

A mighty Headland this, standing boldly out into the North Sea, dominating the scene, and itself dominated by the great lighthouse, whose flashing message, occulting across the waters, nightly tells its warning to those at sea.

To the right, as one faces seaward, the cliffs slope gradually downward to the golden sand of Bridlington, and stretches in a mighty curve beyond to where, on the horizon, the Humber enters from the sea.

To the left the cliffs themselves obstruct the view, but we know that a few miles northward lies Filey, and beyond are Robin Hood's Bay and Scarborough.

The grass is short and slippery, dried by the hot summer, but we wander along following the cliff edge here and cutting across there; looking down into the sea and the tumbled rocks and noting where great pieces of the cliff, yielding at last, had gonedown into the waters.

We walk around the Lighthouse itself, which stands well back from the edge, and is, as are all Lighthouses, built with a tremendous solidity.

The evening is drawing in now and we make for where some tea is to be had,

returning for a last walk beyond the Lighthouse.

We sit awhile in the grateful coolness of a summer's eve, and watch the waters darken as the sun sinks, throwing its golden rays athwart the Yorkshire Wolds behind us . . . It is time to go now, and we retrace our steps across the headland. Night has fallen, the perfect peaceful night of an English summer. Silence is all around us, save only for the murmur of the gently lapping waves below. High above our heads the great light flashes out, on its nightly task. Slowly we walk, happily tired, reluctant to leave so beautiful a place. We turn and watch the light awhile and gaze out over the darkling waters

And so back to "Brid." for one last turn along the front and thence to bed, conscious of having had one more happy day.

### \* \* \* TRY THIS.

### WHY WAS HE FIRED?

Police officers sitting for an examination in London the other day were told the following story, and it is said that only three out of a hundred gave the right answer to the above question.

The proprietor of a jeweller's shop was going off for the week-end. When he had locked up the safes he gave the keys to Mr. Brown, the night watchman, saying, "Please give these to the manager when he comes in the morning. I'm catching the 8.50 train to-night."

Brown took the keys and then said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I do hope you won't catch that train, but go by your usual train at 9.10."

The proprietor replied, "Why, what on earth's the matter?"

"Well, sir, the fact is I had a dream last night that there was a bad smash on the 8.50."

On his way to the station the proprietor, half ashamed of himself for his superstition, decided to take the later train.

He was held up on the journey because the first train had crashed and several passengers were killed.

Upon his return to business on Monday morning he sent specially for Brown and said to him, "You saved my life by your warning. Here's £20 for you and I give you a fortnight's notice."

WHY WAS HE FIRED?

### Photographic Notes.

### MAKING TITLES FOR CINE-FILMS.

### NEW DEVICE THAT THE AMATEUR WILL WELCOME.

The cine-films which the amateur movie-maker shows his friends are far more interesting when they have attractive titles. A new device—the Cine-Kodak Titler—makes it possible for every amateur to improve his films by adding effective and professional-looking titles.

With every Titler purchased a packet of 100 mottled-surface paper title-blanks and masks is included. The openings in the masks show the area photographed by the cine-camera when it is used with the Titler.

Importance of Good Lettering.

The title should be typed or printed in Indian ink within the limits of the paper mask. When the titles are to be typed the mask can be rolled into the typewriter with the mottled paper, so that the title is typed through the opening. A fresh ribbon should be used and each letter should be struck twice so that clear, black lettering is secured.

The most pleasing and artistic results are obtained when short "headline" titles are symmetrically balanced—made into a pyramid or something like that—while lines of equal length should be used for the longer texts.

An original variation of the plainer method of titling is to make pen and ink drawings at the side of the lettering, or to make "running titles." The latter can be done by first typing or printing the whole title (it should be only one line), placing it in the easel, and then drawing a card of the same colour as the title slowly across the title while it is being photographed, one letter only being exposed at a time.

### The Focus.

When photographing the titles the Cine-Kodak should be attached to the base of the Titler by means of a screw. The lens standard and easel should be set upright and the title inserted in the easel. If the lettering is not absolutely in the centre of the paper the mask can be moved until it appears in the middle. The titles can be spliced in the film in the usual way.

The focus should be set at 25ft. when using the focusing camera. A portrait attachment should not be used on fixed-focus models.

## Centre Calne Heritage **Digitised**

### Children's Party and Works Social at Ipswich.

N Saturday, February 3rd, at the Co-operative Halls, Carr Street, there was held the Fourth Annual Children's Party and Sixth Annual Works Social Evening of Harris (Ipswich) Limited.

In the afternoon over sixty of the employees' children, and some forty mothers, were entertained as guests of the President,

J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P.

Games and an excellent Punch and Judy Show were very much enjoyed, the last item especially gained the attention of the adults

as well as that of the children.

At about 4.30 p.m. the entire party sat down to tea. It must have been obvious to those who were responsible for the preparation of the food stuffs and the decorating of the tables that their efforts were fully appreciated, because before so very long full justice had been done to all the good things that kiddies enjoy.

Then came the most looked for event of the afternoon—the appearance of Father Christmas, who was no other than Mr. F. T. Smart, and he told the children in song how pleased he was to see them, and wished them all a happy time, and gave to each child a toy, kindly presented by Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate, from off the heavily-laden Christmas tree, together with a bag containing good things—nuts, oranges, sweets, &c. Mr. Bodinnar, who had made a special journey from Calne, and Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate, amid much applause, were called upon by Father Christmas to come forward and receive their presents from the tree.

Mrs. Ludgate then distributed the prizes for the games, and was herself the recipient of a beautiful bouquet from the

hands of little Miss Hazel Rose.

Rousing cheers for Father Christmas from the children marked the close, and about 5.45 p.m. the children were taken home tired but happy.

The Works Social Evening commenced at 7.30 p.m., and a party of 250, including a representative party from London, gathered and had an enjoyable time.

An enjoyable programme was presented, special features being some excellent light comedy from Mr. J. King, much appreciated

by all, and a very good dance music selection by the Domino Dance Band, under the directorship of Mr. R. Sturgeon.

Mr. Ludgate, on behalf of the Ipswich Branch, bade the visitors welcome, and referred especially to Mr. Bodinnar having come so far to join in the day's events.

Mr. Bodinnar, who was most enthusiastically welcomed, made known to the gathering some interesting facts concerning the Company's efficiency bonus and savings scheme.

He also pointed out the necessity for all concerned to do their best in connection with the new Bacon Scheme, as it was not only of vital importance to themselves but to their

country

The presentation to Mr. Ludgate of an additional bar to his gold medal for 45-years' service was then made by Mr. Bodinnar, and Mr. Macnamara (foreman curer) received an additional bar to his silver medal upon the completion of 25-years' continuous service.

Mr. Bodinnar, as President of the Harris (Ipswich) Sports and Social Club, was then called upon to perform on behalf of the Club a very pleasing duty—the presentation of a smoker's cabinet to Mr. A. H. Mackenzie, the late secretary and organiser of the Club.

Mr. Mackenzie replied in a few wellspoken words, and thanked the Club for their show of appreciation.

Mr. Ludgate presented the "Ludgate" Challenge Cup and prizes to Mr. Jimmy Rose, captain of the Lard Department team, who for the second year had won the Interdepartmental Darts Competition.

Mrs. Ludgate distributed the prizes for dancing, games, &c., just before midnight, and the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," followed by "The King," brought to the close a very enjoyable evening.

\* \* \*

A seed company had received fifteen applications from one man for free samples of their pea seeds. When the sixteenth request arrived the manager decided it was time he did something. He wrote: "Dear-Sir,—I am sending you the seeds as requested, but what are you doing with so much? Are you planting the whole of your neighbourhood with samples of our peas?"

A few days later he received a reply: "No, I am not planting them at all. My wife uses them for soup."

### Health Hints.

THE WHY'S AND HOW'S OF DIET.

(Continued).

WHAT OUR FOODSTUFFS CONSIST OF.

Water.

The body requires an adequate supply of water, approximately two quarts a day. This, of course, is present in all foods in varying proportions and can be supplied in the form of milk, tea, and other drinks.

Vitamins.

This has become a very popular word nowadays, and the history of these substances has a great interest for all who study the question of diet. Very many years ago (about 1757) it was found that if sailors on long voyages were kept without fresh vegetables they developed scurvy, and that the disease was rapidly cured by the inclusion of limes, other fruit, or fresh vegetables in the diet. Obviously these latter contained some substance or substances which prevented scurvy, and these assumed substances became known as accessory food factors. The presence in the diet ensures the requisite chemical reactions taking place whilst they themselves remain unaltered. A great deal of research work has been done, largely by our own countrymen, chief amongst whom should be remembered Sir Rowland Hopkins, and innumerable experiments, mainly on mice and rats, have been carried out before the definite facts have been established.

The above-named scientist gave these bodies the title "Accessory Food Factors," meaning that they were accessory to the protein, fats, carbonhydrates, salt, and water, which we have already discussed. This name has been abandoned for that of

So far four Vitamins, or four groups of Vitamins, names A, B, C, and D, have been discovered.

- A.—Promotes growth and prevents rickets.
- B.—Builds up protein and prevents beri-beri.

C.—Prevents scurvy.

D.—Promotes growth and prevents rickets.

If the diet includes butter, egg yolk, wholemeal, cereal products, fresh fruits (particularly oranges), raw green vegetables

(salads), and when these are not available cooked vegetables, meat, fats, and milk, the requisite Vitamins will be obtained.

Hunger is the call of the body for means by which it can be enabled to carry out its functions. It is food which the body requires for this purpose.

In what way can the food enable the organs and tissues of the body to carry out these functions?

1.—By providing for growth and increase of the cells.

2.—By producing matter for repairs of damaged and worn-out tissues—depreciation.

3.—By the provision of heat.

4.—By providing for the combustion of materials to form energy, to enable the muscular tissues to act.

5.—By providing certain food elements known as Vitamins which largely affect the well-being and due development of the body.

In our next article we will discuss the balancing of the diet.

\* \* \*

According to a correspondent in the "Sunday Times" the following is a list of local names for the undersized pig found in most litters:—

Gloucestershire ... Doll-pig.
Oxfordshire ... Dilling.
Kent ... Dan'el.
East Suffolk Pitman.
West Suffolk Pignit.
Devon Nestletripe.
Somerset Jimmy.
Hants ... Tiddler.
Yorks (E. Riding) Creet.
Yorks (W. Riding) Wreckling.
Shropshire Brathing.
Wilts ... The Darling.
Sussex ... The Dolly.

Perhaps some of our readers may be able to add to this list.

From "The Humorist":—Secretary (to Principal of Correspondence School): Number two-six-double-four has been playing truant again. He's sent another empty envelope!"

SANDY: What brocht about the trouble between young Angus and his sweetheart?

Mac: Nothing; only he thought a wee bit quarrel was cheaper than buying her a New Year present!

### Behind the Scenes in the Film Industry.

THE Cinema plays such a big part in the national life that a few particulars about its work and organisations may be instructive to our readers. Cinematography grew in a few years from a scientific curiosity to a portrayal of crude wild-west stories, and in another few years to a world-wide industry. It has a national conception and an international life, and its future development can be influenced; it cannot be confined.

There is, undoubtedly, a rising tide of interest in the constructive uses of cinematography. Fewer people talk of moving pictures as "those that flicker."

"Cinema-minded" is in common use like "air-minded." The two words are of the same age. A fellow of an Oxford College no longer feels an embarrassed explanation to be necessary when he is recognised leaving a Cinema. A growing number of cultivated and unaffected people enjoy going to the pictures. It is becoming distinctly rare to find an educated person who does not know something about the outstanding films of the past year or two. and who has not seen the work of a few prominent film actors. The weekly reviews have their columns of film criticism—indeed, whenever books, pictures, and music are discussed, the film is discussed, too. The Cinema is acquiring more and more prestige every year. Do we really know much about it as a craft and an industry? We know much, too much sometimes, of the doings and the habits of actors and actresses who appear on the films, but do we know much of the technique of the production of a picture?

Cinematography at its best is a costly and a complex business. It has been estimated that a feature film costs at least £2,000 a week to make. It might be better estimated that a good feature picture cannot cost much less than £3 per foot of cut negative to produce. It can cost much more. Prefacing most films, we are generally given particulars as to who produced, who directed, who wrote the scenario, who directed the act, who was the camera man, who controlled the sound, who edited.

Let us examine what these duties entail:-

**Producer.**—The producer conceives or approves the idea of a picture, determines its cost, selects the more important members of the cast, and appoints the director of the picture. The working out of the detailed scenario with its technical details of camera work, and sound work, is a matter for the producer.

Director.—The director of the picture, as distinct from the producer, is the unifying mind. With him primarily the success of a picture rests. If his conception is tawdry. the picture will be tawdry, however much is spent on it, however expert are the actors and the technicians. On the other hand, genius in a director may triumph over a host of difficulties. Much of his work consists in advance planning at conferences with his colleagues. The lines of a film are firmly laid before any "shooting" is done. The director is the architect and artist combined, who interprets and controls the work of a team of artists, craftsmen, and technicians. Like the conductor of an orchestra, he must know the value and relation of one element to another, and how each effect is achieved; and he disposes of more varied instruments. He must be able to visualise the picture as a whole before it is photographed and its dialogue and sound effects recorded; and must know how he is going to use each scene to build up a consecutive and coherent whole. The Hon. Antony Asquith in the film number of the "Times" once said, "The actors are the colours with which the director paints, and the camera his brush." But before the camera and the microphone can record the appearance and voice of the actors, the studio must be heated, lit, and ventilated, the sets designed, painted, and fitted. After the records have been taken they have to be submitted to another group of technicians, who develop and print them in the laboratory. Only then can what is perhaps the most delicate and critical part of the production be undertaken, namely, the editing and cutting of the picture. that is the combination of the scenes in the right order and proportion to make up the rhythm of the story. The production of a picture is, therefore, both a personal interpretation and an elaborate piece of technical work. Every artist and craftsman concerned, in addition to being expert in his own particular sphere, must have some knowledge of the tasks and problems of his neighbour, if the director is to secure the intelligent co-operation which goes to make a good picture.

Scenario.—The progress of a film from words to pictures begins with the scenario. The writer or scenarist puts the selected story into film language. He breaks it up into scenes or sequences, and puts it in general direction to the camera-man, e.g., "long shot" or "close up," and arranges the continuity. When the scenario is complete it contains the dialogue and the sound effects, and is, in fact, the skeleton of the picture which the director clothes with flesh and blood. It may be vaguer or more precise in accordance with the temperament of the director.

Art Direction.—The art director (who must not be confused with the director of the picture) designs the scenes or sets in which the actor works and chooses the costumes and other properties. Scenes are shot either in the studio or "on location." The studio is a long rectangular barn in which so much of a room, ship's cabin, staircase, &c., is built up as will come within the range of the camera. Complicated mirror effects may be used to give the illusion, for example, that the pillars of a temple are real, whereas they are only built up to the height of the actor's head. "On location" a sham street front, country house, garden, or dockvard may be built in the producing company's grounds; or the whole company may be taken out to natural surroundings—mountains, the sea-shore. Even there the art director may be called on to "fake" a piece, say of the Cornish coast to represent South Seas.

**Camera.** — The cinematographer or camera-man is a highly-paid artist who uses his camera in association with the electrician controlling the lights, to get the best results. He must know the possibilities and limitations of the camera; the special uses of different lenses—those, for example, which are fast and highly corrected and can only be focussed sharply on a single plane of the object, and those which give a deeper focus for a long shot; and the employment of colour filters which give all colours an equal value in light and shade. All studio scenes are "shot' under a complicated battery of lamps. The control of hard and soft lighting effects is the complement of camera work. Finally, the camera must be imaginatively placed.

Dramatically the right angle must be found—the point of view, perhaps, of a particular actor. Technically, the subject must be seen against the right background and the planes of the picture appear visually separate. The perfect blend, consciously controlled, of camera lighting and placement, is the work of good cinematography and adds distinction to the most banal film.

Sound.—The addition of sound to a motion picture involves the co-operation of another set of experts. In photography it is necessary to keep a proper balance of light: it is equally important to keep an acoustic balance. A definite relation must be maintained between the sound, the microphone, and the camera, and it is the task of a "monitor" man to control the volume of sound. It has become as important to "position" correctly the microphone as the camera. In particular the difficult art of sound recording "on location" is only beginning to be understood. The enquirer who accompanies the "soundtrack" on location, and arranges the microphone in the studio "sound stage," is a member of another band of skilled techni-

Laboratory.—When the picture has been shot the negative goes to the laboratory for a series of operations known as "processing," which are doubly complicated when sound is added. Processing involves the developing of the mute and sound negatives and the printing of the double negative with the picture and sound tracks in perfect synchronisation. Any inaccuracy in developing and printing will result in distorted sound; processing is correspondingly important.

**Editing.**—The director is now left with a series of strips of celluloid, numbered in accordance with the scenes shot in the studio: they are not yet a picture. The Editor and his staff then proceed to "cut" the picture. At the least, "cutting" eliminates technical imperfections and redundant material. At the most, it makes or mars the film. On the arrangement of sequences depends the speed of the action, the rhythm, and continuity of the picture. The imaginative use of technical devices, the "flash" or very short shot, the mix or dissolve where the end of one sequence fades into the beginning of the next, and the sparing and appropriate use of the "closeup"; all go to make up a lively and arresting presentation of the story.

Centre Calne Heritage Digitised by

And so we return to the Director again. His personality and conception of the picture will decide whether the final form of the scenario is imaginative or not; whether the sets are more than adequate; whether full power is obtained from the technical experts and their machines, and whether the final form of the picture is clear cut or muddled. As Mr. Asquith has put it, "Pygmalion models and chisels his Galatea in the scenario, he makes her flesh in the shooting and he blows the spark of life into her in the cutting. Her incarnation is a long, jerky, incongruous business, and it is small wonder that traces of it cling to her for life. But she is unique; no-one can do what she can do, and if she falters and stumbles as little uncertainly, so once did Terpsichore, Thalia, and her other sisters, when, as infants, they first climbed the difficult slopes of Parnassus."

(To be Continued).

### \* \* \* HOLIDAYS.

Mr. and Mrs. Bibbings, of 31, High Street, Totnes, offer to the readers of the "Harris Magazine" holiday accommodation. Centrally situated, near the River Dart and Moors, and within easy distance of Paignton, Torquay, Plymouth, &c. Bed and breakfast, full board, or furnished apartments optional. Hot and cold water; terms moderate. Note address:—F. R. BIBBINGS, 31, High Street, Totnes (late of the West of England Bacon Co.)

"No!" said the woman next door, "I don't 'old with these 'ere therms. When I says gas I means gas, and I likes to know what I'm payin' for. Therms, indeed. Why can't we 'ave it like we used to 'ave it—by the Cupid's feet?"

Butcher: This pound of butter you sent me is three ounces short.

Grocer: Well, I mislaid the pound weight, so I weighed it by the pound of chops you sent me yesterday.

\* \* \*

The young apprentice was whistling merrily.

"You mustn't whistle when you're working".
"Who's working?" asked the apprentice.

### HOPE'S HERALD.

Oh, hear the song bird's evensong
Which, mating in the spring,
Pours forth his carol loud and long
And makes the woodlands ring.

Oft have they heard—the lad and maid— Whilst rambling in a lane, That love inspiring serenade That from the woodlands came.

Oft have they paused beneath a tree
Which shades a rustic gate,
With rapture, joy, and youthful glee,
To ecstacy translate.

And often aged folk who pass
Regain the joy of spring,
When like the lover and his lass
They hear the songster sing.

His joy transcends the atmosphere, With harmony so sweet, It seems to make his rural sphere A place for hearts to meet.

And there indeed can hearts unite
When winter's storms are o'er,
And for its chilly garb of white
Spring's green abounds once more.

The songster heralds greater things—
The cuckoo and the flowers
That hidden caller seems to bring—
Sweet blooms to deck his bowers.

Deep in the wood, near daisy glade,
Its voice is often heard,
Where trees with blossoms sweet are
sprayed,
Is this most welcome bird.

To children fair, to youth and age,
The singing herald calls
The blessings of that heritage
That every heart enthralls.

Though winter's clouds o'ercast the sky,
Though darkening is the night,
Minds lighten when the spring is nigh
And dawning brings the light.

Heaven sown the seed that in each heart Grows hope born once again, And through its heralds doth impart The sense that blessings rain.

So is it watered, and doth grow
In beauty to adore,
The God Who giveth and shall mow
His Harvests evermore.
THOMAS H. HARVEY.

### Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. R. J. TOZER.



Mr. R. J. Tozer joined the Totnes Staff in June, 1915, at the age of 15, and was called up for War service in 1917. On being discharged two years later he returned to the Office at Totnes as general clerk, where his genial disposition has won for him a host of friends. For some years Mr. Tozer was Secretary of the Totnes A.F.C. He is also Secretary of the Totnes Court of the Ancient Order of Foresters. He still retains a most happy recollection of his wedding at Bridgetown some seven years ago when on leading back his bride he found himself confronted by Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Bodinnar, they having entered the church unknown to him to witness the ceremony.

In Iceland codfish have formed the coins of the realm, and at one time, in Abyssinia, salt; while cakes of tea in India, and pieces of silk in China, have also taken the place of cash.

CUSTOMER: Half-a-dozen crab and oyster savoury, please; also one dozen Loch Ness Monster Paste when available, and plenty of advertising material.



At St. Andrew's Parish Church, Chippenham, on January 20th, Miss Mabel Dove was married to Mr. H. W. Stephens, of the Printing Department. Miss Dove was almost five years in the Kitchen Department. The combined wedding present was a Jacobean table and an overmantle from the Printing Department.

At Calne on January 27th, Miss Beatrice Sims was married to Mr. George Yates, of Bromham. Miss Sims was attached to the Kitchen Department for five years. The wedding present was a canteen of cutlery.

Miss Violet Greenaway, on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. B. Richardson, of Chippenham, was the recipient of an overmantle and a handsome clock from the Warehouse, to which department she was attached for five years.

### \* \* \* TO SHOULDER OUR RESPONSIBILITIES.

We must economise all our resources, live laborious lives, save our wealth, develop our strength, so that we may be equal to our grave responsibilities.—LORD SALISBURY.

DIGEST, DON'T EAT KNOWLEDGE.
It is not the eating of knowledge, but the digesting of it, that makes the student.—Sir Arthur Keith.

### THE PERFECT LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year.
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:

A lily of a day,
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.
BEN IONSON.

## alne **Digitised**

### Armistice Day in France.

Extract from the December number of "The Havre Crusader."

The journal of the British Colony in Le Havre (France), by kind permission of the Editor:—

"Thanks to the initiative of H.B.M. Consul the Band of the 2nd Battalion the Queen's Royal Regiment visited Havre as the guests of the Municipality.

The band, 49 strong, arrived on the morning of Armistice day. Later in the morning the band was drawn up on the left of the Town War Memorial to take part in the usual commemoration ceremony. Wreaths were laid at the foot of the memorial, including one of Flanders Poppies, which was deposited by the lieutenant in charge of the band and two members thereof on behalf of the Oueen's Royal Regiment.

On the afternoon of Armistice Day there was an unusually large gathering of the British Colony at the St. Marie Cemetery, British Section, to take part in the usual service of remembrance. The band were again present, playing the hymns and National Anthems, the buglers giving a particularly impressive rendering of the Last Post and Reveille.

On Sunday morning, November 12th, a special service was held at the English Church, and this was a truly memorable occasion. Over thirty standard bearers were grouped in the chancel, and the rich colours of their standards, blending with those of the church windows, afforded a glorious sight. The service was conducted by our Chaplain with his customary dignity and sincerity, which was evidenced in his address. At the close of the service the band headed a procession of ex-Service men and their standards to the Belgian Monument, their proud bearing and stirring martial music bringing crowds to the kerbs and windows all along the route.

A banquet was held in the evening presided over by representatives of the municipality, the band, at full strength being, of course, the guests of honour. Numerous interesting speeches were heard and Lieut. Pares delighted our French friends by returning thanks for the many favours shown to the band and to himself in almost faultless French.

The following morning the band were received at the Town Hall. The Municipality had very kindly invited numerous

members of the British Colony to be present at this reception, together with the various official French delegates. Speeches were made extending a welcome to the guests, to which the Consul and Lieutenant in charge of the band made suitable replies. The town's medal of honour was presented to Lieut. Pares, also the Director of the Band and the Drum-Major, while each member of the band received a souvenir booklet.

On the Monday afternoon the Band was received by the Colonel commanding and the Officers of the 129th Regiment at the Barracks, various French officials and delegates being present, as also representatives of the local branch of the British Legion. This gathering was marked by a really friendly atmosphere, which was most certainly enhanced by the kindly thought of the Colonel in having present at the reception those of his soldiers who spoke even a little English, thus allowing them to mix and talk to their British visitors, to the obvious pleasure of both parties.

On the Monday evening the Band gave a concert, which was rendered even more attractive by the presence of three talented performers from the Municipal Theatre.

Early on Tuesday morning the band were driven out to Etretat. At about 10.30 the band headed a procession from the Town Hall Square, followed by representatives of the various Etretat and Fecamp ex-Service organisations with their standards. The procession halted at the War Memorial, where wreaths were laid. The President of the Etretat ex-Service men's association made a short but forceful speech, and the minute's silence was observed, after which the procession entered the British Section of the Cemetery, where about 600 of those who made the Great Sacrifice are laid to rest. The Band took up its stand at the back of the Cross of Remembrance, the bearers and their standards were grouped in front on the right, and the numerous official delegates on the left. Wreaths were laid at the foot of the Cross of Remembrance on behalf of the Municipality and Etretat ex-Soldiers, the Oueen's Royal Regiment, and the British

We may quote the words of Drummer Panther, who expressed the emphatic hope that he might be among those selected to visit Havre next year. We think this is eloquent proof that the Band enjoyed their visit "D.G.T.B."



From the 22nd to the 27th January we participated in the Exhibition of National Mark Products and Home Industries, which was held at the Civic Hall, Queen Street, Exeter.

Mr. York was in charge of the stand and we are giving below some details of the show which provided some useful publicity in the Exeter district.

The Exhibition was opened on Monday, January 22nd, by Sir Charles Howell Thomas, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. The Mayor of Exeter, T. J. W. Templeman, Esq. (accompanied by the Mayoress), presided and was supported by members of the Corporation.

There was a large attendance of the public at the opening cermeony. All the speakers urged the housewives to insist upon purchasing National Mark Products, which would ensure them getting the best quality obtainable.

The enthusiasm of the public was well maintained throughout the Exhibition and many questions were put to us regarding our own products which enabled us to point out the superiority of our bacon over all other brands, whether British or Foreign.

The Civic Hall is not a large one, and the authorities in trying to make the Exhibition as comprehensive as possible could only allot small spaces to each exhibitor. Consequently our stand was very small, but none the less effective, and was very much admired.

During the present month the British Industries Fair takes place, and we are responsible for the staging of the exhibit of the Bacon and Pigs Marketing Boards, which is situated in the centre of the England and Wales stand, for which the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries are responsible.

### \* \* \* \* CONSTANCE INCONSTANCE.

There is nothing in this world constant but inconstancy.—Swift.

### WINTER BLOSSOMS.

To most of us flowers are connected with sunny days. We think of flower gardens coming to life in late March with daffodils, working up to a crescendo of bloom in July and August, and then, in early October, going to sleep till the next daffodils appear.

Yet our gardens can be made to show flowers earlier in the year.

First, comes the Christmas Rose, living up to its name and flowering at Christmas, then apart from the well-known snowdrop and crocus there is the Winter Aconite, with its yellow head surrounded by a green ruff. It makes an appearance late in January or February. There is a little cousin of the Bluebell, the Siberian Squill, or Scilla, that makes its appearance in February or early March, low growing with bright blue flowers, very suitable in a rockery.

The Chionodoxa, or Glory of the Snow, shows its blue and white flowers in March. Two more spring flowers are the Grape Hyacinth, with spikes of blue flowers appearing in April, and the Snakeshead Frittilary, with various coloured blossoms growing eight inches or so high.

Flowering shrubs are another source of winter and spring blossoms.

The Yellow Jasmine is known to all of us, I expect. Its yellow flowers on leafless stems appear in December, and if the weather is not too unkind it blossoms for weeks and weeks. The Laurustinus shows its white blossoms in mid-winter and it has the advantage of being an evergreen as well. The Chinese Witch Hazel, with pale yellow flowers, also chooses this time of year to blossom. Some of the Heaths provide splashes of another colour, their red and reddish-purple blossoms appearing early in the year. The bronze-leaved Plum is another attractive spring-flowering shrub. and later on in April the Forsythia hangs out its golden bells.



### LADIES HOCKEY

The month of January witnessed a series of good wins and a plethora of goals. Four wins and 26 goals to 5 is not bad going. Versus Melksham on January 7th, we won by 9 goals to 2. L. Holley (8) and D. Holley (1) were the scorers. On the 13th January, versus Christopher Thomas', of Bristol, at Lickhill, we won by 7 goals to 0. This did not represent the run of play as we were not seven goals the better. The halftime score was 2-0. A feature of the game was its openness-the wings were well served and they in turn centred the ball to advantage. L. Holley (6) and J. Ellery (1) found the net for Harris. Visiting Oldfield Park, Bath, on January 20th, we again registered a good victory by 8 goals to 2. Lucy Holley (7) and Irene Hunt (1) did the needful in the scoring of goals. A game of a different nature was experienced on January 27th, when we entertained Purton. The match away earlier in the season against this team was drawn, one each, and on this occasion we managed to win by the odd goal in three. The game was hard fought right up to the end and a victory was a fitting result of the play. We were the better, and a couple of goals more ought to have been obtained by us. M. Fennell and L. Holley scored for Harris. It will be noticed of the 26 goals scored during the month 22 were from the stick of Lucy Holley-a splendid performance.

### MENSHOCKEY

The men have met with very bad luck in their recent matches. Only two of the last seven engagements have matured in games. On January 6th we entertained Wootton Bassett, and lost by 2 goals to 7. This result was not a criterion of the play—opponents and players alike say the luck was one sided, and a more even result should have been secured. However, results do not matter much beyond that wins encourage—the game is the thing, and from that point of view the match was an excellent one. A. Bennett and R. Heath scored our goals.

January 27th we journeyed to Swindon to play the G.W.R. team. Another good game was experienced and a win recorded by 2 goals to 1. T. Ratcliff and A. Bennett scored for Harris.

### LIBRARY SECTION.

The arrangements for conducting and controlling this excellent piece of welfare work has now been placed upon a more solid footing by the formation of a Library Section within the organisation of the H.W.A. This has been necessitated by a demand for more extensive work and is, we hope, but the beginning of what will prove to be a boon and a help to many who require literature not found in a fiction library. The ordinary fiction library which, in association with Messrs. Boot's circulating library, has given so much pleasure in the past, is to be put on a more regular basis as regards the exchange of books. Complying with the President's recently expressed wish in these columns and at a meeting of the General Committee, that an attempt should be made to develop an interest in the study of the works of famous writers of the last century; and also to meet an expressed demand for technical books, a Committee has been formed and will sympathetically endeavour to meet any requirement that may be asked of it. This Committee, consisting of the Misses J. Slade, L. Smith, W. Wells, and Messrs. H. H. Eames, E. C, Kent, T. W. Petherick, and T. Ratcliff, will

be pleased to receive any suggestion and will co-operate in meeting any request that is in their power to perform, but a Committee cannot create a demand by itself. It is up to others to give them work to do. By expressing a desire for a certain book of literary value, or by indenting for a technical book required for study, it will be found that an organisation is in being that will do its utmost to serve and help. All you have to do is to state your requirements to one of the Joint Hon. Secretaries—Miss L. Smith or Miss W. Wells.

### BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

### "The Isle of Men," by Gordon Volk.

The hero of this story lost all his money gambling, and then staked himself against £1,000. He lost and was taken to an island, very difficult of access, inhabited by a colony of people who were entirely self-supporting. He had to pass several difficult tests of nerve before being finally accepted as an inhabitant, as only people who were physically and mentally fit were allowed to live there. His trials were not over even then, and he had several exciting adventures in the underground passages on the island.

### "Murder Must Advertise," by Dorothy Sayers.

This story tells how a "dope gang" made their distributing arrangements by obtaining advance information of advertisements appearing regularly in a certain daily paper. Lord Peter Wimsey was called in to investigate the death of an employee at the advertising agency, and discovered the whole plot.

### "The Shiny Night," by Beatrice Tunstall.

Seth Shone accidentally shot a keeper when he and his companions were caught poaching. This happened in the days when witchcraft was still believed in by the country people, so when Seth managed to return to England, after serving a sentence of transportation, he made images of all his enemies, cursed them, and burnt them. Then he settled down to work hard to regain his former position and to wait for the curses to fall on his enemies.

### DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

An aspect of the growing amateur dramatic movement which frequently escapes attention is its progress amongst the staffs of

industrial and business firms. We all know that the village, the small town, and the suburb contribute largely to this movement, but little is known about the amateur from the office stool and factory bench. Most business concerns nowadays are alive to the community spirit which Dramatic Societies foster. It is akin to the spirit which is easily found in the sports pavilion and many other social activities which exist for the employees of large firms like our own. In these circles many enduring friendships are formed, many proofs of affinity discovered.

The kindly criticisms which have appeared in previous issues of the Magazine have given much encouragement to those who have had the courage to break down their shyness and timidity and give vent to an awakening of dramatic impulses. Having now produced a series of seven short one-act plays, the Harris Dramatic Society is putting itself to a real test in the production of a full three-act play. The play chosen is entitled "Hawleys of the High Street," an eccentric comedy which everyone who loves a good clean play will enjoy to the utmost. The Casting Committee has had a task in filling the various parts as it is a large cast. It is to be the policy of the Committee to make a point of distributing the leading parts in their various productions so that the audience shall not tire of seeing the same actor or actress many times in succession.

Rehearsals are now in full swing and it is hoped to be ready to present the play as

soon as possible.

May we ask all our friends to reserve one of the dates when announced and to book their seats early. A plan will shortly be available and early bookings will be a real help to those who are responsible for the business arrangement of the performances.

### INTER-BRANCH COMPETITION FOR THE "BODINNAR" CUP.

The time has again come round for this annual contest, and during the coming weeks the art of dart throwing will be cultivated and developed with more or less degree of proficiency and with varying success.

Dunmow were the winners last year and doubtless they will spare no effort in the defence of their title, while other branches will do their best to find a home—temporary though it may be—for the piece of silver around which the contest revolves.

If no other purpose is served the competition tends to bring us into close touch with one another, and the fight for the trophy which Mr. Bodinnar so kindly gave links the parent establishment with the offspring in a manner which is frequently and could not be better described as the "Happy Family.

### FOLK DANCE CLUB.

Instead of the usual weekly practice on Thursday, February 8th, the members had the pleasure of being entertained by Mrs. Bodinnar to a supper and party at the Woodlands. A programme of games, orgaised by Miss Bodinnar, was carried through with spirit and enjoyment and everyone had a happy and joyous evening. Just before breaking up Miss Fennell expressed the thanks of the members to Mrs. and Miss Bodinnar for all their kindness to the members—a kindness appreciated by all.

We are now concentrating on practising for the Folk Dance Competition in connection with the Wiltshire Musical Festival, to be held at Devizes on May 5th. We are again in the two classes we did so well in last year, viz.:—Seniors' Country Dances and Institutes, and we hope this year there will not even be one point between us and the awards, as was the case last year.

NEAREST AND BEST.

A man's best things are nearest him; Lie close about his feet.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

### \* \* \* CURIOUS!

It is curious that we should be more anxious to conceal our best passions than our worst.—Walter Savage Landor

The omnibus was first introduced in Paris in the year 1825. They were started in London by George Shillibeer, a Parisian coachbuilder. He brought two of them over, and they plied between Marylebone and the Bank of England. Newspapers and books were provided for the passengers to while away the time. These vehicles were followed by the "knifeboards," when the roof was reached by little iron steps, which rendered them quite impossible for the Victorian woman with their elaborate crinolines. The last horse omnibus was withdrawn from the London streets in 1911.

Astronomical clocks control a hundred miles of street lights in Oak Park, Illinois. At sunset they automatically turn on the lights, and at sunrise turn them off.

### HARRIS DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The above Society will present on

Tuesday and Wednesday, April 17th and 18th,

at the

CALNE PALACE THEATRE,

an

ECCENTRIC COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

entitled

"Hawleys of the High Street"

(BY WALTER W. ELLIS).

### SCHOOLBOY "HOWLERS."

Hindus are natives of India who wear towels on their heads. These towels are called turbines.

A Chancellor is a man who takes chances for the King, such as tasting his food to see if it is poisoned.

Meteors were invented to tell you how much gas you were using.

In 1798 there was a revolution in France. In 1830 there was nearly another revolution, but the police wouldn't let them.

"Hon. Sec. and Hon. Treas." means that they are supposed to be honest.

Long ago the kings had vassals. This system of service was known as vaseline.

An octopus is a plane figure with eight sides.

King Arthur took his food at a round table. He had a great sword named Halibut.

### HIS ONE HOPE.

The passengers in the big car speeding towards the railway crossing began arguing whether or not they could beat the train. "Don't get excited," said the driver, "I can easily do it." "And I say you can't," shouted the front-seat passenger, "the train will beat us by twenty seconds." "Gwan!" said the driver, who kept increasing his speed while the argument continued. Finally a passenger in the rear seat, who had said nothing so far, remarked as he clutched the sides of the rushing car, "For my part I don't care a hang who wins this race, but I hope it won't be a tie."

### THE MORNING HOURS.

But for a mere human gentleman—that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises —we take ten, or half after ten (eleven, of course, during this Christmas solstice), to be the very earliest hour at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. To think of it, we say; for to do it in earnest requires another half-hour's good considera tion. Not but there are pretty sun-risings. as we are told, and such like gawds, abroad in the world, in summer-time especially, some hours before what we have assigned; which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up. But having been tempted once or twice, in earlier life, to assist at those ceremonies, we confess our curiosity abated. We are no longer ambitious of being the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too sacred to waste them upon such observances.—Charles

### FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.

Men are, and ever will be, what their wives and sisters and, above all, their mothers tend to make them, by influence which begins with the cradle and ends only with the grave.—DEAN FARRAR.

### \* \* \* \* ADMIT YOUR ERROR.

A man should never be ashamed to own he is in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—Pope.

### INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLE LEAGUE, 1933-34.

Results to February 23rd	., 1934.			1	Pnts. I	onts.
	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drn.	Poss.	Obtd.
Kitchen A	48	36	10	2	96	74
Pie, Box, No. 1 Despatch, Lifts, Mill, Chauffeurs, and						
Groundsmen	48	30	16	2	96	62
Retort, Traffic, Stores, and By-Products	45	30	14	1	90 //	61
Warehouse	51	27	23	1	102	55
Kitchen B	48	23	24	1	96	47
Printing, Lard, Basement, Cellars, Lab., Tin, and Shop	48	18	27	3	96	39
Engineers and Maintenance A	48	19	29	0	96	38
Boning, Rinding, and Sausage	45	17	26	2	90	36
Office	<b>4</b> 2	16	23	3	84	35
Engineers and Maintenance B	45	9	33	3	90	21

## Centre Heritage Digitised by Calne

### Friends Elsewhere.



### BEREAVEMENT.

We wish to convey our sympathy to Mr. Edward Johnson, of the Factory Staff, in the sad bereavement he has sustained in the death of his son at the early age of 26. Also to Mr. Thomas Carter in the great loss which has befallen him through the death of his wife. Before his retirement in 1925 Mr. Carter was for many years engaged on our Factory Staff.



On the 9th of January we said "Goodbye" to Mr. F. H. Gale, whom we congratulate upon being appointed to Kidlington. Mr. Gale received as our parting gift a silver inkstand inscribed:—"Presented to Mr. F. H. Gale, by the Dunmow Staff, January, 1934."

So closes a chapter opened in August, 1927.

To every man there come noble thoughts that pass across his heart like great white birds.—MAETERLINCK.





Already, as these lines are penned, one month of 1934 has nearly gone. But two more days and we shall be in February—February fill-dyke, as our grandparents called it.

Of January we can fairly say that it has given us a good start for the year—a year which we all believe marks the beginning of an era of greater prosperity, not alone for our particular farmers, but for our country as a whole.

With us at Ipswich, as with our confreres at all other branches, life has been very strenuous for many months, and we are not going to relax our efforts this year.

Our Magazine, however, has been somewhat neglected in the press of work, and we must try to remedy this.

We are "all set" this week for our Annual Works Social, which takes place on February 3rd, when we shall welcome our friends from London and Dunmow once more, and hope that Mr. Bodinnar may find it possible to again join us in our revels. It is to the credit of our Sports and Social Club Committee that, busy as we all are, they have yet found time to make the necessary preparations, both for the social and Mr. Bodinnar's tea to the children.

It was good to see Mr. W. Eaton back once more, after sixteen months of ill-health and suffering bravely borne.

To Mr. W. Barker, congratulations on the arrival of a little son.

Our new colleagues, both in Factory and Office, are heartily welcomed, and we hope that their numbers may yet have to be augmented.

We very much regret to find that Mr. J. E. Smith is again on the sick list, and all join in wishing him a speedy recovery.



I had been living in London for a number of years, and not having experienced any real fog, I felt that for once I should like to see what one of those yellow, or pea soup, fogs was really like. I had, of course, seen many London fogs, but not one that brought everything to a standstill, until the end of December, 1919. The train service was then totally disorganised and no trains at all were running on the branch line which I used. The train I travelled home by took just two hours to cover seven miles to get to the nearest station, which was something over a mile from my home. Fortunately there were a number of us going in the same direction and we were armed with torches and candles and travelled in single file. hugging garden fences. All went well until we arrived at what is called the Broadway. This is a very wide space, of irregular crossroads some hundred feet from corner to corner. It was a case of follow the leader. and some wits among the party were cracking that old joke of asking which was the other side of the road. We did not blame our leader, but instead of going across the road we must have been walking up the middle of the street, for there did not seem to be any other side of the road, and eventually we emerged on the same side of the road some distance from where we left the pavement previously. We thereupon sacked our leader and it was each man for himself. From that evening my curiosity was satisfied and I have never wanted to see any more fog. It is generally supposed that fog deadens sound, but this is a wrong impression as foggy air is actually a good conductor of sound waves. In a town there is less noise during a fog, but this is simply because traffic travels slowly, but you will notice how clearly the fog signals sound. It is a most curious thing this year that although fogs have been persistant it has been an

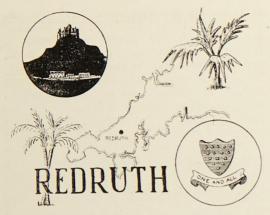
has not made its usual toll. On Sunday, January 20th, we awoke and found a perfectly clear sky and the barometer at 30. and after breakfast the sun shone brilliantly: in fact, one could call it a delightful spring day. The luncheon basket was packed a little air in the tyres, and away we started for a few hours in the country. The garage proprietor said as I was filling up with petrol that the fog was thick down the bottom of the hill, but I was reassured that no fog could exist long in the brilliant sunshine, so away we went. After about a mile's run we found ourselves entering fog, but only slight, and we felt sure that King Sol would not allow fog to exist long, and expected to emerge into sunshine any moment. It was not to be, for suddenly we were brought to a standstill where we could only find the side of the road by bumping our front wheels against the curb. We were forced to stop, for anything in front of the radiator was not visible. A bus loomed up at the back, which we were able to stop in time by shouting. For a moment we did not know what to do, but fortunately there was a wide grass verge to the road and we got on this feeling a sense of security in being off the road, but it was no use staying there for the rest of the day, so we decided to get home as soon as possible; so, having reversed, or thought 1 had reversed, I was not sure whether the road was straight ahead or whether I should find a fence there. and I found it necessary to explore on foot before driving. Apart from wanting to take one of those railinged roundabouts head-on we arrived home, where we still found brilliant sunshine and, driving into the garage with my head lights still on (for I had omitted to switch off), the garage proprietor gave me rather a tantalising smile.

exceptionally healthy winter and the 'flu

It is, however, a very curious thing that while fog is often persistent in other parts of London I do not remember ever having fog except of a very slight nature immediately around Cowcross Street. Perhaps, in more ways than one, it is one of those bright spots in London.

G. COLES.

Members of our Outside Staff must have had many interesting and thrilling experiences during fogs whilst on journey. We shall be pleased to receive any accounts of these for publication in the Magazine.



At the moment of writing (doubtless in common with all our other Factories) we are waiting to hear something about the terms and conditions of the next Pig Contracts. Before the publication of the February Magazine this information will be known; and we believe it will be such that both farmer and bacon curer will be able to enter the future with confidence.

Mr. G. F. Taylor, who has been at this branch for the last ten years, has left us to take up new duties at Eastleigh. He received a leather suit case from the Staff and Employees, and we all give him our best wishes for success and happiness in his new sphere.

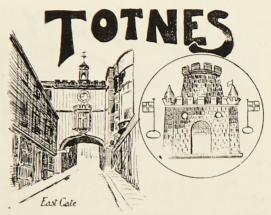
We give to Mr. A. J. Clark and to Mr. A. Young, a very hearty welcome to Redruth. Already they appear to have lost that feeling of being strangers in a land far from home, and have settled down quite happily with us.

Our sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cooke and family on account of the serious illness of their son Reggie, who, like his father and brother, is one of our employees. We are so glad to know there is an improvement in his condition and hope that this will be maintained.

W.B.F.

### ON AND ON.

The poorest day that passes over us is the conflux of two eternities; it is made up of currents that issue from the remotest past, and flow onwards to the remotest future.—CARLYLE.



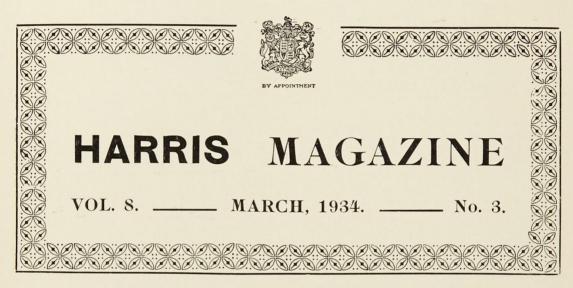
Our Annual Social was held at the Temperance Hotel here on February 3rd, and proved to be the most successful we have yet organised. The revival of activity in our industry resulted in a considerable increase in the number present, which, including the wives and children of employees, totalled about 78, and all sat down to a well-served dinner, which was thoroughly enjoyed,

A most enjoyable evening was then spent in games and dancing, and songs were rendered by Miss Joan Harding, Messrs. J. Matters, R. Bibbings, J. Clark, C. Harding, E. Norris, and Miss M. K. Burrell, who also acted as accompanist at the piano. An amusing item was a Devonshire reading given by Miss Beer, which created much laughter. Sweets and oranges were provided for the children, and aided by the experience gained in previous years, a very able committee succeeded in keeping the entertainment going with great gusto and rhythm right through the programme, so much so that a tinge of regret was felt when the time came for its conclusion.

Mr. J. N. Powney acted as chairman, and after thanking all those who had contributed to the programme, he expressed his regret at the absence of Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, who had written a letter conveying his very best wishes and disappointment at his inability to be present through pressure of other engagements.

Mr. C. Harding, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Chairman, said that the success of their Socials and Summer Outings were due to the keen interest taken by him, and they owed him a deep sense of gratitude. Mr. H. Doney, seconding, also paid tribute to the Chairman's services on these occasions.

C.I.H.





It is almost impossible to dothis if the boundaries of existence are allowed to become the immediate past and the immediate future. A very long view must be taken if life is to be happy and useful. An effective means of enlarging the horizon which hems in the daily round is to become acquainted with the problems of the past, as recorded by eminent writers.

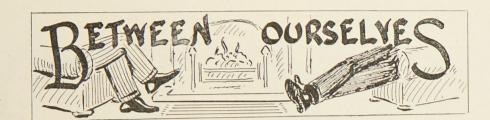
Such works are not uninteresting surveys but are full of romance and adventure and emphasise the very short link which binds the trials of other days to our own perplexities and troubles.

The realm of fiction can be very helpful in obtaining an historical perspective of life, but such a scheme of study requires proper planning. As an experiment the H.W.A. propose starting a series of Study Circles in the autumn, under the auspices of the newly-formed Library Section. It is hoped to obtain the services of competent leaders for these Circles who will give advice on what to read and how to read.

Further particulars will be announced in due course, but in the meantime we intend inserting in the Magazine, commencing with our April issue, a series of articles dealing with this important proposal.

The building up of a library of technical works is also contemplated, and those of our readers who would find such a service helpful to them, in connection with their private studies, are asked to communicate their needs to the Library Committee without delay.

## Heritage alne aitised



N days when banking facilities were not easily available the habit of thrift was cultivated by collecting Coins of the Realm and depositing them in all sorts of queer places.

I wondered the other day whether the Henry VI. Groat which was upturned in an excavation outside my house was a relic of an old-time biding place.

One's earliest recollections go back to a small model of a postal pillar-box painted a bright red, into which one was encouraged to put ha pennies and pennies from time to time.

The village gossips in other days would talk over their teacups of an absent lady friend as being one "who had a long stocking," thus referring to what apparently was another method of saving coins

In recent days when gold coins have been at a high premium, hidden stores of sovereigns have been produced from the most astonishing places and persons.

All this goes to show that there is ingrained in most people the desire, as well as the anxiety to "save"

With these thoughts in mind it has been of more than usual interest to analyse the operations of our own Savings Scheme on February 28th, 1934, in regard to efficiency bonuses that were paid out in January in respect of the year 1933. It will be remembered that all these bonuses are paid by placing them to the credit of the individual's Savings Scheme Account.

First of all there appears to be a different mentality in some factories as compared with others, and unfortunately those factories of which perhaps most might be expected do not show up as well as some of their sister establishments.

Take Calne for example. One person in five withdrew the whole of the bonus immediately, while a further one in six withdrew about a half.

Nearly the same experience is shown at Chippenham, while at Ipswich the comparison is even worse.

At Tiverton 50 per cent. of the people withdrew the whole of their bonus; at Redruth nobody drew the whole sum out, but quite a number drew more than half.

On the other hand, at Totnes, over nine out of ten left the bonus intact, and at London everybody left it in. At Highbridge over 78 per cent. left their deposits untouched; at Dunmow over 81 per cent.

These are matters of more than general interest.

Many of the amounts doubtless were drawn out in regard to house purchase and other methods of saving.

Once the money is placed to the credit of the

individual it belongs absolutely to the person concerned. Figures like those quoted, however, give everyone occasion to impress once again the wisdom of the use of a most excellent scheme from which the Firm derives no financial benefit whatever, but which, indeed, costs the Firm a very great deal of money every year in the interest they make up to 5 per cent, and the heavy expenses of staff to administer the scheme.

The bonus was given unexpectedly as-

1.—An encouragement to efficiency

2.—As a recognition of the desire of the Directors that no man or girl need remain in the rut of a flat rate of pay.

3.—As a gesture of goodwill.

4.—As a definite means of providing against the unknown eventualities of the future.

The bonus must, therefore, never be confused with the rate of pay, and it must always be recognised that it may be withdrawn at any time.

There was at one time a foolish idea that if the Firm thought a man was saving through the Scheme it would prejudice their sympathetic attitude to him when he became old. Such a feeling cannot properly exist in view of the experiences of so many for many years.

One wonders if some of these withdrawals are really necessary or whether they have been made by the young and foolish who have not yet attained a perspective of life's responsibilities.

The funds of the Scheme are invested in Gilt Edged Securities. They are in the names of Trustees; the management of the Scheme is in the hands of a Committee of Depositors. The Balance-sheet at December 31st, 1933, showed that there were more than twenty shillings to the pound, in view of the value of the investments above the amount that was paid for them.

The total deposits and interest are guaranteed by the Company, but in no circumstances have the Company any access to or use of the funds of the Scheme

I commend again to all and sundry the use of this Scheme within the limits of deposit allowed.

MA.

March 14th, 1934

### Civilisation.

VERY little is known of the beginning of civilisation. At first man was pure animal, but slowly, as his mind developed, he was able to raise himself above the surrounding creatures.

The Neolithic man (New Stone age) was the first to develop any culture or civilisation. From that time man has gradually developed through the Bronze Age and Iron Age to our present state.

Early man drove the cave bear from his den, and established his own family in it. He secured himself by a wall of stone or a big fire placed at the entrance, against attacks from his animal enemies. The art of drawing was well known amongst these men and they decorated their caves with pictures of the animals they hunted for food.

The first buildings man erected were huts built on piles in the lakes and rivers and connected to the main land by narrow bridges.

The first great step in civilisation came when men started to till and improve the soil and grow a few crops. The plot of ground that a man cleared and cultivated he regarded as his own, so he stayed there, and he had ceased to be a wanderer. The family increased, and as their numbers grew so did their sense of security. They also now had time to improve their minds and surroundings—neither of which was necessary before.

Their food supply was now more certain; formerly scarcity of food had helped to keep their numbers down. The division of labour came about naturally; the one with the most ability to do a certain job did it. Thus one man became the potter, another the corn grinder, &c., to the whole settlement. About this time domestic animals came into use, chiefly the horse and dog.

This sort of thing took place in different parts of the world at the same time. The earliest civilisations sprang up in the two great river valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates, the certain supply of water being one of the greatest deciding factors as to where man should settle in large numbers. The men of those civilisations at first were very peaceful. It was the wandering tribes who grew jealous of these men's security who caused warfare. Thus war is a by-product of civilisation.

All early men worshipped some God, usually a force of nature, but chiefly the sun. The great stone circles and also the barrows belong to this time.

We can know little of these men as individuals until writing was used. All we can do is to piece together and learn what we can from the pottery, weapons, drawings, &c., that archaeologists unearth.

When man turned his thoughts to the amassing of wealth, his body had to take second place. Formerly only the strongest could survive. It had been the only way to save the race, but with increasing knowledge came the increasing preservation of the weaker

From that time man has slowly lost some of the physical strength that was his before he bothered about culture. A reindeer man could use with ease an instrument weighing from 40lbs. to 60lbs., but how many men could to-day?

We must also remember that all new inventions tend to lessen the use of our muscles. So one is tempted to ask, "Is man doomed to decay physically, chiefly because of his own creations?" Amongst these we must class war, luxury, and leisure.

Although man's body is less perfect, his brain is more highly developed than that of his earliest forefathers. It is not necessarily bigger, only trained along different lines. We must remember that inventions follow one another more rapidly to-day than ever before. Man has made wonderful discoveries in the realm of medical science. No doubt it will not be long before doctors and research workers, &c., will be able to decide exactly the right proportion of food and exercise, both mental and physical, that go to make a perfect man, able to resist disease and decay.

So apparently the issue resolves itself into a race between deterioration and medical science, and I think medical science has a very good chance of winning.

M.M.

### \* \* \* DEATH.

We regret to report the death of Mr. H. G. Moody at the age of 73. He was most popular with his colleagues and last season was often seen associated with them as a player in the Inter-Departmental Skittles Tournament.

To his widow and family we offer our sympathy and condolence.

## entre Heritage Calne **Digitised**

### A Trip to the French Riviera.

(PART I.)

We left Havre at 12.25 p.m. for Paris, where we arrived at 4.15. We then took a taxi for an hour's drive round Paris, passing along the Grands Boulevards (congested with traffic), the Opera, Concorde, drove up the most wonderful drive of the world (the Champs Elysees) as far as the Arc de Triomphe, where we got down to see the Unknown Warrior's grave, covered with flowers. Amongst them we noticed a lovely palm placed by the Sultan of Morocco, who was then in Paris, and a wreath from the school-children of Birmingham, Alabama.

We then drove back to the hotel, by the Place de la Republique, Tuileries, Louvre-Museum, the Bastille covered with electric decorations for the 14th of July (national fete), and many other beautiful sights of Paris too numerous to mention.

After dinner we set off for the P.L.M. Station to take the 9 p.m. train for Marseilles. We secured pillows for the night and started for our journey to the South of France. It is impossible to describe anything of the scenery between Paris and Lyons as that part of the journey was done by night. We were all very glad when the first rays of daylight appeared to enable us to see the country as we passed through it.

We had a good view of the Church of Notre Dame de Fourviere, at Lyons, showing up so white in the distance, on the top of the hill overlooking the valley of the river Rhone

We stopped at Valence, where a good many people secured cafe-au-lait on the platform, in cardboard tumblers, and at Avignon, where a quantity of cups and "brioches" were displayed for the travellers with steaming hot chocolate. Breakfast could also be obtained, if desired, in the "Wagon Restaurant," but there was such a crowd there we did not wait.

There was a kind gentleman in the train who spoke to us about the various places we passed and gave us hints about the excursions we could do down south. We passed Arles and the Etang de Berre, but did not stop after Avignon till we arrived at Marseilles. Some time before we reached this City we could see the Mediterranean, and felt we were getting near.

We arrived at Marseilles at 11 a.m. and

drove straight to our hotel. After unpacking and tidying up we had lunch in a very nice dining room decorated all round with lovely views of the Riviera. We were extremely comfortable in this hotel, and can highly recommend it to anyone travelling through Marseilles—Hotel Continental, 6, Rue Beauvau, just near the Cannebiere (the principal street of Marseilles, which its citizens are so proud of).

Marseilles is a city of over 580,000 inhabitants, with a fine new Byzantine Cathedral, which we visited; capacious docks and flourishing industries. It is a very ancient city, having been founded by a colony of Greeks from Asia Minor. between 500 and 600 B.C. The exports of wine, silk, fruit, &c., from Marseilles are extensive. It is a cosmopolitan town, people of all races, colours, and languages mingle in the streets; this being the port from which so many ships come and go to the East and Far-East.

As we had made no plans beforehand, the proprietor of the hotel suggested that we should hire an open carriage to take us round the city, as he said we would see much more of it in this way than by tram or car. We followed his advice, and he ordered one of these carriages and gave instructions to the driver where to take us. A white awning over the carriage protected us from the burning sun.

First of all we went to Notre Dame de la Garde. The carriage remained at the foot of the hill, where we had to take a lift to ascend to this Church, which is situated at an altitude of 150 metres (492 feet), the highest point in Marseilles. The slope is so steep that the lift only went up as far as a certain point, and we had to walk the remainder of the way. We could see the Church as we ascended shining brilliantly in the radiant sunshine. When we reached Notre Dame de la Garde, we had a lovely view of the city and the Mediterranean. This Church is a place of pilgrimage for those at sea. A large number of candles placed by pilgrims were burning, lighting up the Church, which is a dark one. We were told that sailors often climb the slope barefooted in order to obtain their petitions.

After descending the lift we got into our carriage again, passed by the Nautical School (near which we were able to get another good view of the Mediterranean), the Old Port, and Fort St. Jean. From there we went to the Parc Borelli, offered by Mr.

Borelli to the city of Marseilles, containing his statue, lovely drives, and flowers. After this we drove round the "Corniche," that is to say the part of Marseilles touching the sea, which is the prelude to the Nice-Genoa Corniche. We saw a lot of people bathing, but did not have sufficient time to join them. We continued our drive along the Prado, a tremendously wide avenue with a central road for light vehicles, and two side roads for the heavy traffic, in addition to the paths for pedestrians. We returned by the Rue de Noailles and the Cannebiere as far as the Vieux Port (Old Port), where a quantity of small boats were waiting to take tourists to the Chateau d'If. We embarked in one of them.

We had seen the Mediterranean on post-cards, but it seemed incredible that it could really be so blue as it is always represented. Well, it is not in any way exaggerated. As we went from Marseilles to the Chateau d'If we noticed how blue the water was, even close at hand. It looked absolutely as if blue ink had been poured in. It was simply wonderful. We visited the Chateau d'If , which is really an old prison on an island where the Count of Monte Christo, of Alexandre Dumas' famous 19th century novel, was supposed to have been shut up, and from where he escaped. Of course there are only the bare walls left now. In some of the places it was so dark that we were provided with candles, namely in two underground cells, which were made to communicate by two of the prisoners who hewed through the stones. From the terrace of the prison there is a fine view of the Mediterranean all round the Island.

We returned to Marseilles by the same little boat, on which it was beautifully cool. We got out at the end of the Rue Cannebiere, the most animated street in Marseilles. We strolled along, bought cards, and returned to the hotel for dinner.

One of the party tasted the famous Marseilles dish called "Bouillabaise," which is a mixture of fish, cray fish, and fish soup, served separately but supposed to be eaten together. The Marseilles people love this dish, but other people usually don't.

D.G.T.B.

(To be Continued).

N.B.—Marseilles in French is spelt Marseille (without the final s) and the Mediterranean is spelt Mediterranee.

### THE FUN OF THE FAIR.

BY BLONDE.

"You are the only gentleman in the room," said a stranger.

"In what way, sir?" asked a guest.
"When I tripped in the dance, tearing
my partner's dress, you were the only one

in the room who did not laugh."

"The lady is my wife, and I paid ten

pounds for that dress yesterday.'

"The house shook," said Brown, describing an earthquake he had experienced abroad. "Cups and saucers flew all over the place and———"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Jones.
"That reminds me—I quite forgot to post

my wife's letters."

"Yes, sir," said the man with the frayed collar, "that land is now worth £20 a foot, and only a year ago I could have bought it for a mere song."

"But you couldn't sing?" chuckled the

funny man.

The man with the frayed collar eyed him distantly, and replied in quick, cutting tones: "I could sing, but I couldn't get the right notes."

The exceedingly stout lady indignantly tackled a 'bus inspector at a busy stopping-place.

"I want to report the conductor of that 'bus that's just gone!" she shrilled. "He's been rude!"

"How?" asked the bored official.

"Why," went on the lady, "he was telling the people the 'bus was full up, and when I got off he said, 'Room for three inside!"

\* \* \*

### SO THAT'S THAT.

The door-to-door salesman was extolling the virtues of his wares.

"Talk of value," he said, "why there are some things that go without saying."

"And there are others that say a lot without going," replied the housewife firmly, as she closed the door.

\* \* \* \*

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Smith: I'm going to marry and settle down.

Jones: Humph! You'd better remain single and settle up.

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

### R.E.H.

I could not think of anything to write about, so last month I had to give a miss. I wrote to the Editors for suggestions and they proposed as a subject a sort of Cavalcade of my memories of the Victorian Jubilees, Mafeking Night, and Queen Victoria's funeral. But I fear this to be altogether beyond my descriptive powers and much of what I saw has now been forgotten. Moreover these events have really been described so often by the most accomplished historical writers and novelists that I should not care to hazard an attempt to compete. If there are those who wish to get a good idea of what took place they can find it all set forth in Walpole's final Herries series novel, " Vanessa."

This novel is outstanding and gives most vivid and real description of the London of the later Victorian period. I did attend the first Jubilee, but my memories of it are chiefly that a crowded day (crowded in more sense than one) finished with a binge at the Old Empire in Leicester Square, and that coming away in the crush I lost my watch. The second Jubilee I did not attend, I played cricket in the country, which suited me much better. I saw Queen Victoria's funeral, I think, from Hyde Park. My memory of that is chiefly of the great hush that came over the vast crowds as the funeral passed. For the death of the great Queen seemed to strike a blow which had the effect of almost personal loss. One thing that came of these and like events in which Queen Victoria took part was the phrase, "Queen's weather," for always on these occasions the weather was splendidly fine.

I find that there is a difficulty when writing for the Magazine to avoid repetition, for our scope has to be strictly limited. But when dealing with our business concerns repetition is necessary, because of the flood of misrepresentation which has followed in the wake of the Quota. During the month of February a letter was published in the Trade Press stating that the only people who received any benefit from the introduction of the Quota is a few Bacon Curers. That same week, however, the Cambridge University Department of Agriculture published their annual survey of the 1,000 East Anglican farms with which they come into touch. This survey shows that the introduction of the Quota has saved the farming industry from final disaster and that this is in large measure due to the better price made of the pigs, which turned losses into profits. Seeing this has happened with the 1,000 East Anglican farms, one may be sure that similar good results are to be found in the West of England and in all our agricultural districts. The county of Herts is not included in the survey, but Watford is the headquarters of the Herts agriculture, and much of the prosperity of Watford depends on agriculture.

Now last February there was great distress in Watford. Workless people had left the rural parts and had gathered in the towns such as Watford, hoping, in vain, to find employment.

The pressure to relieve actual want of food, of clothing, and of heating was so great that the Watford Town Council had to issue an appeal. All Watford residents in employ were asked to join in and subscribe sums calculated on the rateable value of the houses occupied. This was done and a considerable sum of money was raised, sufficient anyhow to tide over the bad period. Shortly after things began to improve and this February no such extraordinary effort has been required. Employment in the county of Herts is now good. Fifty-two shillings per cwt. was never the actual price of Danish bacon, it was 52s. plus the dole money handed out to 3,000,000 unemployed people. Now we pay a much higher price, but it is much nearer to being the real price. For all that it would be very wrong indeed to imagine, as someone suggested last summer, that the present time is a golden age. I have mentioned a book dealing with the Victorian period. I may here introduce the mention of another book, Priestley's "Wonder Hero." A part of this novel is given to a dramatic description of the fierce poverty that covered and still covers a part of our over-industrialised England.

There is no exaggeration, as no doubt our friends in the county of Durham and other parts know only too well. Our remedy for these terrible conditions is "Back to the Land."

R.E.H.

When a girl begins to call a man by his first name it generally indicates that she has designs on his last.—"LIPPINCOTT'S."

### Sport.

At two o'clock on Saturday, February 24th, 1933, a party of Skittle enthusiasts by charabanc proceeded to Chippenham Bacon Factory, in answer to a challenge thrown out at the Bacon Factory Social, at Highbridge, on February 10th, by Mr. Hooper, of Chippenham, to the Highbridge Factory.

It was a very enjoyable journey, and by four o'clock we reached the Chippenham Factory and were received by Mr. Hooper and Mr. Weston. The party was shown round the factory and were then conducted to the West End Club and entertained to tea in the skittle alley.

The opening remarks of the Chairman touched upon our response to his challenge, and of his regret that Captain Smith was not with us, and he greeted us right royally. After tea Mr. Slater responded for the Highbridge Factory, remarking how pleasing these Inter-Factory functions were, and that he felt assured it would not be the last by many of such occasions. He had in his mind, as chairman of our Darts Club, an interesting ante-post match. Mr. Ted Cann, Mr. Young, and Mr. Blackmore endorsed the sentiments of the Highbridge Bacon Factory in conclusion.

Previous to the match several melodies were indulged in.

At seven o'clock the match started, twenty-two each side, three legs to play. Best two out of three to be winner. At this juncture Captain Smith arrived and was co-opted on the Highbridge team. First leg was won by Chippenham, 119 against 117; second leg was won by Highbridge, 116 against 106; third round, fairly even all through.

Towards the last four hands it was neck and neck,

Scores were made and other scores to wreck.

Waxing fierce the last three hands, Excitement rampant grew, Resulting in the score being 101——and 2.

Last two hands to go, It was almost even, Resulting in the score being 106——and 7. March 13th, 1934.

### EFFICIENCY BONUS.

From the start it has been made clear that these Bonuses were not part of the wages; that they represented a free gift by the Company which could, if circumstances made it necessary, be withdrawn at any time, and that no-one could ever be certain that they would continue unless an announcement were made at the commencement of each year.

When I spoke at the various factories earlier in this year no reference was made as to whether the Bonus would be continued or not. The absence of this reference was due to our desire to know whether it was clearly understood that the bonus could not be looked for unless it were so announced.

The issue of the January bonus cards was delayed so as to give emphasis to this.

It is now announced that it is hoped it will be possible to continue the Bonus through 1934, but this, as ever, will depend upon the general conditions affecting the business, which, as will be realised, were not happy ones for the directors in 1933.

J.F.B.

Last but one to play, Excitement shook the floor, For at this dangerous juncture T'was an even score.

Last hand to play, George Webb to the fore, For after his opponent's ball went through We won the leg by four.

Three cheers for the winners. Three cheers for Chippenham.

A concert followed, contributed to by Messrs. Young, Davies, Blackmore, Taylor, and several of our Chippenham friends. Mr. Slater was at the piano, and at 9.30 we wound up with "Auld Lang Syne" and "God save the King." Then refreshments until ten o'clock.

W.S.

### The Cinema and Education.

An aspect of cinema work which is little known is the educational film and the film in documentary record and science. The Educational Film may be dealt with in two parts—the education of the child and the education of the adult.

The Cinema is a new medium which we may turn to our service, but which may easily be turned to our disservice. Children are learning to pick up points and impressions on the screen very quickly—how quickly and how permanently we do not yet know. Their receptiveness and their power of association are being trained, and this training is possibly not the least of the services which the new medium may render—if the material is right. It is as important to train their taste in films as in music; from the social point of view more important. The taste of the next generation is largely formed at school; therefore the school cannot afford to neglect so important a factor as the film in the education of a generation which goes regularly and naturally to the cinema. If the standard of public taste is to be raised we must begin with the children. The film, then, is a power in the education of the child, in the class-room by the teaching film, in the school hall by films of general interest, and by special children's exhibitions in public cinemas. These three methods of forming and improving taste are at once distinct and related. Now the Cinema is gaining prestige and is accepted at least as a handmaid at the court of light. There is no longer a danger of absolute separation between educated opinion and the production of films. On the success of the partnership depends the future of educational cinematography. If the film is to provide an effective contact between the school and life, the class-room and the factory, the laboratory and industry, then first-class production and first-class projection must be available for the schools.

A film-conscious child has a high standard of criticism, based upon the performances of the public cinema. The school cinema must be able to stand the comparison at his hands. In a system of national education, which no longer relies wholly on the printed word, the film becomes an essential instrument in the child's preparation for life.

In almost every civilised country and under a variety of conditions, research has been going on to discover what the film can do in the schools. In England the Historical Association, in conjunction with the Carnegie Trustees, has undertaken a comprehensive and authoritative enquiry into the service which films can render. The National Union of Teachers, in association with the County Educational Authorities of Middlesex, in a report say :- "Films help to acquire originality and a larger measure of selfactivity. They encourage children to read more widely, increase the pupils ability to discuss topics and to write about them. They enlarge the vocabulary, enrich personal experience, correlate the work of the class-room with the life of the world outside the school, and develop the ability to concentrate mental activities.'

In 1930 300 schools were using the film. It is significant that Public Schools, conservative by tradition though they be, are using the Cinema more and more. To children the film is a stimulant, not a sedative. It is much more likely to wake up the dull or lazy boy than to send him to sleep. The stimulant makes for original and clear thinking. "The use of the film forces children to find their own words to express opinions and to describe scenes, not merely to borrow those of the teacher or the text book. Thus, the film instead of helping to form the "mass-mind" encourages originality" (Historical Association).

With the use of the film it is noticed that the quality of recollection is improved. The influence of the illustration may make just the difference between unintelligent and intelligent recollection. A teacher writes:—"The stimulation of interest with the use of the film not only prepares the child to receive facts more readily but prepares him for receiving them in the right way." The visual impression is heightened. A Director of Education writes :- "You are taking India, let us say, with a class of slum children who have never seen a herd of cows, let alone a herd of elephants. To make them feel elephants, you may show them a drawing or a lantern slide of an elephant, you may take them to the Natural History Museum and show them a stuffed elephant, or to the Zoo and let them see an elephant in a compound. I suggest that if you let them see, in addition, a film showing elephants moving through the jungle, or a herd of elephants charging, both the quality of their recollection of the lesson will be more real, and they will take more interest in India, and even be more likely to remember that Delhi is its capital."

Mr. Ronald Gow, of Altrincham, a notable pioneer in the use of cinematography says:—"Tests have shown that cinema impressions are more lasting than oral. The first object of any method of illustration is to relate the subject of the lesson to actuality and we have nothing approaching the Cinema for producing the illusion of reality. Proof is growing strong that the class-room film is not a toy, nor a film lesson the derided soft option."

(The next article will deal with the Film and the Education of the Adult).

### \* \* \* THE LIGHT.

Through the clouds o'ercasting day Ever shines that brilliant ray, Of the light which cannot dim, Lacking earthly vision's rim.

When in mind we are distressed, When we heed not we are blessed, Through the glooming shines that light, Seen without the heed of sight.

Like the rainbow of old Noah's Covenant re-told, So it shines as in the sky, Of the thoughts of you and I.

Light inspiring, thoughts divine, Peace be unto thee and thine, This, the goodwill cannot cease, Once proclaimed heaven's bond of peace.

Brief the while they put away Whom to death they did betray, In that time day was as night For they hid the world's light.

After crucifixion rose, One Who wore the grave's grim clothes, But with lustre shining bright, He had conquered in the fight.

THOMAS H. HARVEY.

HIGHBRIDGE SOCIAL.
(Told in verse by our Highbridge Poet).

'Twas the Bacon Factory Social, Of the events I shall recall On the 10th day of February At the Highbridge Town Hall.

After Mr. Bodinnar's welcome On went the Show, The band struck a melody, And a-hunting we did go.

Captain Smith then addressed us, And he was very witty, Spoke of things important And thanked our Committee.

Mr. Petherick came next,
He never felt alone,
At Highbridge or at Calne
Each seemed a home from home.

Mr. Kidley then came forward
And introduced our Chief,
To speak on important matters
Which were very far from brief.

Mr. Hooper had a present,
Our Chief had his little joke,
When presenting it to him
From it took a smoke.

One thing I most forgot,
Not included in this rhythm,
To Mrs. Bodinnar and Mrs. Hooper
Some splendid blooms were given.

They were fine specimens,
Fine for their early culture,
Presented by Mr. Cann
Famous for his horticulture.

There were thanks to the Waitresses,
They were always to the fore,
And the hard-working stewards
And Tom Burchell on the door.

In conclusion the whole assembly
Made the rafters ring
To the strains melodious,
"God save our gracious King."
W.S.

# Digitised by Calne Heritage Centre

## Service. Roll of Loyal

	Highbridge Bacon Co., Ltd., Highbridge.	A. J. GILLETT 40 E. C. CANN 43		Robert Seager, Ltd., Ipswich.	ICOCK	GOLD MEDAL WITH ONE	BAR	C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd., Calne.	E. J. DREW (Deceased) 45 W. I. PARSONS (Retired) 45	E. BIFFEN 46	W. J. BUSH Aremed	R. E. HARRIS 46	G. PINNELL (Retired) 46	W. R. ROUSE (Deceased) 40 H. J. SMITH (Retired) 46	G. BAILEY (Retired) 47 F I GALE 47	A. HITCHENS 47	F. SUTTON 47 T. WATKINS (Deceased) 47	J. A. BULLOCK 48 W. R. WESTON 48	F. J. EDWARDS 49	S. HADDKELL (Deceased) 49 J. E. ROYNON	F. STEVENS 49	West of England Bacon Co., Totnes.	Wiltshire Bacon Co., Ltd.,		(Ipswich), Ltd., Ipswi	AL WITH TV	BARS.	G. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd., Calne.  Mrs. E. CARTER (Retired) 50  G. CUE (Deceased)	st of		GOLD MEDAL WITH THREE BARS.	C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd., Calne.		J. HOLLEY (Retired) 57 1. CARPENTER 59	o., Toţn		Highbridge Bacon Co., Ltd., Highbridge.	F. LAWRENCE (Retired) 56	GOLD MEDAL WITH FOUR	BARS.	U. & I. Haffis (Vaine), Liu., Caine. W. LAWRENCE (Deceased) 64		GOLD MEDAL WITH FIVE	C & T Harris (Calne) Itd. Calne.	7. FRAYLING (Deceased) CARPENTER (Retired)	(pound) and the latest
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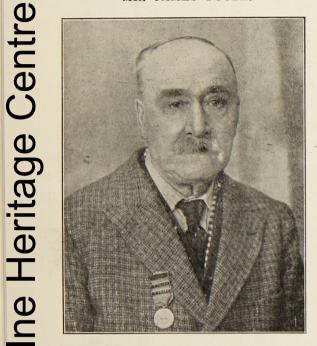
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### Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. JAMES FOOTE.



Our Picture Gallery this month is of one who has been associated with the Redruth Factory from the very beginning.

As a young man he spent some time in the Army and served with Kitchener at Khartum in 1898. When he returned home he was employed by the contractors whose tender was accepted for the building of the Factory, and he assisted in laying the foundations in 1899.

His continuous service dates from 1899. and he is proud of his medal and two bars. During all these years Mr. James Foote, (better known as Jim), has worked with faithfulness and integrity and we all hope his retirement will be a long and happy one. W.B.F.

A Flying Billiards Tournament was held at the Marden House for lads under 18 years of age, on Monday, February 26th. A. Butler and E. Trembling were the finalists, the former winning by a large margin.

People may be no older than they feel, but many of them are a goodness-gracious lot older than they act.

\* \* \*



On February 10th, at St. Mary's Church, Malmesbury, Mr. Victor Alexander, of the Boning Department, was married to Miss Audrey Lucy Strange, of Malmesbury. The wedding present was a palm stand.

At Chippenham, on February 10th, Mr. R. Angell, of the Warehouse (now transferred to Eastleigh), was married to Miss Winnie Palmer, of Yeovil. Mr. Angell was the recipient of a handsome clock from the Calne Factory and a pair of bronze figures from the Eastleigh Factory.

On the occasion of his marriage to Miss E. H. Williams, of Swansea, Mr. J. Jackett was presented with a draw-leaf dining table by the Maintenance Department.

### \* \* \* A SNOWDROP.

Symbol of purity In thy sweet dress; Flower of simplicity Wake from thy rest.

Past now is Yuletide, Spring's heralds call; Snowdrop by brookside, First flower of all.

No scent rare and fragrant Comes from thy brow; For thy beauty dear plant, All love thee now.

With summer, come others, In brightest hue, But all flower lovers Give thee thy due.

Sign of re-awakenings, On earth's cold face; Bravely thou did'st struggle To take thy place. M. K. BURRELL.



The chief thought in our minds during the first week or two of March has been in relation to pig contracts. According to the Press the average number of pigs for which contracts have been received for the next ten months is quite equal to the quantity contracted for in respect of the first four months ended 28th February. What we are anxious to see now is how these pigs are going to be divided over the various months.

The trade recovery which has been boomed in the Press is perhaps so far more apparent than real, but at the same time there are definite indications that customers are this year prepared to relax their rigid practice of hand-to-mouth buying which has been so apparent during the past year or two. This is where we must make the most of our opportunities.

The British Industries Fair serves the purpose of getting the country into a buying frame of mind, even if a visit may not actually be paid to Olympia.

While the show was in progress we had a window display in one of the Oxford Street windows of Selfridge's which attracted a great deal of attention.

During April we have the Manchester Exhibition, which is always one of the most popular of the provincial shows and maintains year by year a splendid attendance.

We are very glad to say that Mr. Thornton, who recently underwent an operation, has made an excellent recovery and is hoping to make a start again before the end of the month.

Relief-Salesman A. P. Rivers has been appointed to Bristol Van No. 49.

We welcome Van-Salesman Preston, who is taking over Birmingham Van 34.

We also welcome Relief-Salesmen Thomas, Woolley, and Mather.

We had a letter from Mr. Cartwright on the 14th March in which he mentions that after a lapse of two months his stolen car has been recovered and the thief apprehended. This still leaves one car out of the three of which no further trace has been discovered.

### CHARLIE'S LAMENT.

All the birds in the air took to sighing and a-sobbing

When they heard Charlie trapped the poor Cock Robin.

The innocent bird was quite unaware

Of a trap Charlie set with scrupulous care.

The worm was very scarce on account of dry weather

So sought a few crumbs to help him to

The ratting fraternity gave it wide berth.

The cunning of Charlie they knew from their

The red breast approached with usual temerity

And decided to enter to fill to extremity. The result, be it known, was a ghastly affair

'Twas beyond Charlie's skill to make a repair. Who'll toll the bell? the King Robin enquired. With tears in his eyes and with pity inspired. Charlie stood at attention, with heart all a-throbbing,

And cried with loud voice, "I'll ring for Cock Robin.

G.G.

### \* \* \* FROM BOTH SIDES.

"It all depends on the point of view," he said, reflectively.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, by way of illustration," he answered, "there's Mrs. Jones next door, who sings all day long. Looking at it from one point of view, we say, 'Happy woman!' and from another, 'unhappy neighbours!'"



### LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

### "Magic Quest," by Stephen McKenna.

Keith Meldron was a very successful artist, and being very conscientious he spent a lot of his time and money trying to make things more pleasant for his less fortunate relatives, but far from being grateful they continually worried him and were never pleased, until at last he disappeared for a time and left them to their own devices.

"Impeached," by Bruce Graeme.

This is about the trial of an M.P. who was accused of treason.

### "John Peel," by J. M. Denwood.

A novel about the huntsman who is still remembered through the well-known song.

### "Travail of Gold," by E. F. Benson.

A young man with very high ideals gave up his job and forfeited his allowance in order to write plays, the first being called "The Travail of Gold." He soon discovered that theatrical managers preferred lighter and more satirical plays and that if he wished to make a living as a playwright he would have to sacrifice his ideals.

### LADIESHOCKEY

Visiting Messrs. Wills' ground at Swindon on February 3rd, we experienced one of the heaviest trouncings yet. The pitch was in a bad state; rain on hard frozen ground made foot grip difficult. Our opponents' skill gave them an advantage they were not slow to accept and a win by six goals to nil was merited.

On February 10th, at Lickhill, we met Stothert and Pitts' team, from Bath. A

fast, clean, and exhilarating game ensued, and both teams showed to advantage. We won by 5 goals to 3, but more goals should have been scored on both sides—a weakness caused by lack of coolness and indecision in front of goal. It was gratifying to notice that our forwards displayed a skill not frequently seen. They passed to each other in splendid style, and to see the ball carried up the field by the forwards and being passed from forward to forward and from wing to wing was a joy to watch.

It is evident that the science and theory of the game can be exploited if only they will. The recent frost prevented the ground from being rolled, but it was amusing to notice how our heavy-weight back attempted to remedy this omission.



Our goal-scorers were L. Holley (3) and I. Hunt and V. Woodward.

We did not do too badly when we played the return match with Avon India Rubber Co., at Melksham, on February 17th. We lost by the odd goal in five and were quite satisfied with the result. Both our goals were scored by L. Holley.

Against the G.W.R. (Swindon) team on February 24th we were not able to put out our best team. Several reserves were called upon and they gave a display which augurs well for the future when their positions in the team are constant and stabilised. The game was lost by four goals to nil. On paper this looks as if we were not much in

the picture, but the contrary is the fact. We were always pressing, even had more of the game than our opponents, but as soon as the circle was reached we lost our nerve and went all to pieces. Our opponents were very speedy and invariably seemed to be in the proper position to intercept the ball. The forwards were always well up awaiting the ball to come to them and their goals resulted from such positioning. The reverse was often the case with us.

That live organization—the Ladies' Hockey Team—arranged a very enjoyable evening at Marden House on February 22nd, 1934.

An opportunity presented itself to show a special instruction film on the various points of Hockey play, and they were not slow in grasping this opportunity.

Prefaced with a few well-chosen remarks by Miss Usher, the County Secretary, every aspect of the game as shown on the film was keenly followed by every member of the audience, which had attended in quite respectable numbers.

One was particularly struck with the points as illustrated. Positional play, tactics, hitting, and such like points made one realise that Hockey is quite a battle of wits.

As good as we are, there was plenty in this excellent film to show us that there is still a lot to learn. The writer was particularly struck with the episode which showed a corner hit being taken, the ball being stopped by the centre forward and left steady for the inside left to make the hit—quite a clever move. Then again, the method of stopping the ball and clearing one's lines was quite an illustration that the goalkeeper needs to think quickly.

The thanks of the Ladies' Hockey Team are due to good offices of:—

Mr. S. North-Smith for providing the projector and operator.

The All-England Women's Hockey Association for the loan of the film.

Miss Usher and Miss Swanborough for the loan of screen.

To add to the enjoyment of the evening Mr. S. North-Smith had brought along the film of the Flower Show, which included the folk dancing, together with one or two real star films—Charlie Chaplin and the friend of our childhood days, Felix the Cat.

We understand that since seeing themselves on the screen some of our folk dancers are insisting on being called by such names as Greta, Norma, Mae, &c. We hope this doesn't mean an exodus to Hollywood. By the way, didn't G.C.B. film well?

### MENSTAOCKEY

It is rather provoking that when practically we have got together our strongest team fate steps in and cancels the match. On February 3rd we were expecting a good game with Warminster, but our opponents scratched. February 10th we were without a game, and on February 17th business claims reduced our ranks to five regular players.

Reserves were consequently called upon. and in playing a new club—Chippenham S.S. —these helpful colleagues did not do too badly. We were not so fast as our opponents, but we held them well until the last moments of the game, when they equalised. Halftime score was 1—0 in our favour. Beazley scoring. Soon after the interval Heath put us two up, but this lead was not maintained for long. Chippenham replied very quickly, and just before time pulled the game out of the fire to make a draw. The feature of the game was the splendid goalkeeping on the part of our opponents' goalie. He could do no wrong, and his many saves were brilliant.

Visiting Erlestoke on February 24th, we lost by 2 goals to 3 after being three down at half-time. Though we lost we had most of the game, and in the second half our territory was seldom invaded. R. Swaffield and K. Haines scored for us. Again we were indebted to reserves for enabling us to put a side in the field.

### H.W.A. v. Y.M.C.A.

At the invitation of the Committee of the Y.M.C.A., three teams representing the Harris Welfare Association visited their excellent Headquarters in Wood-street on a recent Friday evening and there followed, in the words of the Y.M. Secretary, a "Play ful Meeting." Mr. G. H. Hudson, the enthusiastic secretary referred to, Mr. W. Edwards, and all the members of their association, were indefatigable in their efforts to make the meeting a memorable one.

They succeeded, and the H.W.A. members enjoyed themselves to the full. At any rate it was long after the usual closing hour of ten when Mr. Hudson thanked our teams for their presence and for the fine sporting games in Billiards, Table Tennis, and Crib. Mr. R. B. Swaffield replied on behalf of the H.W.A.

The visitors, however, were no match for their hosts at Billiards and Table Tennis, but received some consolation in proving

victorious at Crib.

At Billiards the Y.M.C.A. won by 5 matches to 1

At Table Tennis the Y.M.C.A. won by 36 games to 15.

At Crib the H.W.A. won by 8 games to 2.

### DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

### "HAWLEYS OF THE HIGH STREET"

If you have not already booked your seat for these performances on April 17th and 18th we advise our readers to lose no time in doing so. A plan may be seen at the Theatre box office, or bookings can be made through the Hon. Secretaries, Miss V. Woodward and Mr. J. E. Bromham.

"Hawleys of the High Street" is an eccentric comedy, full of delightful situations, which give scope for the presentation of dramatic ability of no mean order. The plot of the play revolves round the social proclivities of Mr. and Mrs. Hawley, who, as Hawley himself explains, "before the war I was only worth two hundred and fifty pounds, to-day two hundred and fifty thousand wouldn't buy me." His educated daughter, after being rescued from drowning by a stranger, falls in love with him and he with her. He turns out to be a peer and she, realising the social and educational gap between the two families, rejects him. How the parents and the lover form a mutual but strange alliance, how the girl plots to circumvent them, and how many other incidents crammed full of sentimental climax, humorous anti-climax, and pleasing denouements which make up the warp and woof of the story it is not our point to describe in this article—we want you to see it. If you do you will not be disappointed.

The man who says he never makes a mistake probably doesn't know one when he sees it.

\* \* \*

### Friends Elsewhere.



Owing to the increased activity in our Factory during the past few months we have had no spare time available in which to play a fixed programme of Skittles. Anyhow, during this month the Factory Staff issued a challenge to the Office Staff, which was accepted and arrangements were made for this important match to be played on Friday, February 16th, 1934, and through the kindness of the West End Club, we were given permission to use their alley. The Office Staff, captained by Mr. B. F. Pinfield, rallied every member possible (whether he had played skittles before did not matter), including our manager, Mr. W. V. Long, and Mr. J. G. Hooper. Naturally, both teams appeared on the alley confident of victory, the general opinion being that the Factory team was the stronger, but to the surprise of all present at the end of the first leg the Office was 19 pins in hand. This greatly encouraged the novices of the Office team and gave the captain of the Factory team the opportunity of talking to his men, but without result, the Staff winning the next leg by 14 pins. Obviously the third and last leg started with excitement, the Staff anxious to prove their skill and their opponents anxious to avoid total defeat; but although the Factory staff greatly improved they were unable to achieve their aim, as the leg finished in a draw. We are now looking forward to the return match and another enjoyable evening.

W.H.W.

On Saturday, February 23rd, 1934, we had the pleasure of receiving a visit from our Highbridge friends. Arriving soon after

four o'clock they were shown over our Factory and were most interested in the modern equipment recently installed. After leaving the Factory they were entertained to tea in the West End Club, and a representative gathering of the Office and Factory staff was present, including Captain C. Herbert Smith and Mr. J. G. Hooper. Unfortunately our manager, Mr. W. V. Long, was unable to be present.

Mr. W. Slater, on behalf of Highbridge, thanked Chippenham for the warm welcome they had received that afternoon, and was supported by Mr. E. Cann and Mr. H. G. Young. Mr. Hooper responded on behalf of Chippenham.

After tea followed skittles. Captain Smith had to leave before the match was finished and expressed the pleasure it gave him to be present.

Much could be said about the match. It was not won until the last ball had been thrown. Nevertheless, we congratulate Highbridge on winning, It was a real "sporty" game, and on the run of the match Highbridge deserved their success.

After some light refreshment, which was followed by a "sing-song," in which all took part, Highbridge left for home with, we hope, happy memories of their first visit to Chippenham.



The annual Social of the Welfare Association was held in the Town Hall on Saturday, the 10th February, and in addition to practically the whole of the staff we had the pleasure of the company of our President and Mrs. and Miss Bodinnar, Captain and Mrs. C. Herbert Smith, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Petherick, and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Hooper. It was a delight to have them with us on this occasion, and we particularly appreciated the honour our President did us in coming along, as we all know that for many months his duties have been exceptionally onerous, and with the amount of travelling this has necessitated, no doubt a quiet evening by the fireside would have been welcome.

The programme commenced with community singing, and thereafter throughout the evening games and dancing kept the

company fully occupied.

During the evening Mr. Bodinnar addressed the gathering, expressing his pleasure at being once again at Highbridge. and in the course of his remarks dealt briefly with the effect of the Pig and Bacon Marketing Schemes on our industry. Particularly he stressed, and rightly so, the need for everyone employed by the Company to give the very best of which he or she was capable, as if the schemes were to be beneficial to us it must be proved beyond doubt that we were at least able and willing to give that efficiency and service which was the keynote of the success of our competitors. He pointed out to those who had been in the employ of the Company some while that they must adapt themselves to the changing conditions, and to those newcomers that a future awaited them if they accepted the opportunities presented.

Captain Smith and Mr. Petherick also spoke and expressed the pleasure it gave them to come along with us, which was

heartily reciprocated.

Mr. Bodinnar, on behalf of the employees, presented to Mr. J. G. Hooper on his appointment to Chippenham, a silver cigarette box, suitably inscribed, as an expression of their esteem, goodwill, and very best wishes for his success and happiness for his future.

Bowls of flowers were presented to Mrs. Bodinnar and Mrs. Hooper.

Long Service Medals and Bars were also presented to the following:

Twenty years' Silver Medal—F. Pople and A. C. Soloman.

Twenty-five years' Silver Medal and one Bar—W. J. Young, L. C. King, and A.

Thirty years' Silver Medal and two Bars -W. H. G. Young and H. B. Blackmore.

Thirty-five years' Silver Medal and three Bars—W. J. Pople.

Forty Years' Gold Medal—A. J. Gillett. We cannot let the occasion pass without once again expressing the thanks of the members of the Welfare Association to their

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

Officers and Committee for their efforts each year to make the Social such a pleasant event. While it would be invidious to specially mention members of the Committee, we think it would not be out of place to give a special pat to Mr. Marsh for the amount of energy and work he puts into the association; but to them all we say, "Thank you," and ask them to accept our pleasure as their reward.

Mrs. Walter Young and her band of willing helpers must also be remembered, as without their ever-ready help at these functions in supplying the needs of the inner man a good deal of the enjoyment would be lost, as we never get really "warmed up" until we have partaken of

the refreshments.

It is with sincere regret we have to announce the illness of Charlie Hancock. He has now been away from duty several weeks on his doctor's advice, which we are sure is very irksome to him. We wish him a speedy return to normal health, and that the rest which he is compelled to take will do him lasting good.

To Alfred Wyatt also we send our good wishes and hope ere long to see him sufficiently recovered to take up his normal routine.

We have had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Bunston, from Calne, during February.

We also had the assistance of Miss Partridge during the illness of Miss Ware, and we were sorry when the call arrived for her to return to her normal duties.

R.C.L.



February—a most meek and decorous February—has come and gone, and only in its passing did it give any indication of its capabilities for meteorological mischief. We awoke yesterday to find a world of snow, but the noonday sun made short work of that, and we look up to a blue sky and feel that springtime is at hand.

The event of the month with us was our Annual Works Social and Children's Tea, held on February 3rd, and fully reported elsewhere. They were very successful functions and reflected great credit on our Sports and Social Club Committee, who, at short notice and under considerable difficulties, carried out the necessary arrangements. Our new Club Secretary (Mr. L. Storey) has already proved his worth and is to be congratulated on his work.

The thanks of all are due to the late secretary (Mr. A. H. Mackenzie), who helped to found the Sports and Social Club, and was secretary for the first six years of its existence. His interest and enthusiastic work was largely responsible for the successful commencement of our annual outings and socials.

We were all delighted to again welcome Mr. Bodinnar, who made time to journey once more to Ipswich, and thereby set the seal on our enjoyment.

To our London friends who bravely faced the perils of the road we reiterate the pleasure we felt at seeing them again. Of work, we have, as usual, had our full share, and we hope that the coming months will not be lacking either in work or the will to do it.

Mr. J. Pretty, who left us at the end of the month, was the recipient of a fountain pen and pencil from his colleagues, to mark the severance of an association lasting some seven years. Mr. Pretty's musical abilities have led him to decide on devoting all his time to such work, and we wish him every success. We extend a most hearty welcome to those who have newly joined our ranks and look to improve our acquaintance with them.

It was a great pleasure to have our old friend, Mr. J. E. Smith, back in harness after an illness, and we hope his health will continue to improve.

We note with gratification the sprouting of yet more branches to the Harris tree, and trust that their growth will be lusty.

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INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLES
TOURNAMENT.

This Tournament is now finished and the President's Cup has been won by the Kitchen 'A' Team with 86 points out of a possible 108. The Runners-up were the Retort, Traffic, Stores and By-Products team.



How do we spend our money? Well, of course, that's nobody's business except our own, and very few things annoy us more than a purchase we have made being unsatisfactory, and we say to ourselves we've been "had."



On the other hand a purchase well made gives a great amount of pleasure. Have you not always heard the owner of a second-hand car tell you that it was a snip and this thought gives added pleasure to his motoring? Just listen to any lady friends who have purchased some bargain at the sales, and I venture to say no tonic the doctor can prescribe could have such an immediate result. When I say, however, how do we spend our money, I am really thinking of the kind of goods we purchase, for there are certain classes of goods in which there is a small amount of labour and big profits, and I think we will all agree that for the community it is much the best to spend our money on those things where there is greater labour (or more wages paid) and smaller profits. On my mantelpiece until

January 1st were arranged quite a large quantity of Christmas cards which we had received from friends; a custom which I am beginning to think even increases every year. There they were, and each of those cards costing say 3d. to 6d., even 1s. each. They presented the same difficulty as razor blades—what were we going to do with them? It seems revolting to burn them, yet we don't want to keep them, we have no use for them. Actually I think we will all agree that there is a wastage, for we cannot, apart from the pleasure of receiving these cards, put them to any useful purpose consistent with their cost. Why not substitute the card for something that would be useful. I thought? Yes! This would be a good idea, and after trying to work out something on these lines I gave it up and decided to wait until (if ever) the custom changes.

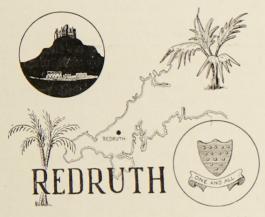
A case comes to my mind recently where, for a kindness shown by a girl who was just leaving school, a present was given in acknowledgment. The present took the form of a necklace, and undoubtedly was greatly appreciated, but unfortunately the head of the household, although one of the best in many ways, held very strong views in respect of anyone of his family degrading themselves by adorning their person with jewelry. I fortunately, or unfortunately, had to listen to the force of his arguments, which were big profits to the manufacturers and reversion to paganism.



I tried to point out to him what pleasure the wearing of it would give to his daughter, but he was convinced that it was a waste of good money which might have been spent profitably and, no doubt, that sum of money could have been spent to better advantage. There are many things in this world that are not necessary and I think if we determinedly turned down those which we could put in the category of "unnecessaries" we should have a very dull existance.

G. COLES.

We regret to announce the great loss to Mr. J. A. Chidgey of his wife, who passed away on Friday, March 2nd, after a long illness. We offer our sincerest sympathy.



Our annual Social was held on Friday, the 9th February. This event is an eagerly awaited one, and it was hoped that Mr. J. F. Bodinnar might be able to attend, but at the last moment we were very disappointed to receive a message that he would be unable to be present this year.

The evening opened with a "Broadcast" news bulletin, followed by a recital by the "band," both of which caused a great deal

of amusement.

Afterwards time was spent in games and the efforts of some of the more stalwart members of the company at "Flasket" caused great amusement, and we wondered sometimes if the basket would bear the weight.

The siffleur of the office staff was overcome by his efforts to eat a bun at rapid speed and for the first time in our knowledge was unable to coax the tiniest whistle.

After supper—a real Cornish one, with hot pasties and splits—a message was read from Mr. Bodinnar, in which he expressed his very deep regret that he was unable to be present and his very best wishes for a happy evening. Mr. Roynon expressed the regret

of the company at his absence, and a message was sent to him during the evening.

The evening concluded at 10.30 p.m. with singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and cheers for Mr. Bodinnar and Mr. Roynon, and everyone left with the knowledge that they had spent a most enjoyable evening.

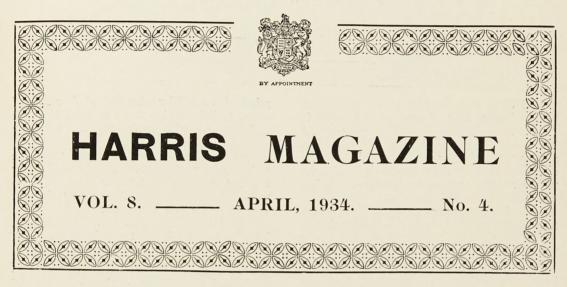
At the moment of writing we are busy dealing with Pig Contracts, which have been coming in during the last few days.

Our friends who visit us from Calne and elsewhere have told us they expect rain when they come to Redruth. Usually they are not disappointed, but in common with other parts of England we have had so far an absolutely dry February. The weather is almost summer-like and many are afraid that April and May frost will do much damage to the forward vegetables and fruit crops. We are fortunate in having a good water supply, both for the town and factory, and for the benefit of those who have never been to Redruth, it is interesting to mention that a never-failing supply of water for the factory is obtained by pumping it from the bottom of what was many years ago the shaft of a tin mine.

Followers of Rugby Football will be interested to know that during this week a communication has been received by the Secretary of Redruth R.C. asking him if it would be possible for Redruth to arrange a fixture with Oxford University on Thursday, March 22nd. They were coming to Devonport on Tuesday, March 20th, to play Devonport Services and they would be pleased to prolong their stay in the west another two days to play Redruth on the Thursday. A wire was immediately despatched accepting the offer and promising to give them a good game. W.B.F.

### HOLIDAYS.

Mr. and Mrs. Bibbings, of 31, High Street, Totnes, offer to the readers of the "Harris Magazine" holiday accommodation. Centrally situated, near the river Dart and Moors, and within easy distance of Paignton, Torquay, Plymouth, &c. Bed and breakfast, full board, or furnished apartments optional. Hot and cold water; terms moderate. Note address:—F. R. Bibbings, 31, High Street, Totnes (late of West of England Bacon Co.)





THE Royal Agricultural Society was founded in 1838 and its annual shows have year by year kept farmers in touch with all the current improvements in both stock and machinery. This year's show, which is being held on the outskirts of Ipswich, promises to be an unqualified success. About 9,000 feet of space has been booked in the implement section and is far ahead of the 6,000 odd feet taken at the 1932 show; in fact, this year's figures are the best since the show was held in Manchester in 1930.

The Chairman of the Implement Committee says that there are more new inventions entered than has been the case for a long time and further evidence will be provided of the progress that is being made in the direction of the "horseless farm." During the 96 years of its existence the

Royal Agricultural Society has witnessed many changes and improvements in science and agriculture.

Thanks to the experimental farm at Rothamstead, founded by Sir John Lawes, scientific agriculture has spread throughout the country and farmers have been able to learn much about manures, crops, and stock which was hidden from their predecessors. As a consequence of this stock has steadily improved, and crops have increased in amount and are of better quality.

Since the first Royal Show was held, nearly a century ago, agriculture has not been favoured as we well know with continued prosperity, but through fair weather and foul the farming community have proved themselves worthy successors of the yeomen of England and able to direct our oldest and most important industry.



A MONG the faculties given to human beings, that of expressing thought is not only one of the most important but one of the most valuable. Thought is a strange functioning of the mind; one supposes that it may be carried on even without the person concerned being conscious of the process.

Motive determines thought, and motive may be the result of conviction or experience.

In some cases it may be easy to know your friend's thought by his mannerism or facial expression. No-one, however, can plumb the depths of consciousness within another, for there is in each the hidden life which is never fully revealed.

One is lead to musings of this sort by a request which has been received from the Secretaries of the New Library Section of the Welfare Association. It is their hope, which I very fully share, that steps may be taken to encourage the reading and study of high-class literature.

Now I suppose that good books may not only be taken to be examples of the writing of good English, but that they may also be looked upon as mirrors of self-revelation.

An author can only write of that which he feels and knows and understands. The first fascination, therefore, in the perusal of a book is the knowledge that the author has opened the inner places of his understanding of character, of nature, and ideals.

The writer's building up of the character of his hero or heroine may perhaps be stated as representing his desire to emphasise in the imaginary person he portrays the aspects of personal character and achievement which appeal to him as heroic.

Who, for example, can read Dickens without being impressed by the author's hatred of cant and humbug; with his overwhelming sympathy with the "down and out"; with his sense of ridicule and practical joking at the expense of petty insularity, and with his conception of bravery and forbearance with tragedy?

An understanding reading of the complete Works of Dickens will create in the

mind of a careful reader the whole range of characteristics which mark most of the men and women who make up an ordinary work-a-day life.

We make a mistake if we ignore the writers of a past day and merely confine our reading to certain modern authors who write of the hectic and changing time in which our lot has been cast.

While it is true that men like Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott may, in some cases, discuss life and habits as they knew them, they do imply and instruct much more clearly and definitely along the lines of master motives and lasting passions than do many of the "best sellers" of to-day.

Life may not be properly and fully lived without regard to the past.

Liberty may never be fully appreciated without regard to the transitional stages which have lead to it.

Fanaticism may be unpleasantly insistent, but in every pioneer there is at least a motive which is akin to truth.

In urging, therefore, a study of standard literature and old masters, one believes that the truest perception of present day things may be obtained and the most likely perspective for the future may be created.

Love, life, and laughter may always exist in the inner consciousness of those who have taken into their own circle of intimate friendship and knowledge the characters that will always live through our best English literature.

He, for example, who has read and been comforted by "The Roadmender" will never be entirely devoid of philosophy, friendship, and hope.

I commend to all our younger people the efforts which are now being made by the Association to further their interest in good books.

### "A Busman's Holiday."

PRESUME that in the ordinary way Town dwellers plan a seaside holiday. To those who wish to be well informed on matters of supreme importance to the present and future well-being of the State, I think that this year's holiday can best be spent in rural districts.

During 1933 Mr. Lloyd George published his War Memoirs. The opening chapter, "The Brewing of the Storm," gives a vivid picture of England as he saw it in 1910. 'The shadow of unemployment was rising ominously above the horizon. Our international rivals were forging ahead at a great rate and jeopardising our hold on the markets of the world. There was an arrest in that expansion of foreign trade which had contributed to the phenomenal prosperity of the previous half century, of which we had made a muddled and selfish use. Our working population, crushed into dingy and mean streets, with no assurance that they would not be deprived of their daily bread by ill-health, and trade fluctuations were becoming sullen with discontent. While we were growing more dependent on overseas supplies of our food, our soil was gradually going out of cultivation. The life of the countryside was wilting away and we were becoming dangerously over-industrialised."

That, then, according to Mr. Lloyd George, was the position in 1910. But actually no steps were then taken to bring our soil back to cultivation and to stop the wilting away. A year or so passed and the War came. At once it became evident how dangerous it is for an Island State "to grow more dependent on overseas supplies of food." Then public interest was roused and feverish efforts made to restore our wasted lands, but, with the War over, public interest waned and the old policy of drift along anyhow once again took root and remained until the object lesson of 1931 finally awoke us to the conditions which had grown up around us. What might easily and simply have been accomplished if the task had been undertaken in 1910, now in 1933 presented the greatest difficulty. Nevertheless, it has been undertaken and well and bravely handled.

Under the new policy our National prosperity has grown from month to month

as the unemployment has become less. We know that more and more work for Englishmen is being found both directly and indirectly through the restoration of Agriculture. The Agricultural Department of Cambridge University has published the facts relating to the revival on the rather over 1,000 farms in East Anglia with which they are in touch.

So far, then, so good. But unfortunately one seems unable to move without treading on other people's corns. I have before me a Magazine or broadsheet published by a leading wholesale house, which gives much space to criticism of the Quota, and finally declares it "high time that this policy was dropped."

If this policy is dropped and we again open our ports to unrestricted imports, then so surely once again unemployment will spread. It will be worse than 1910 and worse than 1931, because one cannot everlastingly shilly shally. The land will be given up definitely. Unemployment will increase to 4,000,000 and, although for a time it may be possible to feed these 4,000,000 on cheap imported bacon, ultimatelywe touched that position in 1931 there will be no funds available and our national credit will have dried up. There has come a time in the history of many nations when the words too late have had to be written, and the old magnificence has been humbled to the dust.

And so it is that I think the occasion given by holiday time may very well be taken in getting into touch with this problem of the land. My suggestion is to operate from Cambridge as headquarters. It will not, I think, be difficult to get introductions to the Cambridge University Experimental Farms. Neither will it be difficult to come into contact with farmers and hear what their view point is. That is the way; get first-hand information. See for yourself; form your own opinion by actual contact with the problem at its source.

For the rest Cambridge is quite a good

spot for a holiday.

There is, of course, the University and Colleges. One can tramp England without finding anything in its way to better the loveliness and amazing beauty of King's College and Chapel, and the Clare Memorial Court. Lovely days can be spent on the river and along the Backs. The Backs are mainly the College grounds, which abut on

the river; and here there may be a spot of trouble. While I was in the Cambridge Nursing Home last year a correspondence was going on in the local Press. There is a great danger that the Backs may be closed against the public. It is another instance of the abuse of liberty which has of late brought widespread ruin to the beauty spots of England. People have formed the disgusting habit of driving to these places and leaving, after littering the places up and making them hideous with refuse.

And shall the blighters do us in,

And shall the sword sleep in our hand, Till we have made a Rubbish Bin

Of England's green and pleasant land?
Bowlers are well looked after, especially if one can obtain an introduction to the Cambridge County Ground, which provides by far the finest greens in the Eastern Counties. River and Bowls will provide plenty of exercise.

Then as to these excursions which seem dear to the heart of some holiday makers. Cambridge is very near Ely, and Ely, is of course, well worth seeing. At about an equal distance is Newmarket. For all that motoring has very much come into the field of sport yet, still, every John Bull loves a horse, and Newmarket and its Heath is the home of the horse. If a holiday is taken latish in the season the chance is there to attend Newmarket on one of the days when a great historic race is run.

Cambridge is not a good county for motoring. It is on the whole quite flat and rather tame. But every here and there, especially off the main roads, there are to be found many lovely villages and hamlets which have escaped the horrors of modernisation and remain just as they were 100 or more years ago. Life moves quietly in such spots, far removed from the turmoil and rush of Town life. Here and there in these villages is the Victorian England unspoilt.

R.E.H.

### \* \* \* STAND FIRM!

Be sure you put your feet in the right place, then stand firm.

Once a man has been created a Knight of the Garter he must wear some part of the insignia day and night. Most of the Knights wear the badge of the Order—which is made of silver—when sleeping.

### A NIGHT IN CAIRO.

There were four of us, the padre, two ladies, and myself, and as we alighted from the train, after a hot and dusty journey from Alexandria, we were thronged by crowds of natives jabbering away in a tongue which none of us understood, at the same time well aware that their chief desire was to share in any backsheesh that might come their way.

Twilight had set in by the time we reached Mena House, a beautiful hotel situated only a short distance from the world-renowned Pyramids. It was a warm and balmy night, and dinner was served to us in the hotel gardens, by waiters in long white robes, who wore tarbooshs (kind of Fez) on the head, and cummabunds round the waist.

All around us were tall palm trees, swaying gently in the wind, and all was silent excepting for the sound of rippling water from near-by fountains. Coloured lanterns helped to make the scene a veritable fairyland

Shortly after dinner the moon appeared on the horizon, and played hide and seek behind the palm trees. A little later we decided to go and see the Pyramids and Sphinx in the light of the full moon. Escorted by a dragoman, we plodded through the sand, and were frequently startled by the soft tread of the camels, as they came up from behind and ran past us rather too closely.

The Great Pyramid of Cheops left an unforgettable impression, its mighty bulk covering some fourteen acres, and reaching a height of 480ft., i.e., a great deal higher than the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. It is said to have been built about 3650 B.C., as a tomb for Cheops, King of Egypt, the work employing 100,000 slaves for a period of twenty years.

Then there was the magic Sphinx, with the moon casting a shadow across its face, just as it had done for so many thousands of years.

After staying awhile amid these wondrous scenes we walked slowly back to our hotel, climbed under our mosquito nets, and so to bed.

G. E. Burton.

If all the seas were dried up, what would everybody say?

We haven't a notion.

### The Pig Industry.

Mr. Bodinnar on the New Contracts.

AN APPEAL TO WILTSHIRE PRODUCERS.

WILTSHIRE PIGS FOR WILTSHIRE FACTORIES.

R. J. F. Bodinnar, deputy-chairman and managing director of C. and T. Harris (Calne), Ltd., of Calne, and deputy chairman of the Bacon Marketing Board, dealing with the pig schemes at the Wilts Bacon Co.'s social on Saturday evening, urged Wiltshire agriculturists to produce the best type of pig. The social was held at Chippenham St. Paul's Hall, and Mr. W. V. Long (manager) presided, Mr. and Mrs. Bodinnar being present, with Captain C. Herbert Smith (who is associated with the Company), and Mrs. Smith, Mr. B. F. Pinfield (Cashier), Mr. J. Hooper (works manager), and the employees and wives.

At an interval Mr. Long extended a welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Bodinnar, and referred especially to the fermer's arduous duties as deputy-chairman of the Bacon Marketing Board. As to their factory, he said they were very much encouraged by the optimistic spirit which the directors had shown in sparing no expense to bring it up-to-date by the installation of modern machinery and equipment. They now had a factory of which they could well be proud, and it was up to the employees, whatever their job, to work with goodwill and enthusiasm, and if new methods and ideas were introduced, not to show any resentment, but to realise that what was good enough for their fathers and grandfathers was not sufficient for the requirement of the world's competition to-day. He asked them, therefore, to continue to give them their loyal support, and he extended his personal thanks to all for the loyalty shown during the recent busy months. He commended to them the motto, " Each for all and all for each," and said if they bore that in mind the happy relations that had existed would continue, and be even more cemented than in past days. Mr. Long sympathetically referred to the absence through illness of Mr. John Swain, and suggested that a letter

should be sent from the gathering wishing him a speedy recovery.

LONG SERVICE MEDALS PRESENTED Captain C. H. Smith proffered a few words, expressing thanks to the employees for the manner in which they dealt with the influx of pigs that came to the factory rather unexpectedly some months ago. Now they had more staff and could handle pigs with greater efficiency. They aimed at putting through their pigs at a greater speed than

Mr. Bodinnar presented the following long-service medals:—B. F. Pinfield, third bar to silver medal, 35 years and 8 months; F. Newman, ditto, 35 years and 3 months; P. B. Coward, bar to silver medal, 25 years and 11 months; E. Johnson, ditto, 25 years and 5 months; A. J. Day and W. Wiltshire,

they had attained at the present time.

silver medal. 20 years each.

Giving an address, Mr. Bodinnar, at the outset, spoke of the pleasure it gave Mrs. Bodinnar and himself to meet them in a social gathering once again. He was very glad that Mr. Long and Captain Smith had expressed on their own behalf their sense of indebtedness to all who had assisted in pushing things along recently. He was afraid that there was one section of the staff who were not sufficiently recognised in the days that had now happily passed—he referred to those who worked in the office. Might he say to Mr. Long that he stood up bravely and boldly to a totally new set of circumstances, and that they did not forget the services he rendered through very trying days. To Mr. Pinfield and all the others who were then associated with Mr. Long. particularly in the office, he wanted to say. 'Thank you, very much indeed." All the rest of them who made it possible for them to deal with a record number of pigs through the Chippenham factory during those times rendered very real service.

THE NEW CONTRACTS.

What of the future? They had a four months' contract which expired on February 28th, and they had been very busy for some months negotiating a new contract which came into operation on March 1st. By the very nature of that contract, with some of the changes that had to be included in it, the negotiations between the Pigs Marketing Board and our own Bacon Marketing Board were of a very protracted nature. Eventually—and he should like to put on record the utmost goodwill and co-operation which had

been the features that had marked all the dealings of one Board with the other—the new contract was arranged. It was altered very largely, as they were aware, on the basis of the payment for the pig. In the first period they were paying a flat rate of 12s. per score, based upon certain feeding stuff factors, plus a bonus for quality. That was a new scheme. They were turning all the economic aspects of farming upside down in one movement, and nobody knew just how it would work out. The only thing that was certain about it was that the farmer was going to be paid at least the cost of his production. For reasons which he need not go into now, it could not be contradicted that the first four months worked out disastrously for the English bacon curer; so much so, that at one period many curers felt that they could not possibly continue to honour the contracts. As the result of the heavy losses that were being sustained, the very live Minister of Agriculture which this country now enjoyed came to the rescue and said: "This will put heart and vigour into everybody; we will place at the disposal of the Bacon Marketing Board £500,000 to be administered by an independent committee, if it be proved that there are losses on the carrying out of the contracts." As a result, the bacon curer was able to go on with his contract, and just near the end of December it was decided to form some idea of what the losses were, and an arrangement was made by which the bacon curer was to obtain—he had not yet obtained it—an assessment of his losses. Everybody knew that 7s. 5d. a pig did not cover the loss that the Wiltshire bacon curer had sustained; and he should not like any of them to get an idea that in placing at the disposal of the bacon industry of England, Scotland, and Wales half a million of money, the bacon curers' got out of their losses and with something to the good. The Wiltshire bacon curers and the Wiltshire Bacon Company did not by getting 7s. 5d. a pig receive an amount of the losses that they incurred in carrying out the four months' contract. All that halfmillion was not utilised; the total would be something like £160,000.

We were now in the ten months' contract period and had no guarantee like that, but seeing the reason for the chief alteration in the contract was to give something that would appeal to the farmer

and the curer as being a real business proposition, they entered into a co-partnership scheme with the farmer. According to the realised prices of bacon, so would the prices of pigs vary, and there was every reason to think, from the indications which were now before them, that the farmer was going to get a decent deal. He looked upon it, having had a good deal to do with the getting together of the essentials of the scheme, as a most interesting experiment of the way in which agriculture in the future might be carried on in this country and as one which linked together, as no other scheme could do, the pig producers and the bacon curers. If we were to, as they would, put the English bacon industry on such a basis that it would stand all winds in the future, they must get not only the quantity which was essential for the economic running of a factory (and that quantity must be regulated under a weekly supply), but they had to get quality, and that quality must be shown in the careful selection of the breeding stocks, in the method of housing, and all the details of swine husbandry, with particular care to the mixed ration which was to be used.

A REVIVAL IN WILTSHIRE? The pig had got to be something to the pig producer of this country; something that had got to be bred in the future and cared for with the utmost consideration. In Wiltshire, he hoped very much for a revival of pig breeding. Our Wiltshire farmer friends had a great opportunity, because the county as a whole was not producing sufficient pigs for the requirements of the factories that were in it, and he did hope that, with the splendid leadership of the N.F.U. in Wiltshire and adjoining counties, there might be a great revival in this county of the small producer who could still make a decent living out of the land with the various schemes that had now been produced for his benefit. He wished to make an appeal to the producers of Wiltshire to send to the Wiltshire factories Wiltshire pigs. There were no better in the wide world than some of the pigs that are being produced in Wiltshire—(applause). That day he saw a grading ticket of 19 pigs sent from a well-known agriculturist in Wiltshire, who was doing the thing as it should be done. Twelve pigs secured the A Bonus, six the B bonus, and one was a basic pig. That producer had a very fine return on which there must be a very handsome profit, and

what he could do other producers could do. He produced the right pigs; so could others. There would not be quite as many for March as there would be for the succeeding months. Along April, May, and June there was a rising tendency in regard to pigs, and although, as the Minister said on the previous day, it did not look as if the total permitted increase which the Government was prepared to give to the industry would be completely filled up in the number of pigs contracted for. he himself knew enough to know that there was going to be a very fine supply of pigs for

the next ten months.

In the Chippenham factory they could put in a machine which was the finest in the world; but it was not by the machine that they tested finally what they hoped to get into the factory. It was the quality of human service. That evening he had the privilege of speaking to some new men. In the days that had gone, days that had extended into many and many an early morning for many of them, there had been a satisfaction in knowing that all those schemes meant work for thousands of people who before had no work. In some of their factories they had doubled their operating staffs; they had increased their office staffs; they had seen people who made pig troughs get busier; they had seen builders of pig houses putting men to do jobs; they had seen more railway trucks brought into requisition; more road transport people getting busy. The country was on the move again. He could say that very gratefully and thankfully, and he was happy that any of them who had made any sacrifice in getting these schemes moving were having it now returned to them in the best possible way—the satisfaction of seeing that a job which was started in the hope that it would be a benefit to many people had proved to be just that.

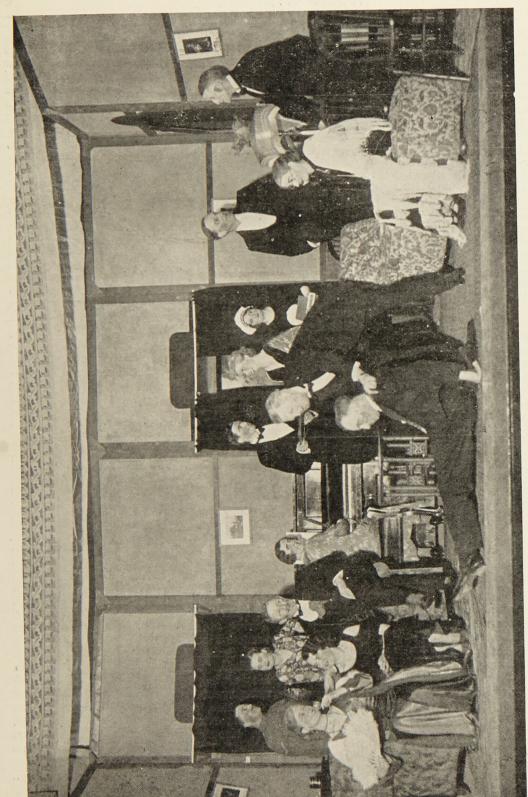
POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE

He was hoping that those schemes might be allowed to remain sufficiently long without political interference to prove whether or not they were the ideal way in which to get pig agriculture revived. That it must be done was something that he need not press on them. He was not an alarmist, but we could not read the papers nowadays without wondering whether the League of Nations was the power it was meant to be, and whether there might not be on the Continent of Europe an outbreak as the result of war-

like power. He referred to two or three countries, and also to Japan and the Far East, and wondered whether, as the result of all these potential clashings of interests, we may not some day find that our position as a nation was so embarrassed that we may be forced to take sides with somebody or other and fight again. If that ever happens, and we have, I believe, at this moment to act as though it might happen, for God's sake don't let our wives and children, our old and weak and poor, be dependent as they were in the war of 1914-18 on foreign supplies of food. Let us, while we have the opportunity of building up our economic structure —and I do not mind by what political name it is called so long as it is successful—build up a structure that will put us beyond the danger line if ever again England has to fight for right and for principles. I believe that this scheme is one of the things that will continue to do that. It was not working perfectly at the commencement. An engineer can sit down and design a bridge like the Tower Bridge perhaps, and when that great bridge is finished it will be the thing which has been built in the engineer's mind when he drew his plans and made his calculations and fits accordingly; but there was no engineer who could make a Pig Marketing Scheme or a Bacon Marketing Scheme to work perfectly at once. It is all getting into shape, and I believe with the continuance of good-will between the pig producer and the bacon curer we are going to make a great contribution towards this country of ours.

The prize-winners were: —Musical arms —Mrs. Burchell. Musical parcel—1, Mrs. Taylor; 2, Miss Rose. Spot dance—Mr. and Mrs. Clifford. Lucky charm-Mr. J. Baker. Doll competition-Mr. H. Smith. The prizes were presented by Mrs. Bodinnar. During the evening a musical programme was contributed to by Miss Gainey, Captain C. H. Smith, Messrs. A. Lem, H. Eldridge, I. Burchell, J. Hooper, and Warne, and Mr. Hooper led the community singing. The refreshments were served by a ladies' committee, and at the close Mr. Thomas Bullock extended thanks to Mrs. Bodinnar, Mr. Hooper thanking all those who had helped. The accompanists were Messrs. Howard Smith and E. C. Yeates.

(Re-printed from the "Wiltshire Gazette," by kind permission of the Editor).



"Hawleys of the High Street"

(An Eccentric Comedy in Three Acts, by Walter W. Ellis).

THE PALACE THEATRE, APRIL 17th and 18th.

IVELY anticipation is an ingredient certain to ensure success, especially in those situations where attempts are made to minister to gaiety and entertainment. That the audience possessed this attitude of mind, there could be no doubt, for when the curtain rose on Act 1 of the "Hawleys of the High Street," disclosing John Bromham, alias Augustus Percival Hawley, indulging in a siesta, there was a delighted chuckle heard throughout the house before a word had been uttered or a gesture made.

This was an unconscious tribute to the reputation which has accrued to Mr. Bromham as a reward for the many times he has delighted the play-going public of Calne.

For nearly three hours he proved worthy of this tribute whilst (ably supported by Miss Kathleen Angell as Mrs. Hawley) a domestic drama was unfolded, the ramifications of which were followed with obvious delight and pleasure by the audience.

Miss Angell has seldom been seen to better advantage than as the highly sentimental Mrs. Hawley, and in this role proved a fitting foil to the richness in voice and manner of her spouse.

Miss Cockram, as their daughter Millicent, charmingly portrayed the determination of the modern young lady to manage her own affairs and avoid an arranged marriage with the urbane Viscount Roxton (Richard Swaffield), who had rescued her after she had made an involuntary dive from the pier head of Endcliffe-on-Sea.

Needless to say the progress of the tender passion between these two was followed with unrestrained delight by the crowded house, and both earned well-deserved applause.

A slight tendency to farce became apparent in Act 2, where the Hawleys, at their Hampstead home, were entertaining a small party of old acquaintances to meet Viscount Roxton. Millicent, to shock her lover, has invited some of their pre-prosperity friends, and rather than wait on such a

company, Nicholls, the butler (splendidly portrayed by Herbert Britain) becomes indisposed and Viscount Roxton sportingly offers to take his place. The guests arrive— Mr. and Mrs. Busworth, Mr. Stanley Hawkins and Edith (his fiancee), Mr. and Mrs. Tweedie, each one proving a tribute to the excellent work of the dressers and peruquiers behind the scenes. This act went with a swing, and the arrival of the dashing Sergeant Edward Reece (Alfred Flay), late of the cookhouse, and Millicent's friend, with whom she has an understanding, enables him to prove a friend indeed. The cook, like the butler, has gone to pieces, and Sergeant Reece, gallant fellow, agrees to return to type, in other words—the kitchen.

The final part of this act depicts a social gathering after the dinner and is marked by some delightful by-play by the guests at the expense of Mr. and Mrs. Hawley. Albert Webb, as the Mayor, provided a very clever piece of acting, and Vivienne Woodward lived up to her reputation as a very capable comedienne in her portrayal of Mrs. Busworth. Mr. Gerald Ashman, as Mr. Stanley Hawkins, gave a very definite intimation of what he could do, and we hope he will be called upon to do it at a very early date.

The gathering closes in a very unhappy fashion with slander in the air and apparently the social disgrace of the Hawleys. Eventually all comes right in Act 3, after the truculent Stanley Hawkins has convincingly eaten humble pie, and Edward has divulged the fact that he has married a French lady and Viscount Roxton has successfully broken down the spirited resistance of Millicent to his suit.

A special tribute is due to Miss Dora Bouillon, who was a splendid Aunt Evelyn, and we think the Dramatic Society will see that her undoubted talent receives full scope for use and development.

Irene Hunt as the maid, Trixie McFaull as Edith, Alex Mackie as Mr. Tweedie, and Betty Wiltshire as Mrs. Tweedie, all ensured that the whole performance should be rounded off in a workmanlike manner.

The producer, Mr. R. B. Swaffield, must feel very happy at the result of the society's first attempt to produce a Three-Act Play.

Much of the success of the evening was due to those unseen workers, the stage

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

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manager, Mr. R. Skuse, and his assistant, Mr. E. V. Butler.

The scenery was the result of a collaboration between Messrs. F. Rubery, R. Skuse, and F. Stockdale.

The Harris Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. S. J. Rymer, rendered an excellent programme of music during the

At the close of the performance on the second day, among the usual tributes offered was an anonymous gift of a large box of chocolates to the company.

It is desired that this graceful and much-appreciated act should be acknowledged in these columns.

### " LEAVING THINGS BEHIND."

We all know the disadvantage of a bad memory. Think of the many tales that could be told of the purse we left at home; a little thoughtfulness often saves an embarrassment. The sudden discovery of unposted letters is a common experience. The records of the Lost Luggage Department of the railway station are very interesting.

With a little thoughtfulness we should have been able to have paid for our purchase, posted our letters, and retained our suitcase; but there are some things we are constantly leaving behind, because we have no option to do otherwise. The tragedy is that when these things are left behind unconsciously their value often deteriorates.

When we enter the world of music and think of the gifts of Handel and Beethoven, or roam the fields of art, and gaze at the works of Gainsborough and Reynolds, we realise that these Masters are remembered to-day, because of the impressions they have left behind.

In many spheres we have found we can do things better by being together. We are constantly rubbing shoulders one with another; in fact, it is increasingly difficult to seek solitude.

The result of this sharing, or family relationship, plays a very important part in the future prosperity of the world. It is wise for us to remember that in the midst of a collectivism there is a true individualism.

During these exacting business days we often come into contact with the pessimist. We find him busy trying to impress and

influence all with his doubts and fears for the future. If we believe in the fullest sense that "the best is yet to be," we turn to the sane optimist, one who not only believes the best, but does his best for the days to come. In this company we find courage to face self-adjustment, in order to solve the problems of the present age.

It has been said of some who retire from business, or move their abode, "They won't be missed."

There is another class of people, those whose characters have stood the test of time. These people like to feel that "they will be missed;" and quite apart from the ruling of being indispensable, they are justified in thinking so.

Why is it that we treasure the memory of some people, and so easily forget others?

Surely it is because of the impression and influence they leave behind. These things determine their memory.

Abraham Lincoln said: "Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow."

Posterity will decide our epitaph by what we leave behind.

E. H. GOODSHIP.

20th April, 1934.

It is with the greatest regret that we have to record the loss of another of our stalwarts in the passing of my old friend, Mr. Ernest H. Weston.

Mr. Weston joined the old Firm in December, 1869, at the age of thirteen years, so that he completed just over 64 years continuous service.

He was a staunch and loyal friend to all with whom he came into contact, and possessed to a very marked degree the attributes of unfailing courtesy and geniality.

His departure leaves us all the poorer.



### A Trip to the French Riviera.

(PART II.)

We left Marseilles for Cannes at 7 a.m. on the 14th July, and had a very pleasant train journey, for the scenery was lovely, especially between Toulon and Cannes. We did not see much of the Naval Port of Toulon on this occasion, only some warships, a few Marines, and the large shipbuilding yard of La Seyne. Three aeroplanes were flying overhead, shining like silver in the glowing sun.

After Toulon, we passed Hyeres, the Gulf of St. Tropez, Frejus, St. Raphael, &c., and as we went along, we found the palm trees to be more numerous and higher. We also admired the cactus and oleanders, &c.

We arrived at Cannes at 11 a.m., left our luggage at the Hotel des Negociants, opposite the station, and set off for the shore. The Promenade des Anglais, with its lovely palm trees on the one side and the magnificent sapphire sea on the other, was wonderful, and we could have stopped there for hours. We saw King Edward's statue and the Casino where the Cannes Conference was held; sumptuous villas, with lovely gardens and palatial hotels, amongst which we particularly noticed the Carlton. Amidst some flowers and palm trees stands the white statue of Lord Brougham, who died at Cannes in 1868.

We went back to the hotel, passing by the English Church (Holy Trinity), and could hear the strains of the organ. The organist's wife showed us round the church while her husband continued playing, then took us to the rectory, from the terrace of which we had a fine view of the part of Cannes called California, where it appears there is a lovely English Church, given by King Edward, and the living of which belongs to King George. We were told that only about 30 people attend Holy Trinity Church in summer, but that it is full on Sundays in the winter, when there are so many English and American people in Cannes.

After lunch we set off for a boat trip to the Isles de Lerins. This being a holiday, there were a lot of people on the boat, and, like all whom we came into contact with in the South of France, we found them to be very pleasant and eager to supply tourists with useful information. Some of the passengers landed at the first island we came to (Ste. Marguerite), but we went on to the farthest (St. Honorat). There we went along

an avenue of cypress trees, forming an archway over our heads and leading to the Monastery of St. Honorat, which used to be renowned, and where the monks used to hide in the turret when pirates were signalled. The gentlemen tourists visited the interior of the monastery and saw a wonderful painting of the Last Supper, on which Our Lord and His Apostles look almost real when the sun shines on it. They were also shown a statue of St. Honorat chasing the snakes from the island by going towards them with the Cross in his hand. They saw the refectory where the monks have their meals, the garden and vineyard cultivated by the monks themselves. They must not talk to each other. except those who sell cards and souvenirs outside the forbidden entrance. They wear white robes inside the monastery, and the monks who are allowed to see the public are in brown.

While the gentlemen were visiting the interior of the present monastery, the ladies purchased post-cards and visited the old monastery, which is quite empty now. There was really nothing of interest to see there, only bare walls, but the view from the top was well worth seeing—a wide expanse of blue Mediterranean as far as our eyes could see.

From St. Honorat, the boat took us to the Island of Ste. Marguerite, where, as on St. Honorat, the vegetation is almost tropical. The palm trees were luxuriant, and there is an avenue of eucalyptus, but it was too far for us to go as we had to get back to the boat by 5 p.m., but we could smell the eucalyptus. In addition to plants which cannot grow in our part of the world we noticed some myrtle and broom similar to that grown in England, but much larger and full of life and vigour.

We succeeded in getting seats on the boat for the return journey to Cannes, and were really fortunate as the boat was full and had to leave some people behind, even starting ten minutes before time. It was quite rocky going back, but not enough to make anyone sea-sick, just sufficient to make it exciting. We got back to Cannes at about 5.30, so had time to have another look around before taking the train for Nice. We did not see much of the shops, as so many are closed during the summer, most of them having branches at Deauville and Brittany, where they send their goods and their employees during that season of the

year. The other shops, usually open all the year round, were closed on account of its being the National Holiday; in fact, we had to search for some time before we could find a "debit de tabac" open, where we could buy some cards and stamps.

In Spring Cannes is the capital of yachting. Yachts of all sizes and nationalities assemble for the Regatta, while the flower festival (fete des fleurs) takes place in

We left Cannes for Nice at about 6.30 p.m., passing by the Golfe Jouan, where Napoleon landed in 1815 on his return from the Island of Elba, and where orange trees abound right up to the water's edge; Juanles Pins; Antibes, projecting into the sea (almost an island); Cagnes, St. Laurent du Var. The scenery was too lovely for words all along the Mediterranean coast on one side and quantities of palm trees, gigantic eucalyptus, banana trees, &c., on the other, with mountains in the back-ground.

D.G.T.B.

(To be continued).

### \* \* \* PRIMROSE BANKS.

Down through the woods and daisy glade, Where lovers' troths are oftimes made, Where moon or sun, which 'ere may shine, Cast shadow patterns so divine.

There we may see as silver gleam
The rippling surface of the stream,
Where trout leap at the dancing midge
From the pool near the old stone bridge.

People may pluck and take away A bunch of blooms or blossom spray. Beauty is shy and soon departs, Plucked from the care of nature's arts.

Yet for the aged and infirm Beauty lasts for a longer term, For blooms recall so many a thought, Granting blessings Creation wrought.

A bunch of flowers oft conveys Some hallowed joys of former days, And yields a tonic ray of sun To some whose course is almost run.

Greater joy they will surely give
If, unspoiled, we let them live.
That all beholding them as we
May praise the Lord for gifts so free.
THOMAS H. HARVEY.

### A NICE YEAST CAKE.

1½lbs. plain flour.
½lb. butter.
¾lb. currants and sultanas.
2ozs. grated lemon peel.
A little nutmeg. A little salt.
About one cup of warm milk.
½lb. sugar.
One tablespoon treacle.

Put the milk to warm in a basin, then add the yeast, stir up well. Get the flour warm in a large bowl and rub the butter well in. Make a hole in the centre ready for the yeast and milk, stir in the yeast and milk to make the dough. Cover over with greaseproof paper and cloth and let rise for threequarters of an hour, then mix in the fruit, eggs, and sugar, and put into a greased tinset in a warm place to rise again. Have a nice large tin, as it wants room to rise and if not large enough will rise over the top and run over. The tin should be only half full. When risen to the top bake in a nice hot oven. Put a piece of thick paper over the top of the tin, as you must not open the oven for one hour: that saves it from burning.

Bake about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  or 2 hours.

Tap the cake lightly on the top; if it sounds hollow it is done.

### PICKLING EGGS.

If the following pickle were more generally known it would be more generally used, and found an excellent pickle to be eaten with cold meat, &c. The eggs should be boiled hard (say for ten minutes) and then divested of their shells. When quite cold put them into jars and pour over them vinegar (sufficient to cover them) in which has been previously boiled the usual spices for pickling. Tie the jars down tight with bladder, and keep them until they begin to change colour.

HOLIDAYS.

Mr. and Mrs. Bibbings, of 31, High Street, Totnes, offer to the readers of the "Harris Magazine" holiday accommodation. Centrally situated, near the River Dart and Moors, and within easy distance of Paignton, Torquay, Plymouth, &c. Bed and breakfast, full board, or furnished apartments optional. Hot and cold water; terms moderate. Note address:—F. R. BIBBINGS, 31, High Street, Totnes (late of the West of England Bacon Co.)

### Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. W. J. COURTNEY.



Our photograph this month is of Mr. W. J. Courtney, who joined us as a Relief Salesman at Calne, in 1928. After acting in this capacity for a short while Mr. Courtney was appointed to take charge of the Llanelly van when this van made a start. He remained in charge there until 1933, when he made a move to the Newport Valleys.

The handling of sausages and cooked meats has evidently suited him as he has grown considerably in stature (and circumference) since the time he joined us!

ON ACCOUNT.

Customer: Have you found a £1 note? Grocer: Only a ten-shilling one, madam. Customer: Well, I will take that.

Lady: Now, cabman, I wish you to be extremely careful. When you come to a crossing, wait until the police tell you to go on; and if the streets are very slippery, drive very slowly.

Cabby: All right, mum; and in case of a haccident, mum, which 'orspital would you like to be took to?



At Bath, on March 24th, Miss Winnie Hillier was married to Mr. C. Fox, of Bristol. Miss Hillier was for five years in the Company's service. Mr. Gale presented Miss Hillier with a canteen of cutlery from the factory staff and a travelling case from the Basement Department.

At Calne Parish Church on March 31st, Miss Vera Rouse was married to Mr. Tom Allen, of the By-Products. Miss Rouse served for fifteen years in the Tin Department. The wedding present consisted of a copper kerb and companion set.

On the 31st March, at Calne Parish Church, Miss May Cleverly was married to Mr. Harry Cleverly, of Studley. Miss Cleverly was employed for almost ten years in the Pie Department and was Works Council representative for many years. The happy pair were presented with Lloyd Loom chairs from the factory and a linen basket from the Pie Department.

The wedding took place on Saturday, March 31st, at St. Michael's Church, Lyneham, of Miss Grace Matthews and Mr. H. J. Reeves, Rev. E. M. Z. Walker officiating. The bride, who was given away by her brother, wore a dress of ivory satin and carried a bouquet of white tulips. She was attended by three bridesmaids, two sisters and a friend of the bride. Mr. Reeves was the recipient of a handsome canteen of cutlery from the Office Staff.

### \* \* \* SPOILT THE DAY.

Weather conditions can make or mar a wedding.

In Scotland, recently, a ceremony was completely spoiled by a high wind which scattered the confetti before it could be gathered and returned to the firm from which it was hired.

We have just returned from a visit to the Manchester Grocers' Exhibition, which opened on Tuesday, 17th April, at Belle Vue.

This is a splendid centre for a Grocers' Exhibition as the hall is situated in the middle of extensive pleasure grounds, which include Zoological Gardens, a Speedway, and a Greyhound Racing Track.

The grocers from the outlying districts come in for the afternoon and evening and can spend the whole time in the grounds, first with profit to themselves by visiting the Exhibition, and then by finding amusement in the grounds.

Another attraction this year was the Royal Scot Engine which has recently returned from an extensive tour of Canada and America. Attached to the engine and tender were specimen carriages from the four great English Railways.

The officials of the Manchester Exhibition are very wise in that they do not hold the Exhibition too frequently, and there is invariably a splendid attendance by both the trade and public.

Manchester is always an encouraging place to visit and one is always assured of a real welcome from the Lancashire grocer.

The cotton industry is still very much under a cloud, but we were there on the day after the Budget news and there was a general tone of optimism with regard to the future.

The Harris Stand, as usual, proved a great centre of attraction, and complimentary remarks were passed by Lord Stanley, who opened the Exhibition, and others.

During the forthcoming summer we are looking forward to a number of visits from various bodies, the principal among which being the visit of the Delegates to the Grocers' Federation Conference, which is this year being held at Bath. We are expecting a large party, approximately 600, on the 21st June, and are looking forward to meeting many old friends on that day.

There will also be the annual visit of the successful students of the Institute of

Certificated Grocers, which is always anticipated with considerable pleasure on both sides.

Relief Salesman T. E. Lewis has been appointed to the Neath Van 56 and Relief Salesman Trevor Lewis has been appointed to Newport Van 10.

We welcome Van Salesman A. Jennings on his appointment to Van 18, Newcastleon-Tyne.

### Our Post Bag.

The Editor, " Harris Magazine."

DEAR SIR.

Doubtless you will be in due course giving an account in the "Harris Magazine" of our Social at Chippenham, which took place on Saturday of last week. A cousin of mine who was staving here came to the Social and acted as pianist. We made up some topical verses to add to the song which we sang there, and it occurs to me that you might like to have these verses, possibly to insert in the Magazine giving the account of the Social. The words go to the refrain of the old nigger minstrel song, "So early in the morning, before the break of day," as the chorus.

We used to come at seven o'clock. But now we rise before the cock. We don't know when the pigs arrive, But they lose their lives at half-past five.

Bill is ready their throats to cut, Then don't they whizz past the weighing

A little more whizz and a little more power, We shall soon have our hundred and twenty an hour.

Chorus.

Yours truly, C. HERBERT SMITH. Chilvester Hill House, Calne, Wilts, March 21st, 1934.

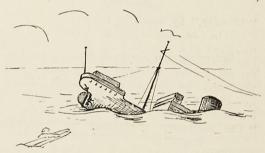
(We note your appeal for "Copy" for the Magazine, and consider the paragraph at the end of the London article of the February number suggests an idea that it would be of general interest if every member of the Harris organisation were to contribute the most "Thrilling Experience" of their lives, written in their own way. With a view to starting this series we submit what we consider our own most thrilling experience).

### Torpedoed.

On a bright Sunday morning in April during the War, we sailed from Salonica on the R.M.S. Arcadian, with one British destroyer as our escort. We were bound for Alexandria and, taking a zig-zag course, were soon amongst the islands of the Greek Archipelago, where danger was known to exist from enemy submarines. A friend and myself attended a service on deck during the morning, which was conducted by a splendid Australian Padre. He took for his address a text from St. Paul, and stressed the wonderful courage and faith of St. Paul when he was shipwrecked on the very islands through which we were then passing, and he told us to remember this fine example and keep calm if anything should happen to our boat whilst we were sailing through this very dangerous zone.

At about 5.30 p.m. the same day we were strolling the decks waiting for the evening service, which was to be held at six o'clock. At 5.45, as we were making our way towards the stern of the boat, and on the main deck, we felt a big shock and the boat shook and there was a horrible grinding noise, followed by an explosion under the bridge. We had been struck by a torpedo, and instantly thought of the Padre's words to keep calm. Orders were that we were to get to our allotted boat stations, but there was no time for this as the boat commenced to sink rapidly and it was every man for himself. We cut some rafts away from the side of the boat with our jack knives, and my riend and I decided to try to get clear of the boat and get to the rafts we had let into the water. There was a rope ladder near where we were, and we decided to go down this to the water, I went over first and expected my friend to follow, but I am sorry to say that this was the last we were ever to see of each other, and he was posted amongst "the missing."

The next thing I remember was struggling in the water and my hands feeling the side of the boat under water and thinking this was the end, as she was on her side, and I expected to go down beneath her. The boat must have righted herself as she filled,



and I then remember floating on my lifebelt some distance from her, and as I floated seeing the propellers showing above the water line, then a blank—and she had gone below, leaving a struggling mass of troops

and wreckage in the water.

After floating about for a little while trying to grab some wreckage to cling to I was fortunate in being picked up by a lifeboat which had come to the rescue from our escorting destroyer. This lifeboat was packed and was in danger of sinking through being overloaded. A line had also been thrown out which connected two rafts to which a good number of survivors were clinging.

After dark had fallen and later in the evening, we were found by a larger boat which had steamed over a hundred miles to the rescue in response to the S.O.S. sent out by the destroyer. When we were safe on this boat an impromptu service of thanksgiving was held, and the good old Navy gave us hot coffee, biscuits, and provided us with blankets, and allowed us to rest in their bunks, while our clothes were taken to dry in the engine room. Even the Skipper turned out of his cabin and made some of the survivors comfortable there.

The next morning, safe in the harbour of Milo, the sun shone perfectly and, with the peaceful and beautiful scenery around, made it appear that we had suffered from a terrible nightmare, instead of what was to me the most thrilling experience of my life.

J.T., London. P.S.—Happy to say the "Dinkum" Padre was saved after having the experience of being sucked into and then thrown out of the funnel of the sinking Arcadian.

## Centre Heritage Calne Digitised

### H. W. A.

### LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

### "Identity," by Winifred Graham.

The heroine of this story was the daughter of a peer, but she was stolen when her mother was drowned. She was brought up abroad as the daughter of the woman who stole her, but when they returned to live in England her unusual type of beauty led people to suspect her true parentage.

"The Appletons of Herne," by Archibald Marshall.

This is the history of a family, telling how they rose from "trade" to "county."

### LADIES' HOCKEY.

Christchurch Hockey Club, Swindon, is generally considered one of the weakest teams we meet, so on February 3rd a number of our usual players stood down and we were able to try out a few newcomers. It is a wise procedure to adopt such a plan as it gives the reserves an opportunity of a game and so obtain the experience which alone leads to proficiency. A shuffle of positions saw F. Angell (our centre half) as centre forward and M. Fennell (our left back) as left inside-forward. The game resulted in a win by 6 goals to 5. M. Fennell (3), F. Angell (2), and D. Cockram were our scorers. Our skipper evidently had her mind not on the gam, but on the anticipation of the week-end, for when half-way through the second half the umpire blew his whistle she started calling "three cheers" for the opponents, only to be told that the game had not finished, but the bully-off was a foul one.

At Lickhill, on March 10th, we saw a game played as it really should be played. Against a team—Bradford-on-Avon—which, earlier in the season, had beaten us by 5 goals to 2, we scored a win by exactly the same figures—5 to 2. This was due to the openness of the game. The forwards passed well and the halves served their wings splendidly. It was good to see the wingforwards carrying the ball up the field and then passing in when approaching the circle. It shows they can do it and we shall expect to see more like it in future matches. There

is still a great weakness in front of goal—too much dilly-dallying or "finnicking" is seen. We want to see our forwards shooting hard and following up their own and their colleagues' shots to get a second go at the goal if necessary. The taking of corners is very weak indeed. Our goal-getters were L. Holley (3), I. Hunt, and V. Woodward.

March 17th we played Old Euclidians, at Swindon, and won by 5 goals to 3. At one time we looked like losing, but a fine recovery in the second half gave us a victory. L. Holley (3), I. Hunt, and M. Newis were our scorers.

The game versus Tetbury, at Lickhill, on March 24th, was the very opposite to the game we witnessed on March 10th. One could hardly believe it was the same team, Making every allowance for the state of the ground handicapping rapid and sure movement, yet the merest elementals were missing. The forward line was disorganised -too flurried in their anxiety to score, seldom noticing where and how their colleagues were placed and too anxious to go to the help of a colleague rather than staving in their place to accept or intercept a pass. The half-backs could not co-operate with the forwards because of their (the forwards') impotence, so much of their work was wasted, and the backs kept too far up the field against speedy opponents. Once the opposition broke through a goal could be seen coming every time. The defeat outlined above was by the margin of 6 goals to 1, and the better side won. Our Tetbury opponents shone in every department and well deserved their win. Our only goal was scored by L. Holley.

### MENS' HOCKEY.

In engaging Henleaze on March 3rd we were handicapped by football cup-tie fever—Wilts Amateur Cup semi-final, Calne v. Westbury—and consequently were not able to place a full team in the field. Our forward line was depleted, and had it been at full strength a victory would probably have been ours to record. As it was we lost the match during the last second of the game, and just as the umpire was about to blow his whistle the deciding goal came from our opponents. Henleaze started well by scoring the first two goals, then we equalised before half-time, both goals coming from the stick of

R. Swaffield. After lemons a ding-dong battle ensued, up and down the field, both territories repeatedly invaded and both goals in frequent danger. And then the last moment a melee in front of our goal, a flick of the stick, and the game was won and lost. Our goalie, W. Smith, played wonderfully well, one shot which he stopped with his hand near the top bar being particularly good.

Visiting Swindon on March 10th, we effected a draw—2 goals each. We lost to this team earlier in the season by 5 goals to 2, so to draw away was an improvement. The game was fairly robust and, at times, feeling ran high. R. Swaffield and R. Heath scored.

The return match with Trowbridge was played at Lickhill on March 17th, and resulted in a win by our visitors by 2 goals to 1. Up to half-time the game was an open one, we leading by 1 goal to nil. The second half was sternly fought and difficult to control. Swaffield scored our only goal.

Our encounters with Trowbridge this season have not been without satisfaction to our club. The two matches have resulted in only one goal difference, and this is quite a creditable performance on our part against one of the strongest clubs in the neighbourhood. It may be said we contributed to our defeat on this occasion by lending them a man.

On March 24th and 31st we were obliged to scratch our matches owing to not being able to field a team.

### SKITTLES CLUB.

The Inter-departmental Skittle League

Tournament has ended with a win on the part of the Kitchen A Department. Of a possible 108 points they obtained 86, and during the second half of the tournament only lost four legs. The runners-up were the Retort, Traffic, &c., with 71 points. Despite a very difficult season, especially in the period before Christmas, interest in the tournament was fairly well maintained. Again it has been seen that consistency in the composition of the team leads to victory. Of the winners twelve players eight played in all games, only one missed one game, and the other three missed only two games-a very fine example of team spirit. The winner of the special medal for highest average was Mr. R. Haines, of the Kitchen Department, who had the splendid average of 22 for the eighteen matches played.

On Saturday, March 24th, the President, accompanied by Mrs. Bodinnar, attended the Alley at Marden House to present the cup and medals to the winners and runners-up. The occasion was signalised by a match between the Winners versus the Rest of the League. The Rest won by the narrow margin of seven pins. Mr. R. Stanley, the chairman of the Skittles Committee, welcomed the President and Mrs. Bodinnar, and expressed the delight the members felt that of the little leisure time Mr. Bodinnar had in these days of business anxiety he was able to spare an evening to come and present the cup and medals. After the presentation Mr. Bodinnar spoke of the pleasure it gave him to be present and of the value these recreational activities were to the staff, how they brought men together, and in so doing enabled them to know one another better, developing comradeship in the sport and work.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLE LEAGUE, 1933-34. Final Results. Pnts. Pnts. Played. Won. Lost. Drn. Poss. Obtd. Kitchen A ...... 54 42 10 2 108 86 Retort, Traffic, Stores, and By-Products ..... 35 18 108 71 Pie, Box, No. 1 Despatch, Lifts, Mill, Chauffeurs, and Groundsmen ..... 54 32 2 20 108 66 Warehouse ..... 54 24 29 1 108 59 Kitchen B ...... 54 26 27 108 53 Office ..... 22 28 4 108 48 Printing, Lard, Basement, Cellars, Lab., Tin, and Shop 54 21 29 4 108 46 Engineers and Maintenance A 22 32 0 108 44 Boning, Rinding, and Sausage ...... 54 21 31 2 108 44 Engineers and Maintenance B ...... 54 10 41 3 108 23

### Friends Elsewhere.



This month we have a very pleasant feature to include in our notes, and one which, unfortunately, is so unusual as to call forth the particular interest of us all. We refer to the Golden Wedding of our old friend, Fred Lawrence. Fred was married at the Parish Church, at Calne, on the 29th March, 1884, Canon Duncan performing the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are the embodiment of the ideally married couple, and to them both we offer our sincere congratulations and wish them many more



years of peace and quiet enjoyment in the evening of their lives.

The occasion is appropriate to record Fred's life and associations so far as the Firm is concerned. Born at Calne and married there (his wife being a native of Bath), he commenced work with the firm of Harris at the age of ten as a ticket boy. In those days, he has often recounted to us, work commenced at four o'clock in the morning and frequently ended at nine at night. He tells us "there were no wedding presents from the Firm in those days, and generally weddings took place on Saturday so that work could be resumed on Monday." To those of us who know the modern methods of cellar procedure his memories of ice being cut from the ponds around Calne and hauled into the Factory make interesting hearing. We are afraid cellar temperatures would rise considerably if we had to rely nowadays on the ice obtained from our local ponds, &c., during the winter.

In all, Fred, until his retirement a few years ago, had been in the employ of Harris, and our own Factory for 56 years. He is the proud possessor of the Gold Long Service Medal and three bars, and for many years had been foreman at Highbridge. He still trots over to see us quite frequently and casts his expert eye over the work of the youngsters.

The Skittle season is now drawing to a close and our team has completed its programme with the exception of the final match for the Anne Kidley Cup. In the League we have not been very successful, but an enjoyable season has been spent, and in the Anne Kidley Cup one of our veteran players, Ted Cann, looks like cantering home an easy winner.

The Darts Competition is now in full swing, and in addition to the Inter-Factory Competition for the "Bodinnar" Cup, an Inter-departmental Competition is being played for the cup presented by Mr. Hooper before he left Highbridge.

We are all pleased to welcome Alfred Wyatt back to his duties after his prolonged illness, and we hope he will enjoy better health in the future. We also had the pleasure of seeing Charlie Hancock taking an airing a few days ago, and we hope, with the

advent of brighter weather, he will soon be restored to his former health and strength.

It is with regret we have to say that Sydney Frost is still on the sick list, and to him we extend our sympathy with the hope that he will soon be restored.

R.C.L.



March has nearly run its course, and I for one shall welcome its passing! "And for why?" Briefly and sadly I reply, "Springcleaning." . . . A shudder of sympathy, and we will turn from a subject so distressing!

So far as the Factory is concerned, we, of Ipswich, have had a fairly uneventful month. In common with our brethren of the other branches, we have struggled through the preliminary phases of the second contracting period, and are now starting on their fulfilment.

An interesting little ceremony was performed the other evening when Mr. Ludgate, on behalf of the staff, presented a chiming clock to Miss E. M. Harvey, who was leaving us to get married. Speaking in tones of obvious sincerity, Mr. Ludgate referred to the high esteem in which Miss Harvey was held by all at Ipswich, and expressed our good wishes for her future happiness. Mr. F. T. Smart, our Poet Laureate, supported Mr. Ludgate, and in felicitous versification added his tribute. Miss Harvey, in accepting the clock, spoke feelingly of the happy time she had spent amongst us, and expressed her deep appreciation of the kindly sentiments which had been uttered. Good luck and all happiness, Miss Harvey.

Our Sports and Social Club Committee are breaking new ground this year, and are taking us to Skegness for our Works Outing. Those of us who can recall a once famous poster are waiting hopefully to see the effect of the Skegness air on Mr. Ludgate.

Competition for the "Bodinnar" Cup has started, and we are keen as mustard to bring it to Ipswich.

Easter is at hand, the great open-air festival of the year, when the dull days of winter are forgotten in the joyous anticipation of the summer days to come. Weather experts are working overtime at their task of prophesy, and the stampers of hot-cross buns are now in strict training. Here's hoping for a fine Easter.

News has just reached us of an accident to the little son of Mr. S. Hastings, a member of our staff. The boy was knocked down by a motor-car and rather severely injured. We all sympathise with Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, and hope that the patient will make a good recovery.



As a lad, when I read tragic episodes from history and wondered how it was possible to survive those early days described as the good old days, I remember seeing a man whose grandfather had been hanged for stealing a horse. I remember seeing boxing bouts in the village with bare knuckles, which appeared most revolting to me. I remember people telling me that they started work in coal mines at the age of ten years and that they worked for twelve hours a day. There were no bonus and savings schemes or social clubs. I don't know what period the good old days are supposed to cover, but I feel that I prefer to live during the present age. I think the good old days contrast the present-day hurry and scurry with the days of the old stage coach, when times were leisurely and petrol, telephones, and wireless were merely idle dreams. Sometimes I wonder where civilisation is leading us. We seem to be clamouring for something more artificial as the years pass. We have

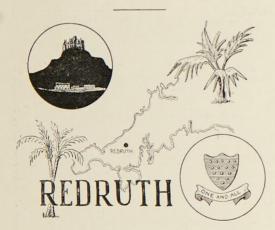
just compiled our holiday list and I, for one, feel that I want to get away from all that is artificial and I find it gets increasingly difficult every year. I remember some time ago the driver of one of our vans delivered some goods to Muswell Hill, where I reside. I asked him how he would like to live there, to which he replied that it was too quiet. But even Muswell Hill is not so quiet as it was a few years ago. The bus service has increased until now they roll on one after another. Will this desire for speed so play on us that we shall not be able to live without it? Is it our nervous system that is giving us this craving?

Once we were quite satisfied to receive a letter two, three, or four days after posting, but now our whole structure of business would be utterly hopeless under such conditions. Once this was the only means of communication; now we show great irritability if our 'phone call gives us a few minutes delay. Once we considered it a great entertainment to attend a magic lantern lecture; now we criticise ruthlessly the latest

films of to-day.

I sometimes wonder whether all this is going to overwhelm us or whether it is in the natural order of evolution.

G. COLES.



Cornwall has long since realised that she has a two-fold duty to perform. In the winter her majestic cliffs are called upon to protect the rest of England from the ceaseless bombardment of the Atlantic waves, and in the summer these same cliffs give back renewed strength to bodies that have become tired through winter fogs and business cares. This former duty she has once again performed, and with Easter the seaside hotels

and shops are preparing to do their part to fulfill the second.

The population of Cornwall will soon be augmented by thousands of visitors and holiday-makers, and the larger food supply which must of necessity follow is an opportunity to be seized by the Cornish farmer. Every branch of his industry should benefit, but in none will his efforts receive greater reward than in the producing of pigs to supply the bacon which will be required. At this Factory we are looking forward to a very busy time, and we shall do our best to give our visitors an enjoyable holiday by encouraging them to start each day well by having our bacon for breakfast.

We give a hearty welcome to Mr. Lane, who has come to Redruth to be the representative of the "House of Harris" on the roads of Cornwall.

Reference was made in last month's Magazine to the visit of Oxford University Rugby team to Redruth on Thursday, March 22nd. This was eagerly looked forward to, and the Varsity had no objection to the Committee making the usual arrangements to play a big mid-week match in the evening, and consequently a crowd of six thousand Cornish Rugby enthusiasts witnessed for the first time in history a match between a Cornish club and a University in Cornwall. A delightful exhibition of fast, vigorous and thrilling Rugby was witnessed, in which the home club compared very favourably with their more famous visitors in every department. The result will give an idea of the exciting nature of the game, Redruth winning by one point:—Redruth, 1 goal, 1 dropped goal, 2 tries—15 points; Oxford, 2 goals and 1 dropped goal—14 points. After the match both teams attended a dinner, and Oxford spoke of the enjoyable time they had, and were surprised at the Rugby talent and support in Redruth, and expressed the hope that they would be able to come again next year.

W.B.F.

### IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Uncle: Now, Billy, you will always find birds where there are trees and worms where there is earth. Can you tell me what you expect to find where there is fish?

Billy: Chips, uncle!





ONE of the orators who helps to delight frequenters of Hyde Park is often heard to make the following remark:—

"Civilisation is not heading for disaster at all; it is doing very well. Look at all these buses going by. They're far, far too good for the people. Humanity is pampered and petted; a parasite living on the brains of a few people—the thinking few—who are grossly overworked."

This may be an exaggeration, but it is true that we all take things too much for granted, and seldom give due credit to those who have created the services which make life easier and more congenial for us than it was for our ancestors.

We are inclined to think that the efforts of the gifted and great are as spontaneous as those made by people whose duties are mechanical and merely the carrying out of the schemes of men who plan, direct, and control.

The toll on the health and vitality of people who accomplish great things is immense, and sub-consciously our thanks (though not often outwardly expressed) go out to them for their sacrifice of leisure, recreation, and comfort, so that the majority may either directly or indirectly benefit. It is not the privilege of many to be blessed with great powers, but how many of us evade our own small share of responsibility? Like Hamlet we murmer, "Who would fardels bear?" and so add to the burden of already overloaded shoulders.

Perhaps the time may not be so far distant when the patriotic urge to do our bit may be as insistent in times of peace as it is in times of war.



PESTERDAY I asked Mr. Eames, who puts in so much splendid work in connection with the Magazine, if he could suggest to me a subject on which I could write an article for this month's issue. He replied that he thought something dealing with the building of the large, new chimney stack, which is now being erected in connection with the Power House, with the idea of bringing out the point of how a completed structure can only be attained by the addition of one brick at a time would be welcomed.

Well, "the brick at a time" theory is true. A building, whether it be a life, a factory, the home in which we live, or a chimney stack, must be the result of detailed application and achievement.

A chimney stack may, to the unseeing eye, be only a chimney stack, but behind it there is its own life story. First the plan, then the anxious consideration and decision as to the scope and character of the foundations, and after that the work of the excavator and the builder, according to the preconceived plan.

It would be very easy to put bad work into a foundation, or to badly set with trowel and mortar a few well-chosen bricks. Once the stack is up there would be few who could see any bad work that was put in, but Nature in the end would take her toll and defects would appear.

We have lately been thinking a good deal in the Welfare Association about Libraries and Books. Mr. Eames' suggestion made me think of another book which, thirty years ago, was widely read by boys and young men. I think it was written by Dean Farrar, of Canterbury Cathedral. The title, anyhow, was "Eric, or Little by

Little." Leaving the story of the book and its literary style aside for the moment, the title very accurately describes the processes by which life and all other building must be carried on, and in these things it is of necessity that correct planning and foundation work chiefly matter.

I am not quite sure of my reference, but there is an old story about a wonderful angel-face, carved by a great sculptor, which was placed high up in a dusty niche of a great cathedral. This beautiful work of art is far away from human sight, but it is complete in every detail of perfection. Some repairs were going on in the Cathedral, and a visitor, mounting the scaffolding with the sculptor, noticed the face and asked why such perfection should be hidden away. The reply was that all work should be good work and that there was at all times an Eye which saw, even though human sight might not perceive.

So, as our chimney stack goes up it will presently assume its complete form of good work and may, in some sort of way, represent a picture of what all must be doing, consciously or unconsciously, moment by moment, and brick by brick, in the building of character and the soaring memories which, together, will make a complete whole at the end of life's job.

I am writing this on the day before I cross the Atlantic, and send good wishes to all our friends everywhere.

18th May, 1934.



### Sumer is Icumen In.

AM writing this on Sunday, April 22nd.
We had put our clocks forward an hour and so properly and sensibly had recorded the long desired arrival of Summer time. English people have always looked forward to the passing of Winter and the coming of Summer. There is a song, written many years ago, in old English. Here it is:—

Sumer is Icumen In.
Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springeth the wude nu—
Sing cuccu.

Awe bleteth lamb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth, buck verteth,
Murie sing cuccu!

Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu; Ne swike thu naver nu; Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu, Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu!

Many years later Shakespere wrote of Winter as being a time of discontent and of Summer as a time of glory:—

Now is the winter of our discontent Made glorious summer.

The typical glorious Summer which we experienced (I only vicariously) last year has in it elements of danger. During my school days England had a long series of very cold Winters and very hot, dry Summers, and it seems to me that weather conditions are apt to run in seven years' periods. Weather prophets expect we have now entered upon such a period. The danger is that modern demands on our supplies of water have outstripped the supply. Ever so much more water is now used than was required in the 70's and 80's. What are we going to do about it? There seems a method possible to London, for London is no great distance from the inexhaustible supply of sea-water. This supply ought at once be drawn on for all such purposes as road washing and for purposes other than call for supplies of fresh water. Fresh water is a limited supply.

I wish to refer briefly to a matter

raised in our last issue by Mr. Coles—Christmas cards.

It never occurred to me that Christmas cards are given or received as presents. The Oxford Dictionary says they are sent out as "an expression of compliments or good wishes." They were and are intended to be regarded not as presents or gifts, but just as an easy form of passing round "the compliments of the season." The custom is comparatively modern. The first Christmas card was designed in 1844. What to do with these cards presents no particular difficulty. They are sent and received as a pleasing form of reminder, and there the matter may end, but indeed there is a second use for them. Not all people can afford to buy and post Christmas cards, and there are several groups of Welfare Workers who will gladly receive and re-distribute the cards among children in poor districts. For all that I do think the sending out of these happy reminders should not be spoilt by over ostentation. Just a simple card fills the need. Meantime it is desirable to keep in being the spirit of the Christmas festival as it has been handed down to our generation, and for my part I can see nothing else which can properly take the place of the Christmas card.

R.E.H.

### THE LARK.

Oh sweet voice of mystery,
A bird rarely seen,
Oh tell us thy history,
Of songsters the queen.

When winter has passed by And sun shines again, How many are longing To hear thy refrain.

It eases life's burden,
Makes hope live again,
Gives joy to the weary
So tired with pain.

Now in spring's awakening,
When green grows the lea,
With hearts that are brightening
Our thoughts turn to thee.

M. K. Burrell.

# Heritage Calne Digitised

### So Simple!!!

(By A. MACKENZIE.)

A T last! The deed is done, and I am the proud owner of a car. A few weeks of feverish quest, of hopes, doubts, and fears; of bargaining and refusing; of anxious enquiries and fruitless journeys, have culminated in, at last, a purchase.

There she stands, a four-cylinder "Bungalong," of a slightly matured vintage, and somewhat passee air, but to me an altogether desirable possession. The family gather round, expressing their various opinions, as thus:—

The Wife: I like the colour, Dad, its ever so nice.

The Girls: Upholstery's in splendid condition, Dad, and it's very comfortable—plenty of room for both of us in the dickey.

The Boys: Engine ticks over nicely, Dad. These people always did turn out a decent 'bus. Tyres not too bad. Battery a little down—wants a good run to charge it up. H'm, not had any too much grease here, and here, but that can soon be put right. Wants a touch of enamel on the edges of the wings, &c., &c. She ought to touch fifty when you get used to her.

Myself (trying to look blasé and not too consciously elated): Yes, I think she's not too bad—got my money's worth, don't you think? Chromium just wants cleaning up a bit. Anyway she ought to suit us for a while ".....

A friend, an experienced driver, kindly undertakes the task of seeing me through my novitiate, and we accordingly proceed to a quiet piece of road, he driving, and I watching his movements.

Then comes my turn, and, outwardly nonchalant (as near as I can manage it) and inwardly full of trepidation, I essay starting gear changing, braking, reversing, and so on. What a lot there seems to do and how very awkward my feet seem to be. Engine running, gear lever in neutral, "Now press the clutch lever forward and put the lever into 'first.'" "Right!" "Keep the clutch out." Ah, a jerk, and the engine stops. "You let the clutch in and had not accelerated. Try again." Once more, clutch out, gear in first. "Now accelerate and let the clutch in. Steady over this way,

or we'll be up the bank. Not too much lock. That's better, now get into second." A roar, a grinding noise, and silence. "All right, no harm done. When you took the clutch out you accelerated at the same time. Then you came off the accelerator, muffed your gear, and finally stalled the engine by letting the clutch in again."

A half-hour of these alarums and excursions and I begin to make headway. Steering still a trifle erratic, and movements generally a little uncertain, but we progress—distinctly we progress. We pass some people—walking, poor souls!!!

My eldest son, who has no sense of danger, volunteers as passenger at my next attempt. I go through the movements, and, beyond shooting at an alarming angle across the road, we made a good getaway.

Debauching on to a main road with lots of traffic (to my fevered imagination the road was absolutely congested), we head Londonwards, running very nicely in top gear. "Let's turn off to the right at the cross-roads, Dad, and go across to Burstall cross-roads and back on the Hadleigh road. It will be good practice." "Rightho." says I. with joyous abandon, "let her rip!" We turn cautiously off the main road into a narrow by-road, and swing round a bend quite expertly. The road is somewhat narrow, and I am dismayed to observe two sons of the soil, one wheeling a bicycle, walking along in front of me. I remove one hand from the steering wheel and press the horn button. No result! Frantically I press it again, still with no result. Hurriedly I decelerate. We must pass them, and its not good form to ride over them. I look at my son. He looks at me. A mutual inspiration—"Pee-e-p," cries son falsetto, "Purr-p," roars father, basso profundo. The two startled wayfarers leap hastily aside, and we pass on triumphant. There are many corners on this infernal road, but we survive them all and reach home intact.

Here we locate the cause of the hootless hooter—a broken wire, soon repaired. A little sustenance and we are off again—at least, not quite like that, as a slight contretemps, caused by my momentarily mistaking the foot-brake pedal for the clutch, somewhat marred the initial proceedings. A second attempt was better, although I then discovered that it is inadvisable to go from first gear straight into top.

However, we managed at last, and made quite a good job of it.

One slightly hectic moment was provided by a lady cyclist who was proceeding up a hill in front of us and who inconveniently fell off just as we were about to pass her. This left me in a fix! There was I, stopped on a hill, with a hand brake on. If I removed the brake down the hill I went backwards, and I could hardly expect to climb the hill with the brakes on. However, I accelerated the engine like fits, slipped into first gear, let in the clutch, took off the brake at the same time, steering with one hand—and won

Things are getting better now, and there doesn't seem so much to think of all at once.

Who is this fellow Malcolm Campbell?

### \* \* \* \* THOSE SCIENTISTS.

The way of the scientist is beyond the comprehension of those of us whose nose is (or are) always to the grindstone.

I have just read an article and learn that "if, when I wake in the morning, I lie quietly in bed, my body consumes less energy than a 70-volt electric light bulb." Very interesting, no doubt, but it forgets to add that when I lie awake in bed, I usually expend enough energy to light the whole of Calne in my endeavour to save my bonus—(Oh, those time clocks!).

The article goes on to say that "When I lie quiet two lumps of sugar will run my body machine for an hour, a pat of butter for an hour and a half, and doughnut will furnish fuel for three hours." Perhaps some reader would like to become a martyr to science, and instead of the usual breakfast in bed, try a doughnut decorated with two lumps of sugar and a pat of butter, and last out for five hours and a half, by which time the martyr will either be in the past tense or roaring for his dinner.

Dressing the baby is seven times as trying as sewing by hand. Having watched the operation, we can readily believe this, but no statistics are given as to dressing the "Baby" for a dance—anyway, sewing by hand is a lost art nowadays.

This article is anonymous, therefore I am safe in boldly stating that "the general work done by the average housewife is as hard as that done by a carpenter or house-painter." (Mr. Editor, please preserve my anonymity). It is PLANE that one cannot BRUSH such statements lightly aside.

It is still puzzling these learned men as to what it is makes office workers tired. Really, this is too easy, but to put the solution into print would mean a sudden cessation of the writer's energy—in other words, I should be hunted and meet with a sudden end. Let the scientists find out for themselves.

EMPHATICALLY ANON.

### Empire Day, 1934.

Was it not Victor Hugo who said :-"Over that sea, in calm majesty, lies the proud Island whose existence consoles me for a thousand continental crimes, and vindicates for me the goodness of Providence. Yes, ves, proud Britain, thou are justly proud of thy colossal strength—more justly of thy God-like repose. Stretched upon the rock, but not like Prometheus and with no evil bird to rend thy side, rests the genius of Britain. He waits his hour, but counts not the hour between. He knows that it is rolling up through the mystic hand of destiny. Dare I murmer that the mists will clear for me? That I shall hear the rumbling wheels of the chariot of the hour of Britain? It will come, it is coming, it has come. The whole world, aroused as if by some mighty galvanism, suddenly raises a wild cry of love and admiration and throws itself into the bounteous bosom of Britain. Henceforth there are no nations, no people—but one, and indivisible will be the world and the world will be one Britain. Her virtues and her patience have triumphed. The lamp of her faith, kindled at the apostolic altar, burns as a beacon to mankind. Her example has regenerated the erring. Her mildness has rebuked the rebellious, and her gentleness has enchanted the good. Her type and her temple shall be the Mecca and Ierusalem of a renewed universe."

England arise! remember days of old; With grateful hearts, thy blessings manifold; The deeds of worthy sons from age to age, Bequeathing us our precious heritage.

England arise! fear not, hope and toil on, The battle is not lost, but must be won, The shams and systems which thy life enslave

These soon shall break—if faith be strong and brave.

W.S.G.

### Inter-Departmental Football Tournament.

KITCHEN v. OFFICES.

The opening game in the 1934 series of Departmental Football was played on 8th May, and, albeit the weather was somewhat showery, this in no way damped the enthusiasm of either the players or spectators.

The Office team played fine open football, Dick Swaffield discarding the now famous third back idea for a more progressive game, and the cup-holders were given many anxious moments.

The Kitchen boys, however, have experience, real skill, and ability to serve up soccer of an advanced standard, R. Barry and J. Smart excelling, but it was not until five minutes from time that W. Barry scored in a melee in the goal-mouth. Were Winter, Haines, Syms, and Company downhearted? Most emphatically no!

Only one minute remained when, after a quick passing movement, L. Garraway equalised.

Extra time was ordered, according to rule, and the rival elevens surprised their most ardent supporters by their keen play and unbounded energy.

The Kitchen were awarded a penalty, but P. Carter, of all players, missed the post by a couple of yards. James and Radcliffe (Offices) struck the side net with excellent shots—hard lines.

A ding-dong and exciting game throughout and a division of two goals a true result. The game was admirably controlled by Mr. Seymour. Collection, £1 11s. 3d.

A re-play took place on Thursday, 10th May, and there was an extraordinary turn up of events. The Office had about as much of the exchanges as the Cup-holders and yet lost 6-0.

The Kitchen forwards, however, were in deadly shooting form, and turned every possible chance to good account. Ken. Haines, whom many will commiserate with, scored the opening goal in attempting to clear under the bar. Otherwise he was one of the best backs on view.

Rose placed the ball in the net four times and Drew once for the Kitchen, but the hero of the Cup-holders in the second half was Len. Reid, the goalie. He stopped shot after shot, although he was a trifle lucky in seeing two brilliant efforts strike the crossbar and re-bound into the field of play.

Three other players may be singled out for special mention, being Daniels (Kitchen) and Syms and Swaffield (Offices). Mr. Grainger was referee. The collection amounted to £1 11s. 11d.

### SLAUGHTER & PRINTING v. BONING, RINDING, LARD, & SAUSAGE.

This game, played on May 9th, from the spectators' point of view was full of thrills, and early excitement was provoked by Dolman, one of the Boning backs, heading the ball through his own goal. Five minutes later Millar equalised after a very pretty passing movement on the part of his colleagues. Then followed two goals from the boot of Toogood, both goals resulted from imperfect clearances by the Boning last line of defence. Five minutes before "lemon time" Bailey scored the fourth goal for the Slaughter and Printing team, and at the interval the "Blues" led by 4 goals to 1.

Resuming, the Boning put on pressure, and by scoring two goals made the score come within measure of being level, and the spectators were beginning to think the game was going to be pulled out "of the fire." The Boning's second goal was off the goalkeeper's hands, and it was difficult to see who was primarily responsible for the success. It was quickly followed by a really beautiful goal, Garraway placing a perfect centre from the right-wing (after a free kick had been awarded) for Dolman to head into the goal in a brilliant manner. The Slaughter and Printing then came into the picture and, on being awarded a free kick for a foul, Toogood headed into goal. Shortly afterwards a penalty was awarded the Boning, but Butler saved.

The game was very robust, too much so occasionally. If players would realise more how little they serve their team by adopting methods which may be considered questionable, less rough play should result. In the foregoing description it will be noticed that two goals resulted from fouls—this emphasises the point of the remark. Mr. E. Grainger—a newcomer to our games—refereed, and few envied his task. Result:—Slaughter and Printing won by 5 goals to 3. Collection, £1 8s. 9d.

### MAINTENANCE v. WAREHOUSE.

On Friday, May 11th, Maintenance and Warehouse, &c., were contestants to decide who should reach the Semi-final round, and a very fine match was seen.

In the latter side we saw two of the Town players who have recently made history by winning the Wilts Senior League, but it may be this was not exactly an advantage. There was a tendency to serve these players over-much, and consequently they had too much work thrust upon them, and in team work this is generally fatal to success.

The Maintenance opened the scoring through Palmer, and Reed equalised through good work by D. Dolman.

A ding-dong battle ensued, both territories being invaded—in fact, the goal-keepers were kept busy all the time. They both played splendid games for their side, and probably Duck, in the Warehouse goal, had most to do.

As no further goal came before time an extra period was enforced, and it was not until after the change-over of this extension that Stevens scored what must be admitted to be a wonderful goal. Forced round by pressure of the defence, he took a shot at goal when almost on the goal-line, and at that acute angle he found the net and won the game for his side by this odd goal in three

It should be recorded that two penalties were missed, both by the Maintenance. It seems almost unbelievable, but it is true, that four penalties have been awarded up to date and none converted.

Mr. Grainger refereed the game, which must have been a pleasure to him, so easy was it to control. The collection amounted to £1 7s. 10d.

### KITCHEN v. SLAUGHTER, PRINTING.

Without W. Angell and R. Barry Kitchen were a very ordinary side during the semi-final game on Monday, May 14th.

Nevertheless, they made a bold bid for at least a goal, particularly after Daniels, their clever centre-half, was crocked. This happened in the cupholders' goal-mouth twenty minutes from the kick-off, and although he pluckily carried on for a few minutes, he finally left the field of play for good. Every sympathy must be extended to

the Kitchen team, but the Slaughter and Printing were superior in practically all departments, from goal out.

The first goal came from a corner beautifully placed by R. Blackford, Toogood, the Slaughter and Printing centre, being the marksman.

R. Blackford was again in the picture, five minutes after the resumption, scoring with a deceptive cross-shot.

It was a keen struggle despite the undoubted handicap of the cupholders, and nothing in the whole game was finer and more effective than the clearance of Fred Blackford, who, this time, played at right back for the Kitchen. His goal underwent a gruelling bombardment, and when all seemed lost Fred managed to kick the ball over his own cross-bar, falling headlong into the net. A real thrill and deservedly applauded.

Slaughter and Printing ran out winners by 2 goals to nil.

Mr. E. Grainger was the referee, and the collection amounted to 17s. 8d.

### RETORT & ASSOCIATED DEPART-MENTS v. MAINTENANCE.

The Retort and Associated Departments came into the Tournament for the first time on May 15th, when they met the Maintenance in the semi-final, and it proved to be their only appearance.

Early in the game the Maintenance were two goals up, "Nibble" Gale being largely instrumental in obtaining them. He passed a splendid centre for Palmer to score and then scored himself. The Retort managed what other teams have so far failed to do—score from a penalty. This was given for hands by Dixon and "Nutty" King made no mistake in taking the kick.

Two more goals were secured by the Maintenance, to give them a lead at half-time of 4 goals to 1. These again were the result of good work on the left wing—Gale passed for Palmer to score and then scored himself with a beauty.

In the second half the exchanges were more even, both goalkeepers doing good work. Boulton scored for the Retort and then Morgan headed in off Palmer to bring the Maintenance total to 5. The game ended 5—2 in favour of the Maintenance, who thus enter the final for the first time.

An outstanding player was Gale, par-

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

ticularly in the first half of the game, and he certainly has proved himself to be the best left-wing of the tournament.

The collection amounted to £1 0s. 1d.

### THE FINAL.

### SLAUGHTER AND PRINTING WIN THE "BODINNAR" CUP.

The Maintenance and Slaughter and Printing teams wound up the 1934 tournament on Thursday, May 18th, and the excellent attendance indicated the keen interest taken in the contest. Unfortunately rain fell in torrents for most of the game and the pitch was slippery on the surface

The Slaughter and Printing players pressed from the start and after fifteen minutes, following effective play by R. Blackford, Toogood opened the scoring.

The Slaughter goal had a miraculous escape when a grand shot by R. Stevens was partially saved by Butler (one of the best keepers of the tournament), the ball then struck the goal-post and rolled clear.

The Engineers woke up and began to have as much of the game as their opponents had enjoyed at the opening. Palmer, their inside left, was chiefly responsible. He subsequently gained the equaliser, which was thoroughly deserved.

Half-time was signalled with the score

Despite the inclement weather, there were thrills in plenty.

About twenty minutes from the end Toogood managed to get clear of H. Smart, who was prominent throughout, to score a good goal, which proved to be sufficient to gain the cup for the Slaughter and Printing side for the second time in three years.

Mr. Grainger was again in charge of the whistle and refereed the game to the satisfaction of all.

The collection amounted to £1 16s. 2d. After the match Mr. T. W. Petherick, at the request of Mr. Bodinnar, presented the cup to the captain of the winning team, Mr. H. Stephens. Before the presentation Mr. Petherick conveyed to all the President's regret at not being able to be present. It was the first time he had missed the pleasure since the inauguration of the tournament. In accepting the cup, Mr. Stephens mentioned what a pleasant match it had been—a

better and more friendly contest could not have been possible. Mr. J. E. Bromham, captain of the Maintenance team, also spoke of the spirit the match was played in and rousing cheers were given to each by victors and vanquished. Special mention was made of the services of the referees—Mr. Seymour and Mr. Grainger—and especially to the latter who controlled all but one of the games. Three cheers for Mr. Bodinnar brought the proceedings to a close.

### RURAL MAY.

This is the month when blossoms seem

To make their best display,

When woodlands deck themselves with green

And flowers strew the way.

Both vale and hillside fields are now Green with the growing corn, And blossom-laden every bough Whereon fruit may be borne.

Down in the woods the bluebell droops
Its blue in every bower,
Matching the swallows blue that swoops
As glist'ning raindrops shower.

Grass daisy decked, and marigold,
Are seen in meadow land,
Could such a visage to behold
Be but by nature planned?

Love strolls along the old footpath
Toward the village church,
For inspiration here each hath
But little need to search.

Lovers sit on the old stone stile,
Or lean on kissing gates,
And rapture reigns a wondrous while
As each their faith relates.

The children gather blossom spray
From hedgerow and from tree,
Each has a bunch of flowers gay,
And voices shouts of glee.

They are to crown a Queen of May,
What fitter month could be,
For youth and beauty to hold sway
When regal gems are free?
THOMAS H. HARVEY.

### Dramatic Society.

O celebrate the recent success of "Hawleys of the High Street," the cast, together with helpers and workers, met at supper at the Woodlands on Wednesday, April 25th. A letter was read from the President, expressing his regret at not being present, and thanking them again for their great effort. The Chairman of the Committee, Mr. H. A. Olsen, occupied the chair and presided over a gathering of 25. After a substantial repast, in the arranging of which the ladies had given much thought and time, and following the loval toast. Mr. T. W. Petherick proposed the health of the Dramatic Section of the H.W.A. In so doing he said :-

"I have really two duties to perform to-night; one is a very personal one, and that arises from the fact of having taken stock of the company here to-night. I think I have the distinction of being practically the only non-contributor to the success of your recent effort, and it is with a very deep sense of my obligation that I say thank you, first of all for inviting me to be of your company here. The next duty is one that has been imposed upon me by the chairman, and although not entirely personal, vet I do feel that I can impose upon myself the representation of a pretty large number of very appreciative people. I think in the first place bare justice demands that your recent presentation should be characterised as a wonderful performance. I say this in all sincerity, not only on my own behalf, but on behalf of a very wide number of people, and I am quite sure that those who were mostly in the limelight will feel that they owe a very great debt to those principals who were less so."

"If I might characterise in a couple of words the chief impression I myself received, it is that it was a presentation of what I should call 'functional unity.' If you take, for instance, that very dignified butler, Nicholls, you have one who, in support of his dignity, was bound to exhibit that feeling of nausea when threatened with having to face those whom he considered very much his social inferiors. Then you come to that very quiet but perfect maid, Keppel. She made her wonderful contribution. Then there was that cocksure, and subsequently

squashed, Hawkins, and that subtle part played by Edith, his fiancee. Those mannerisms and subtleties made their part the very big part it really was. Then, of course, you come to the Tweedie combination, and there I cannot forget the need that was created for the adjustment of that nom de plume. After this application, I am rather expecting the coal merchants of Calne very shortly to be selling their coal 'a la carte,' or perhaps 'cul-de-sac.' And then we come to that more truthful than is very often acknowledged Edward, who had history on his side."

'Later we come to rather a difficult matter. There was Busworth. It brought back to my mind the Mayor-choosing ceremony in Calne. I have to rely upon second-hand information, because I was never present. but I am told that it is something after this fashion: The Mayor comes in with his lady. They are accompanied by the Chaplain, who looks round upon the company, and prays for Calne. I won't accuse any Mayor of being pompous in Calne—this is unbelievable—but, of course, Busworth was pompous, and when you come to his wife, that person was my great difficulty, because I could never determine whether her hiccoughs or her general manner were accidental or real. The Viscount, I think we shall quite agree, maintained the best traditions of our nobility. And then we have that very delightful person in every family, especially with nephews and nieces—the maiden aunt. In this family there was only one niece."

"I think I have mentioned all. except the immediate Hawley family. Mr. and Mrs. Hawley very finely exemplified that pride of success, not without a considerable amount of ostentation and a great deal of ambition for the future of their daughter. That daughter was the ideal one, for, having regard to all the circumstances of her up-bringing, she vet never failed in her love to those to whom she owed everything. and that was very finely brought out. If I may say, and I hope you will not accuse me of making invidious distinctions, the tit-bit of the whole evening was, in my opinion, the entire subordination in the final act of that ostentation and those other characteristics which, in the circumstances, depicted the usual accompaniment of rapid accumulation of riches; and the triumph of parental love. which overwhelmed everything in Hawley. It was really a fine bit of acting. I hope I

have not omitted any of the principals. I wish to include them if I have."

"Then we come to the outside—and do not forget those who are the invisible onesthe stage manager, the assistant-stage manager. Not quite so invisible, but still not very visible—the orchestra—and scenery experts, all of whom threw beauty and light upon the performance; and then the producer. We all know something of what a producer's duties are, and you know a great deal more than I do what his duties were on this particular occasion, but it was very evident to those people who were in front of the footlights that the labours of all must have been extremely arduous, and if it is any satisfaction to you I can say, and I believe it most earnestly, that those in front of the footlights were extremely appreciative of everything that was done. There are a good many helpers whom I have no knowledge of, although I would say that their contribution was absolutely essential to the great success of the whole, and I am sure that the Society has every right and confidence to look forward to the future. I do not know, of course, what your ideals are, but I imagine, like the ideals in every other walk, they are sufficiently high to be the object of pursuit rather than capture, and if your future efforts are built upon the foundation that has been so well and truly laid this year, I think we could predict that everyone of you could say in the future, in the language of the stage, what Sydney Carton said in that very delightful play, 'The Only Way,' 'It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done.'

Replying on behalf of the Dramatic Society, the Chairman, in what he termed a maiden speech, said that Mr. Petherick had certainly inspired them all with lofty ideas as to what was ahead of them. He for one hoped that the ambitions of the Society would run high and that it would go on from success to success. The play recently produced must have meant a lot of hard work for the players to master their parts. They and the producer evidently put their hearts and souls into the production to make it the success it was.

Mr. J. E. Bromham, the hon. secretary, who also replied, thanked Mr. Petherick for the kindly advice he had thrown out. They of the cast would remember that it could have been done ten times better, and that point they would try to bear in mind in

the future. They prided themselves on team spirit and they had a society in which probably any of the members could take a big part, and all would be willing to take the smallest part.

Mr. R. B. Swaffield was called upon to speak and he commented upon the loyalty they had shown him as producer. It was this loyalty that brought about the success achieved. It had been said that they had created a standard which would be hard to maintain, but if the same loyalty, perseverance, and enthusiasm, as seen on this occasion, were again displayed, success would be sure to come. Mr. Swaffield took the opportunity of thanking the members of the cast for the splendid presentation made to him on the stage after the second performance.

After supper the evening was spent in song, game, and dance.

### \* \* \* \* H.R.H. DUKE OF YORK'S CAMP.

We are delighted to learn that Mr. Bodinnar has again been favoured with an invitation from Rear Admiral Sir Basil Brooke, K.C.V.O., R.N., Comptroller to H.R.H. Duke of York, to nominate two boys to be the guests of His Royal Highness at his Camp, which this year will take place at Southwold, from Saturday, 4th August, to Saturday, 11th August.

At Mr. Bodinnar's invitation all boys in the factory and office coming within the age limit prescribed to qualify for attendance at the Camp met on Friday afternoon, 18th May, 1934, and were pleased to accept Mr. Bodinnar's suggestion that they should ballot for two boys to be nominated to accept the invitation.

As the result of the ballot, Kenneth C. Cousins, of the Factory staff, and Raymond Vernon Goddard, of the Office staff, were selected, and Mr. Bodinnar has accordingly sent forward these names.

Knowing as we do the wonderful time boys previously visiting the Camp have had, we are sure that both Cousins and Goddard may look forward with pleasure to their week at Southwold.

No man can expect his children to respect what he degrades.—MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

### A Trip to the French Riviera.

(PART III.)

TYE arrived at Nice and went straight to our hotel (Hotel Richelieu, rue d'Assalit), situated quite near the station and the main street (Avenue de la Victoire). After dinner, we went for a walk as far as the famous "Promenade des Anglais," which is two miles long, planted with lovely palm trees, along the Mediterranean coast. We admired the illuminations for the 14th of July as we went along. The Rue d'Italie was brilliantly decorated from one end to the other, and one of the hotels, Place Massena, showed up in the night with exterior electric light decorations. The Casino was a picture—a mass of lights with red, white, and blue illuminations revolving continually at the top corners. The Ruhl and Savoie Hotels were ablaze with lights and music was being played while the young couples danced round.

The following morning (July 15th), after breakfast, we went down the Avenue de la Victoire, along the Place Massena, through the Albert 1st Garden, and along the Promenade des Anglais, as far as the Hotel Negresco. We had seen Nice by night, but by day it was wonderful-radiant sunshine, blue sky, and bluer sea, numberless palm trees, magnificent hotels, and, as at Cannes, houses and hotels showing up white and clean. A good many hotels and villas were closed for the summer, and we wondered what Nice must be like when all these places are filled with people. From what we heard, there were about 200,000 people in Nice while we were there, but in winter, we were told, the number is increased by 300,000. We heard a lot of English, American, and Italian spoken, but, of course, during the season people of all nationalities invade the Riviera as soon as the cold weather begins in their own countries. For three months each year Nice is the capital of luxury and pleasure.

We bathed at the Negresco Baths, just opposite the hotel of that name. The water, strange to say, was chilly when we got in, but we soon found it much warmer than in Havre and in England. We spoke to some American people from Texas, who said the water was much warmer there.

We got back to the hotel for lunch, and

the bathe having given us a good appetite, we did justice to the excellent fare. We did not have our meals at the Hotel Richelieu (where only breakfast was provided), but at the Hotel de Strasbourg, exactly opposite. It was well known, judging by the number of people who were waiting for tables to be free.

After lunch, the charabanc ordered beforehand called for us and took us for a wonderful drive into the mountains. We saw in the distance Mount Falicon, passed by an observatory, through the village of Eze, at a high altitude, and got down at La Turbie, another small village from where a lovely view is obtainable on a clear day. Unfortunately we were surrounded by clouds when we got there—over, under, and around us. The weather cleared up, fortunately, while we were on the terrace of La Turbie, and we had a splendid view of Monte Carlothe Casino and the harbour-but soon the clouds hid everything from us again. We resumed our journey, descending from the height of over 1,600 feet towards Mentone. We passed the village of Roquebrune, which was almost destroyed by an earthquake in 1883. Before we reached Mentone we saw most luxurious vegetation, and noticed more oranges and lemons than anywhere else.

We passed through Mentone and arrived at the Italian frontier. We crossed the railway line and the charabanc stopped there while we walked towards Italy. It was ever so hot there, and the flowers were lovely, but most of them were unknown to us. We were asked for our passports to go into Italy, but only one of the party had one. Nevertheless, we were given permission to spend ten minutes on Italian soil, crossing a bridge to do so. The French Customs' officers were on one side and the Italians on the other, stopping all cars and people passing through in the usual way. There was an old Italian mandolinist playing and singing at the same time, and Italian women selling beads and cards, all along the road, as well as at a shop where we purchased post-cards and had them stamped with Italian stamps. The ten minutes were soon up and we returned to the car, which was parked under a pepper tree. We picked some green pepper, smelt and tasted it, to make sure that we were not mistaken, and certainly were not.

D.G.T.B.

(To be continued).

### The Value of Reading.

Editorial Note:—We are indebted to Mr. John Haddon for the following article on the "Value of Reading." This is the second of a series of articles which we propose inserting in the Magazine during the next few months as a prelude to the launching of a Work's Library and several Study Circles in the autumn.

THE dictionary defines a book as "a collection of sheets of paper bound together," but Dr. Greg, in a paper read before the Bibliographical Society, pointed out that the word "book" has two distinct meanings:—

(1).—The creation of a man's brain expressed in words.

(2).—The vehicle of the work.

Each of these is a study with extensive ramifications.

The first may loosely be called "criticism" and the second "bibliography," though the two are closely inter-connected. The man who is interested in ideas, their expression, and their reaction on other people's minds obviously approaches a book differently from the man whose chief interest is in paper making, printing, and bookbinding. A book is many-valued, and its value to any particular individual depends upon his tastes. Whatever his tastes, reading should stimulate the mind. Reading novels merely for the "story" is a waste of time unless the story produces a mental reaction and provokes thought. In any case, reading only novels can never produce a virile and healthy mind. The body requires a mixed diet, and so does the mind. A very wise writer gave a young friend of his the advice, "Read everything about something and something about everything." This advice, if somewhat extravagant, contains much truth. Specialisation, "reading everything about something," must be counterbalanced by generalisation, "reading something about everything," if the ideal of a balanced mind is to be attained.

The specialist will choose his own course of reading, but direction will be needed for the general course. It is here that the librarian can be extremely useful. The librarian who knows his business can draw up courses of general reading which will be

balanced and effective. The reading of novels should be supplemented by at least one book about the author of each novel and by a very general history of the development of the novel. "Dickens had the key of the street"; "Kipling put India on map of literature"; "Conrad was a master mariner"; "Galsworthy was a solicitor." These general statements throw a flood of light on the writings of the authors mentioned. Similarly with regard to the newest fiction.

"The younger writers are still too busy explaining themselves and giving life a piece of their minds to explain other people and give their minds a piece of life" (Priestley).

People are insatiably curious about their neighbours and the glamorous personalities of stage and screen, but they seem peculiarly incurious about the people who write the books they read, the scientists who change their world, the politicians who govern them, or the musicians who write their music. The reading of books and the discussion of books as the products of the minds of men and women would apply a valuable corrective to this narrowness of mental outlook. The aim of everyone should be to be a good citizen. No-one with a shallow or ill-balanced mind can be a good citizen, for he has not the mental fullness and energy to settle for himself the problems of civics, and he is at the mercy of any eloquent tubthumper who can din a few trite catchwords in his ear. The whole art of modern advertising is an excellent illustration of this. Shout a phrase loud enough and often enough and your sales will inevitably go up—hence the value of the daily newspaper as an advertising medium. Modern advertising is the exact opposite of the old saw, "Good wine needs no bush." Modern products obviously need huge forests. Here is an excellent example of mental reaction to printed matter allied to curiosity about the article advertised. But it also excellently illustrates another side of reading. If the advertising matter is long and closely argued it is valueless. There is far too much "snippet" reading, so that this type of mind gradually loses the power of concentration, and concentration is essential to proper reading. There are signs of a healthy reaction against this, but it is still a very potent danger. If the new Library can do anything to check it it will have served a very valuable purpose.

### LE MONT ST. MICHEL.

Le Mont St. Michel is about 30 kilometres from St. Malo on the North coast of Brittany. Excursions run frequently to it, as it is one of the most famous and beautiful places in France.

This mount is a village built on a steep rock in the Bay of St. Michel and is joined to the mainland by a causeway nearly half a mile long. There is a high wall surrounding it to protect it from the sea and (in other days) from enemies, and many small towers are set along its course. The most famous is Le Tour Gabriel, which can not only be used for military purposes, but acts as a windmill and a lighthouse.

The streets wind steeply up the rock, and one wonders how many of the houses were built, as the gradient is so very high. Near the top the streets become flights of steps; on the very top stands an old Benedictine Abbey which was founded in 708 by S. Aubert of Avranches. The spire of this Abbey can be seen for miles, and is quite a landmark. The views from here are grand both seaward and landward.

During the revolution many Royalists took refuge on the Mount. The Governor made them prisoners and shut them in the Abbey to protect them from the people. But one day a party of revolutionaries broke into the town and successfully broke down three gates along the way to the Abbey and killed most of the prisoners.

The inhabitants of the Mount do their best to cater for the tourists who flock there. On every hand are people trying to sell souvenirs and post-cards, and in many of the shops notices are displayed stating that English is spoken there.

To-day the Mount is under the care of the Commission des Monuments Historiques.

There is a twin St. Michael's Mount off the coast of Cornwall, near Marazion, but it is not so large nor has it the historical interest that Le Mont St. Michel has in Brittany.

Either of these Mounts would repay a visit, for they are both bewitchingly lovely and have a charm that is all their own.

M.M.

Selfishness is the greatest curse of the human race.—GLADSTONE.

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

At some time or other we may have come across quite a small village with a very imposing name and, possibly, have wondered how it came by it. It is quite an interesting subject to discover how placenames came into existence.

When we think of the many centuries these names have stood, many of which, even in a modernised form, can be identified with places in the Domesday Book, we can see there may be quite a lot in a name. Castle Coombe and Monkton Coombe are evident; Kingsteignton and Bishopsteignton are also, when we know they are on the river Teign and "ton" means an enclosure.

The invasions of England have left their marks in the Roman, Norse, Saxon, and Norman place names.

We can realise that names were not given to places without reason, but there are few subjects in which it is more easy to come to wrong conclusions. Like Scott's "Antiquary" and his proofs of a genuine Roman earthwork that was not so old as he was himself.

Some names give fairly evident proof of their origin. Dorchester, Winchester, and Chester denote an occupation by the Romans.

"Ham" is of Anglo-Saxon origin, denoting an enclosure, particularly of a family settlement, often found in conjunction with the family name.

A "Ton" was a farmstead or enclosure, a rickyard is still called a barton. "Stoke," "Fold," and "Bury" also denote enclosures of various kinds.

The most distinctive feature of the English landscape is the number of hedgerows and enclosed fields, when we realise the great number of place-names denoting enclosures of people, animals, &c., and we can see for how long the thoughts of home and family life have been ingrained in the Anglo-Saxon race and a great factor in the national character.

"Please, lady, could you give me sixpence to help me to get to where my father and mother are?"

"Oh, you poor little man! Here's sixpence for you. Where are your parents?"

"At the pictures!"

# Digitised by Calne Heritage Centre

### Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. W. G. SMART.



Mr. W. G. Smart entered the factory at Calne in 1902 at the age of 14, and at the opening of the Totnes Factory, in 1912, was transferred there, with other members of his family. After serving with the Colours he returned to Totnes in 1919, when he was in charge of the Slaughtering and Lard Departments until the retirement of Mr. F. R. Bibbings, some three years ago, when he became Manager of the Totnes Retail Shop. The subject of our illustration is a native of Calne and well known there, having up to the time of his departure been a popular member of the Town's Cricket and Football Teams, and he also has the unique distinction of having his father and brother on the Firm's Roll of Honour—one as a gold and the other a silver medallist. Of a genial disposition he has become equally well known and respected in this part of Dumpling Land, which is shown by his daughter having last year been chosen as the Totnes Oueen of Carnival.

\* \* \*

A York comedian was once asked how he came to turn his coat twice. He replied that one good turn deserves another.



The wedding took place at St. Mary's Church, Calne, on Saturday, April 14th, of Miss Betty Granger and Mr. Thomas Brookman, of Nettleton, Archdeacon Coulter officiating.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of ivory velvet, and carried a sheaf of lilies. She was attended by two bridesmaids, her sister and the younger sister of the bridegroom. They wore floral georgette dresses with hats, shoes, and gloves to tone, and carried bouquets of pink tulips. The hymn sung was "Lead us, heavenly Father."

Miss Granger was a member of the Statistical Department for  $8\frac{1}{2}$  years, and was presented with a handsome canteen of

cutlery from the Office Staff.

Our feelings are very mixed up on the departure of Miss Wells from Calne—with regret because we are to lose an excellent typist and a charming girl; with pleasure because she is about to embark upon a happy marriage.

Miss Wells has been with the firm for eight years, the last five of which were spent in the Sales Department, where she will be greatly missed.

The wedding is fixed for June 2nd, and the honeymoon will be spent touring England and Scotland, after which they leave these shores for India, and we all wish them bon voyage.

\* \* \* \*

### HOLIDAYS.

Mr. and Mrs. Bibbings, of 31, High Street, Totnes, offer to the readers of the "Harris Magazine" holiday accommodation. Centrally situated, near the River Dart and Moors, and within easy distance of Paignton, Torquay, Plymouth, &c. Bed and breakfast, full board, or furnished apartments optional. Hot and cold water; terms moderate. Note address:—F. R. Bibbings, 31, High Street, Totnes (late of the West of England Bacon Co.)



We shall shortly be coming to the time when the Agricultural Shows commence in

various parts of the country.

The Pigs and Bacon Marketing Boards are occupying at most of the big shows part of the Ministry of Agriculture Pavilion for a display which will appeal both to the pro ducer and the consumer. The exhibit will comprise a grading feature, showing the farmer clearly the result of using the right type of pig and what happens if he does not. There will also be a comprehensive display of different types of bacon and hams and another section will be devoted to the "Products of the Pig," which will include such things as pharmaceutical preparations. leather goods, and brushes made from bristles. Representatives of the two Boards will be in attendance to answer any questions which may be raised by the farmers respecting the exhibit.

In another corner of the Pavilion there will be a small cinema, where various instructional films will be shown, including a film which has recently been produced for the Pigs and Bacon Marketing Boards. A number of scenes from this film have been taken in the Calne Factory, although, of course, it has been done on behalf of the industry so that there will be no question of our name appearing. The film people were here for some days with their cameras and rather weird-looking electrical appliances, so that parts of the factory had the temporary appearance of a film studio. We also cooperated in a number of shots which were taken in the studio in London, where Mr. Tingle rendered invaluable assistance. This film will be on show at the following Agricultural Shows in case any of our readers have an opportunity of a visit:—

May 22—24.—Devon County, at Newton Abbot.

June 6— 9.—Royal Counties, at Salisbury.

" 12—14.—Three Counties, at Hereford.

,, 13—14.—Royal Cornwall, at Camborne.

July 3— 7.—Royal Agricultural Society, at Ipswich.

" 10—12.—Great Yorkshire, at Bradford.

,, 12-14.—Kent County, at Ashford.

,, 25—27.—Royal Welsh, at Llandudno.

Aug. 2— 6.—Royal Lancashire, at Bolton.

### INTER-BRANCH DARTS COMPETITION

The "Bodinnar Cup," the possession of which is the object of this tournament, returns to Dunmow for the season—they having won it by a very comfortable margin of points. To lose only 9 out of 56 games is most creditable, and the Dunmow players are to be heartily congratulated on their performance. We also congratulate Kidlington and Tiverton—Kidlington on their sporty entry into the competition as an "infant," and Tiverton on doing so well with the limited choice of players they have.

The final positions are as follows:—

1					
				Poin	
	Plyd.	Won	.Lst.	Poss.	Ob.
Dunmow	56	47		112	94
Ipswich	56	34	22	112	68
Kidlington	56	32	24	112	64
Tiverton	56	27	29	112	54
Calne	56	27	29	112	54
Chippenham	56	22	34	112	44
London	56	22	34	112	44
Highbridge	56	13	43	112	26
*	* *				

### BEHEADED WORDS.

(1) I am a weapon, behead me and I become a fruit, behead me again and I become part of the body.

(2) I am part of a chain, behead me and I become a fluid.

(3) I am a cry, behead me and I become a product of the dairy, behead me again and I become a quantity of paper.

Answer:—(1) Spear, pear, ear. (2) Link, ink. (3) Scream, cream, ream.



### LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOK RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"Blue Days at Sea," by H. V. Morton.

A volume of essays which is divided into three parts—About Men—About Women—and About Places.

### LADIESHOCKEY

Our matches versus Holt, March 31st, and v. Swindon on April 7th, were scratched, but on April 7th we were able to play as a substitute the Calne Secondary School. It might be imagined by the score 6-3 that our girls won easily, but this was certainly not the case. In mid-field the School forwards gave a fine display of the fine arts of hockey, and only hesitation in front of goal led to only three goals being scored by them. Their passing and hitting was a pleasure to watch, and if only our forwards would try to emulate these younger exponents of the game and be less individualists the team as a whole would benefit. Although our defence was kept busy by their fast opponents, the half-backs managed to give the forwards a good deal of support, and thus laid the foundations of a victory narrowly deserved. L. Holley (4) and Miss Hunt (2) scored for Harris.

On the 21st April, we entertained the Terriers Club, of Bath. Quite a good game was witnessed, and we won by 4 goals to 1. Miss Holley (2) and Miss Hunt (2) scored for Harris.

On April 20th and 26th we played evening matches with Whitley, on our own ground, and particularly fine games were seen. Urged on by the many spectators, both teams played their fastest and best. It was good to see such fine hockey, and having once displayed it we shall naturally

expect to see more of it next season. In the first match Miss Holley & Miss J. Ellery scored—we lost, 3—2; and in the second match Miss Hunt and Miss Woodward scored. Again we lost, this time by 2—4.

The wind up of the season took place on April 28th, when we entered a team in the Shrivenham Six-a-side Tournament. Two hundred and thirty-four players took part in this tournament and came from all parts. We were not favourably drawn, and had to play our match as soon as we arrived, without being given the opportunity of getting a little of the atmosphere by watching other teams. We were drawn against G.W.R., Swindon, and lost by 3 goals to nil. Despite our being knocked out early in the afternoon we were held fascinated by the wonderful play other teams showed throughout the tournament, and we stayed until the end.

Reviewing the season, we are able to report even a little progress on last season, when we won eleven matches out of 23. This season we won 16 out of 26, 9 being lost, and 1 drawn—six matches were scratched. Our goals were 93 against 70 by our opponents. This record is most satisfactory as we entered into fixtures with new clubs to us, who were quite strong; in addition, several of our opponents have developed into fine sides, and what has been in past years an easy task is now a different proposition entirely. Would we were able to say we had made a similar improvement. Of the 93 goals scored Miss Holley scored 60, exceeding 50 goals for the fourth year in succession. This is a record to be proud of, and we congratulate our energetic hon. secretary on her prowess. It is in the forward line that our chief weakness is apparent more speed and accurate and stronger stickwork is required. The half line is the bulwark of the team, and our success is undoubtedly due to these three fine players. The secret of their success is consistency and regularity of play-seldom have they been

absent from their positions during the season. The defence has suffered by the absence of Miss Granger, and her departure on marriage is a real loss to the club. Several newcomers have been tried, and one at least shows great promise. Rumours are current that two new backs will be required next season. Our goalie grows in strength each year, and her display against Whitley was magnificent—many a man would have been pleased to have given an equal performance. Enthusiasm has been maintained and the esprit de corps of the members is splendid.

### MENSTAOCKEY

Playing versus Christchurch, Swindon, on the 4th April, we lost a good game by 6 goals to 3. At half-time the score was one all, but the youth and speed of our opponents showed up prominently in the second half with the result that five goals came to our response of two. A month without a game on the part of our team robbed us of the necessary staying power, and the result was not unexpected. T. Ratcliffe (2) and R. Heath scored for Harris.

On April 21st we journeyed to Shrivenham, and again lost by an odd goal—4 to 3. T. Ratcliffe scored all our goals.

We concluded our Hockey season on April 28th, by participating in the Shrivenham Six-a-side Tournament. This was our first visit and we thoroughly enjoyed the experience. We did not go very far in the tournament, being knocked out in our first game, but we did not disgrace ourselves. We were picked against a team which included England's international centre forward, and a team that eventually reached the semi-final of the contest. We lost by 4 goals to 1, T. Ratcliffe scoring our goal. The hockey seen in the tournament was wonderful, and ought to inspire our players to improved methods and a higher standard of skill.

The past season has been a very difficult one—in fact, many times during the season the club seemed to be on the point of cracking up. This is a pity, because we have a splendid organisation with keen officers, a good playing field, and we are now recognised

as a club of standing by opponents, all of whom seem anxious to engage us, and this is the result of much spade work during the past three years. It is to be deplored that the officers, having worked so assiduously for the general good of others, should not now be able to enjoy a fair amount of ease and pleasure in the conducting of the club's affairs. It is hoped that more members will join next year and so enable the club to, with regularity, put full teams in the field.

During the season we played 21 games, won 7, lost 10, drawn 4, scratched 8. Goals for 54, against 59. It will be observed that the goal difference is not great, and is accounted for by six games being lost by the odd goal only.

### FOLK DANCING

The Folk Dance Club brought its season's work to a close when the members attended the annual county festival at Devizes on May 5th. Again we sent in teams to compete in two classes—Clubs and Institutes and Senior Elementary Class. The standard of dancing this year was higher, as may be seen by the results. In the Clubs and Institutes class last year we were second to Downton Girls' Club with 81 marks, and only one mark behind the winners. This year we were third with 83 marks, against 88 obtained by the winners—Downton Girls' Club again. In the Seniors class we did not do so well as last year. Out of an entry of 14 we were placed eighth with 82 marks. compared with the 85 obtained last year. The winners obtained 94 marks this year, whereas last year 86 marks won the shield. It must be remembered that in the Seniors class we were up against old and experienced teams, and the adjudicator's criticism of our performances consisted mostly of points where experience tells.

Miss Bodinnar, who was present at the Festival, thought we danced well and that the results were not too bad. It is again our pleasing duty to express our gratitude to Miss Bodinnar for so regularly conducting the class. The most fitting way to show our appreciation of her work would have been to have won success at Devizes, but that was not to be—another year perhaps. We do thank her, and trust that her interest in us may long continue, and already we are looking forward to next season. We also thank our accompanist, Mrs. Swaffield, for

her help and interest.

## Centre Heritage Calne Digitised by

### Friends Elsewhere.



The return skittle match between the Office and Factory Staffs had been looked forward to with much interest, and eventually it was arranged to be played on Friday, April 6th, 1934. The venue of the match was the Railway Inn, where a new alley has just been installed and where both teams were playing on "fresh ground."

Naturally the Factory Staff was anxious to avenge their defeat, and the Office just as keen to prove their superiority, so with these motives in view the match commenced

with excitement on both sides.

The Office Staff started the first leg in fine style, leading until the eighth man, then bad luck overtook them and they started to fall to pieces. Anyhow, towards the end they pulled themselves together, but had to acknowledge defeat by two pins.

Again the second leg commenced in favour of the Office, but they were unable to keep going and, with the Factory improving, they lost the second leg by nine pins.

As one may imagine the last leg proved to be very exciting, it was ding-dong throughout, but the Office Staff managed to win this leg by three pins, thereby avoiding total defeat.

Both teams have now one win to their credit, and from opinions that have been passed, another match will have to be played to decide which is the better side.

W.H.W.

At twelve noon on Saturday, May 5th, 1934, thirty-nine of the Chippenham staff, including Mr. W. V. Long, boarded two charabanes for Highbridge.

After a very pleasant ride via Cheddar Gorge, we arrived at Highbridge, where we were welcomed by Mr. Kidley, who had very kindly made arrangements for showing us over the Factory. We then journeyed to the village of Huntspill, where the football match had to be played. After a very exciting game, which we won by 7 goals to 5, we returned to the village for tea, and one can well imagine that after all the shouting of the previous two hours this was very welcome. It was obvious that no effort had been spared to give us a right royal welcome.

After tea Mr. Kidley addressed those present on behalf of Highbridge, and in doing so said that he could not help but think of our Chief and his illness, but it gave him much happiness that afternoon to be able to say he had heard that Mr. Bodinnar was making good progress towards recovery.

Mr. W. Slater endorsed Mr. Kidley's remarks and was followed by Mr. W. V. Long, who, on behalf of Chippenham, thanked Mr. Kidley and the Welfare Associates for the hospitality extended to them that afternoon and he hoped that the time would come for a return visit. In conclusion, he wished to associate himself with Mr. Kidley's good wishes for Mr. Bodinnar's recovery.

Mr. J. G. Hooper, in supporting Mr. Long's remarks, also expressed the hope that a Welfare Association would be formed in Chippenham in the near future. Mr. Kidley commented on the sporting way the football match had been played that afternoon, remarking that he had never seen a game played in a better spirit.

After a short interval we were once more rivals in a game of skittles. We did our utmost to hit down pins, but without avail. Highbridge took the lead soon after the commencement of the game and on the total score ran out winners by 68 pins:—

Highbridge ..... 343 Chippenham ..... 275

We are still unable to record a skittle win over our Highbridge friends, but once again it was a real sporting game.

When we had indulged in some light refreshments and a "sing-song" we prepared for our journey home, and this, the first trip to Highbridge, will long be remembered by those who went.

### FOOTBALL MATCH.

Highbridge won the toss and decided to kick with the wind and the sun behind them.

Even play marked the opening exchanges

but the Highbridge forwards soon found their feet and Chippenham conceded a corner, but to the relief of the visitors Butler made a good clearance. Play now went to the other end of the field, and some useful work by the Chippenham forwards led to a corner for Chippenham. This was taken by Williams, but the Highbridge goal was kept intact.

From the goal-kick the ball went to the Chippenham half, and through a mis-kick by Garraway, Highbridge was able to open the score. This set back did not damp the visitors, and some good work in front of the Highbridge goal got their defence in a tangle and an offence in the penalty area gave Chippenham the next goal, Burry taking the kick and scoring in splendid style.

Play was now getting interesting and a brilliant attack by Highbridge was spoilt by Wright. However, Highbridge came again and beat Butler for the second time.

Chippenham now got going, Warne being very conspicuous, a shot from him bringing the Highbridge keeper to his knees, and a few minutes later he hit the crossbar. Eventually his efforts were awarded with a brilliant goal.

Five minutes from half-time found Highbridge pressing, with the result that through a mis-kick by Hanks, Highbridge once more got the lead. Half-time:—

Highbridge ..... 3 Chippenham ..... 2

Second half started with a dashing raid by Chippenham, Lem sending in a terrific shot. The visitors continued the pressure, Yeates and Heath both putting in fine shots, but the home keeper saved his goal on several cocasions when his colleagues were beaten.

Following a fine clearance by a Highbridge back, play was taken to the other end of the field, and a fine movement by the Highbridge forwards increased their lead to two goals.

After this some mid-field play followed. However, Warne secured the ball, and with some fine foot-work, beat the Highbridge defence and scored the third goal for his side, and within a few minutes the same player accepted a pass from Hanks and made the score even.

Chippenham now had most of the play, and further goals were added by Yeates, Lem, and Warne, but Highbridge had not finished, a breakaway by them provided Solomon with the opportunity of beating Butler.

One more raid by the Chippenham forwards, with no result, finished a most exciting game, resulting in a win for Chippenham by 7 goals to 5 scored by Highbridge.

W.H.W.



April, the month of tears and smiles, has nearly gone. A few more hours and May will have commenced. With us East Anglians April has been notable chiefly for its determined attempt to restore the rainfall to a normal average. We must not grumble. however, as the beneficent results are already apparent. Yesterday, beneath a blue sky, and with the sun shining brightly, the countryside looked lovely, and we came home laden with primroses, cowslips, and wood violets. The spring-song of the birds is gathering volume, and the cuckoo, not to be outdone, is becoming quite regular with his signature tune. (It has been pointed out to me that not all the cuckoos who become audible at Spring time are feathered. but I treat such remarks with disdain).

Holiday lists are out, stock-taking is in season (brrr-r)—what a jolly time we do be havin', bor!

The Darts competition for the Bodinnar Cup has run its course, and hopes are high at Ipswich. We were pleased to welcome an old friend recently, Mr. P. H. Bunston, who re-visited his old hunting grounds and tarried awhile in our wigwam.

It is, perhaps, not generally recognised that Ipswich is a splendid holiday centre. There is the town itself, with its wealth of architectural and historical treasures, its beautiful Christchurch Park, its many points of antiquarian interest, yet offering withal a most efficient and modern shopping and transport service, &c. Outside the town are the wide and lovely Heaths, the noble

Rivers Orwell and Stour; Flatford Mill with its contiguous Constable's country; Felixstowe, Harwich, and Dovercourt; whilst the coast line is dotted with many a quiet and charming little retreat, all within easy distance. Golfers, fishermen, hikers, cyclists, motorists—all may find much to their taste in our East Anglian littoral, health in its invigorating air, and pleasure in its many attractions.



Our third annual whist drive, dinner, and dance was held at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, on Saturday, April 14th.

We commenced playing whist at six o'clock; this was followed by our dinner at 7.30, at which we were favoured by the presence of our Chief, who took the chair.

Everybody seemed in a merry mood and there were many smiles when they discovered that on each table Percy Grunters indicated where they were to sit. A souvenir, in the form of a serviette ring, made by him, was presented to everyone by the great kindness of Mr. McKaig.

Our Chairman, with a few well-chosen words, presented Mr. G. Coles with a bar to his silver medal for twenty-five years of continuous and loyal service. Mr. G. Coles thanked Mr. Bodinnar for the presentation and said he appreciated it all the more as it was presented by him personally, and stated that the years of service with the Firm had been very happy ones, and continuing, proposed the toast to "Our Guests," which was replied to by Mr. H. Ludgate and Mr. Dobson Dodds.

The toast to "Our Chairman" was proposed by Mr. J. Tingle, who laid stress on the encouragement given to the social activities connected with C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd. Our Chairman thanked Mr. J. Tingle for his speech and made special mention of the souvenirs, every one of which

had been skillfully made by Mr. McKaig. We also listened with interest to some of the problems of the Marketing Schemes, and we all felt the gravity of the work to which our Chairman was giving so much time.

We then proceeded to the Dance Hall, where an excellent band, the Rhythm Rascals, was awaiting us. During the dance a novelty competition was arranged which was called the "C.1.D. Mystery." The criminal, which was the prize, was in the box, very many times larger than was necessary. The clues were given by way of Prosecution, Defence, and Summing-up. The only correct solution was given by Mr. H. Gramolt, who won the prize.

Mrs. G. Coles presented the prizes, which were won by the following:—Whist Drive 1st lady, Miss Little; 1st gentleman, Mr. J. C. K. Perkins; and the "booby" by Mr. K. Harris. Spot Dance was won by Mr. and Mrs. Hillier.

Mr. F. C. Robinson filled the bill admirably in acting as M.C., and with "Auld Lang Syne" and "The King," we came to the end of a perfect day.

### REDRUTH.

"April showers bring May flowers" are very true words, but April this year has had so much east wind and the showers have been so cold that the May flowers will be later than usual. We are hopeful that with the warmer weather that May usually brings the countryside will quickly blossom forth so that early visitors to Cornwall will be able to enjoy the inland scenery of the English Riviera, which many overlook in their enthusiasm for the grandeur of the cliffs.

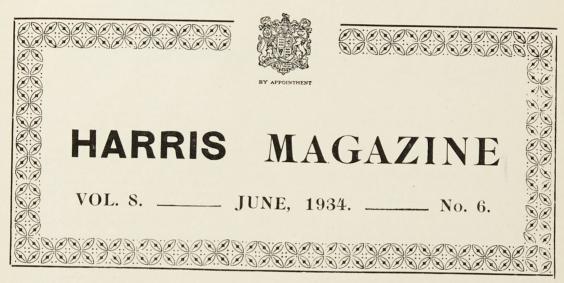
We are glad Reggie Cooke has returned home from a rather prolonged stay in hospital, and we hope his improvement will be maintained.

We sympathise with Mr. W. A. Roynon—also with Messrs. S. J. and H. Roynon—upon the death of their brother in London. W.B.F.

### SACRIFICE.

For sacrifice they die—through Sacrifice They live, and are for others—and no grief That smites the humblest, but reverberates Thro' all the close-set files of time!

-Sir Lewis Morris.





THOSE of us who remember the country roads of forty years ago cannot fail to recognise the improved surface conditions which prevail to-day. During the bicycle boom of the nineties, roads in dry weather were inches thick with dust, and after rain the mud was so persistent that the bye-roads resembled farm tracks.

This year a centenary is being celebrated which, owing to lack of spectacular appeal, may not receive the attention it deserves. Thomas Telford, who died in 1834, was not only the builder of several famous canals but he was the pioneer in scientific roadmaking. The good work which this great engineer, supported by another famous roadmaker, Macadam, initiated, was interrupted by the advance of the railway system, but nevertheless they laid

the foundations upon which modern road-making has been developed.

The remarkable increase of long distance road traffic during the present century has once again caused attention to be drawn to our highways and bye-ways. Although progress in adapting them to modern needs has been slow, and some of the results are not beautiful, yet progress has been made and time will mellow what now appears new and harsh.

With the increased traffic on our roads a new problem has arisen which is engaging the attention of all thoughtful citizens. Death and injury weekly take their toll. Perhaps no fitter tribute to the memory of Telford could be made than a determined attempt to reduce the tragic figures which have increased in such a disquieting fashion during the last few years.



R.M.S. MAJESTIC,

May 20th, 1934.

YESTERDAY I left Chippenham, and Calne, and Southampton. How long ago that seems.

It becomes an awful moment in one's life when of one's free will one steps from land to ship and by that act cuts off connection with home and friends.

Not that the departure of a great liner in its corporate life is anything but a merry and joyous thing. Steamship Companies must be psychologists, for they arrange the most gladsome music from the ship's band prior to departure, and thoughtfully provide the symbols of a wedding in the shape of confetti and streamers, so that the departing voyagers may salute their friends on the pier with good or bad shots.

Well, it was vesterday. The last streamer had been thrown; the band had played about the joys of a "Life on the ocean wave"; the last reluctant visitor had been hurried off; and the ship's siren had sounded the note of departure. Anchors had been weighed and the passengers lined the decks facing the pier. All the little fussing tug boats were in their positions, three at the bow of the boat which pointed towards Southampton Town, ready with the gigantic ropes attached, by which they were to pull nearly 60,000 tons out into mid-stream. Two at stern to assist in the pushing of the great weight round into its proper position. Now the gangway is up and the ropes attaching the great bulk of wood and metal to the shore have been released. For a few helpless moments the ship lies alongside the pier, unattached, with the engines out of action, and in that position, sideways, floats out.

I watched that widening gap between ship and shore, and realised that it was symbolic of the journey which all take when they start upon life's duties in earnest. Life comes without knowledge of realisation to the recipient. The baby form is frail and the brain at birth has no concious perception or appreciation either of the life into which it has entered or of the love which surrounds it. Through the days of childhood these things come gradually upon the individual life until at last, according to opportunity and circumstances, the child is ready to commence life's job. Then comes the break between home and school on the one hand and work, often involving absence from home, on the other. The greater adventure then begins. The inevitable step has been taken and life surges into new action and altered form. The voyage across the ocean has commenced. The gap has begun to

Yesterday, little by little those waving hands

and that white handkerchief grew smaller and familiar faces became more obscure.

It rather seemed to me as I sat in my room after we had left Southampton Water and were headed for Cherbourg, where we were to see the last of European land until we touched the noisy quays of New York, that the incidence of departure from a home land and an adventure across a great ocean was something that had an application to all forms of mental, physical and spiritual activity. At some time or other decisions have to be made in all these spheres that inevitably mean a departure from the old and a surge across wide wastes to the new.

Surely happy is the traveller who can take with him the love which made the old what it is and can reach his port on the other side where welcoming hands and affectionate hearts will also await him. The widening gap between friend and friend is one of the tragedies of life but given good sense and candour on both sides, that gap may be narrowed until unity and unison are again realised.

In other days death might have been looked upon as a widening gap but happily, although the miss and hurt of vacant places always remain, there are to-day the fuller knowledge and the greater realisation of the unity of all life in the companionship of those who are best loved.

Perhaps what impressed me most was the great ship that for a moment or two lay, as it seemed, inactive, helpless and drifting into the tide at Southampton pier. Untrue and unreal of course as this fancy was, it did seem to remind one of an uncertain and vacillating mind which lightly cuts off its best associations and drifts into unknown channels; of the careless friend who realising a slight estrangement drifts away from solid foundations, or of a modern mind bemused by new ideas, new theories and untrodden paths in philosophy, economics and religion, which slips its ropes and weighs its anchor, uncertain of the course that it will take.

Widening gaps from anything that is good and pleasant and true can only be bravely faced with the hope and knowledge that one day life's ship will be returning and that slowly but surely the gap will then be narrowed between it and the homeland and all it means.



### Books.

OM Webster, the cartoonist, has become a national institution. Newman's chin, Inman's nose, Fender's sweater, the directors of the Chelsea Football Club, and the bookmaker with his two cigars. All are exaggerations which we gleefully accept cum grano salis, knowing for example that no bookmaker ever did smoke two cigars at a time, and Inman's nose is not drawn to scale.

I think of Charles Dickens as the Tom Webster of literature. His characters and many incidents do not so much depict life as it was lived but caricature it. I doubt if there ever was a school so bad as Dotheboys Hall, or a workhouse quite so vile as the one from which Oliver Twist fled. I imagine that Dickens' great contemporary, Thackeray, drew pictures of the period nearer to actual life, and that the Newcomes is England as it really was.

According to the recognised canons of literature, Dickens was a law unto himself. And even so he had great limitations, for his female characters are poor, his sentimental passages feeble, and he never managed to portray an English gentleman. Weighed up in these respects against Meredith his writings are second rate.

But for all that, if I were forming a library of English fiction, I should give the first place to Dickens—ahead of Thackeray and Meredith. For by and through the exagerations so freely indulged in, Dickens attacked the festering sores which were poisoning English life. There were schools and there were workhouses which were very bad. The care of the sick poor was horrible and the prisons wretched. Social and religious life was over-run by monsters of the type of the detestable Chadband, the humbug Stiggins, and the loathsome Pecksniff. The division that separated the classes was such that it almost implied that the one God and Father of us all had created not one humanity but two, the one taking as if by birthright all the sweets of life, the other forced to eke out a miserable existence to end in a pauper's grave. The Churches even seemed to regard that as more or less a settled condition as shown by the lines of a Victorian hymnThe rich man in his castle, the poor man at his gate.

God made them high or lowly and ordered their estate.

I am enough of a Socialist to know that at least to be untrue.

These and like abuses were exposed and dragged into the light of day by the pen of Dickens. Public interest was deeply stirred, and I think it quite a true judgment to say of Dickens that he was the greatest reformer of his age.

About the same time, though in a form of literature much less popular, Beaconsfield published his great novel, "Sibyl," and because of that I would give Beaconsfield the second place.

Then we have Thackeray, the Brontes, and George Elliot. There is Scott.

Well, I suppose it to be my personal shortcoming, but I don't care for Scott. The actions are delayed and detail overwritten, and of his I would be content to have on my bookshelf just an example, and it shall be "Peervil of the Peak."

We come now to the later Victorian, and here Meredith almost has for a time the field to himself. There are those who find Meredith obscure, but he is only obscure to those who would place the poet Browning as obscure, and at any rate "Diana of the Crossways" is as clear and limpid as a running stream.

Following on is R. L. Stevenson, and I would have all his books, giving pride of place to "Treasure Island" and (but this is not a novel) his "Travels in Spain."

The later Victorians include two whose books have a bearing on present day events. Russia is explained by Merriman in "The Vultures" and "The Sowers," India by Mason in the "Broken Road," and a patch of African history by his "Four Feathers." Of the Victorians there remain Locke and Marion Crawford.

I think that all the books I have mentioned are entirely free from the tar brush that is so freely used by modern novel writers. The newer school who pretend to hold up a mirror to nature, together with the modern highbrow, are to me as ugly and repellent as is much that is modern in art and architecture.

I do not see these so called modernists living side by side in my bookshelves with the great Victorians. Coming down to our own time, we have Galsworthy, whose

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"Saga" gives a correct picture of the midlater Victorian times. His mantle since his passing seems to have fallen on Walpole, who has also given us a family history which I think and hope will live. For the rest I can only see Priestley as a present day writer whose books will stand the test of time and make of him a fit "Good Companion" for Dickens and the others.

R.E.H.

(EDITORIAL NOTE.—This is the third article in the series which we are publishing for the purpose of arousing interest in the Work's Library and Study Circles which are to be inaugurated in the autumn).

### Inter-Departmental Cricket.

This interesting tournament opened on June 12th with the game between the Engineers and the Boning, Rinding, Lard, and Sausage composite department, and resulted in an easy win for the latter. Taking first knock the Engineers could only total 30 against the bowling of I. Garraway and H. Miller. R. Caswell, who went in first wicket down, scored 19 not out. Jack Garraway's second and third overs were devastating-12 balls, 7 wickets for 13 runs, and the hat trick. Miller took 3 wickets for 16. Catches were made by J. Dean, A. E. Hand, and F. Trembling. With the first wicket falling at 8 it looked as if a close game might ensue, but Garraway and B. Webb made sure they were not going to throw away the opportunities of an easy victory and were not parted until the winning hit had been made. Again Garraway played the lion's part, and when he was out at 34 his individual score was 30. From then on the game became a farce as in turn each fieldsman was given an opportunity to bowl, with the result that 143 runs were scored before the innings closed. W. King made 40, A. E. Hand 23 retired, P. Skinner 17, and I. Brimmer 15 not out. H. Smart took 4 wickets for 27, R. Caswell 4 for 35, and V. Gale 1 for 4. Catches were made by R. Caswell (2) and H. Smart.

The second match took place on June 14th, when the Office met the Printing and Slaughter. A very keen game was witnessed but with the overpowering talent of the Office no other result was expected—the Office won by 53 runs. It is to the credit of the losing

side that they played with good heart and keenness right up to the finish and nothing was given away. Batting first the Slaughter and Printing opened with A. Bennett and R. Bailey to the bowling of T. Ratcliff and I. J. Taylor. Bennett started off with a 4 and a 2 in the first over, thereafter he was content to wear the bowling down, and it was not until a change had been effected that he fell at 40 with his score at 12. Meanwhile H. Stephens had been using the long handle and had made 19 runs out of a total of 35. Four for 40 and 46 all out indicated a tail that couldn't wag. F. I. Nash secured 4 wickets for 2 runs, I. J. Taylor 4 for 18, and T. Ratcliff 2 for 23. Catches were made by S. L. Drewell, T. Ratcliff, P. Gibbons, and F. I. Nash. Opening for the Office K. Haines and R. Swaffield carried the score to 70 before the former was stumped by Bennett, having made 13. Swaffield who had been indulging in some very free hitting, retired at this total, having, principally through the medium of a six and nine four's, scored 51. At 77 four wickets fell, and the innings closed at 99. This collapse was primarily due to the introduction of E. Witchell and Wm. Angell as change bowlers at 70. The former secured 4 wickets for 6 and the latter 3 for 23. The surprise of the match was the good bowling of E. Witchell. Catches were held by R. Bailey, S. Wood, and T. Davis.

FATHER: Mr. Sweeting is very wealthy, Joan, and a nice fellow to boot.

Joan: Oh, dad please don't do it!

\* \* \*

A HOME FROM HOME.

Binks: Do your neighbours borrow much from you?

Jinks: Borrow? Why, I feel more at home in their houses than I do in my own.

Mr. and Mrs. Bibbings, of 31, High Street, Totnes, offer to the readers of the "Harris Magazine" holiday accommodation. Centrally situated, near the River Dart and Moors, and within easy distance of Paignton, Torquay, Plymouth, &c. Bed and breakfast, full board, or furnished apartments optional. Hot and cold water; terms moderate. Note address:—F. R. Bibbings, 31, High Street, Totnes (late of the West of Fingland Bacon Co.)

### The Wessex Brass Band Festival, 1934.

A S Calne has been favoured during the past season to the extent of the local football club winning Wilts League honours, it was fitting that the Band should be successful at the annual Festival organised by the Wessex Brass Band Association, held at Salisbury on Saturday, May 12th. This Association is composed of non-professional bands from the Wessex district, its chief object being to promote a better sense of comradeship between the various bands and to help maintain the standard of playing by organising festivals and concerts.

To compete in a band festival means hard work and extra practice, and so for a month previous to this date the Calne Band were busy practising the items selected.

As the event took place in a park, outdoor practice was necessary, so by the kindness of the Firm permission was given for the Band to play in the Woodlands, and helped towards the success which the band achieved.

At the 1933 contest the Calne Band won both sections of Class C, and were promoted to Class B, in which they played on this occasion. In this class there were bands from Hampshire and Dorset, besides the Wiltshire entries, so very keen competition was experienced. The test programme selected for Class B was a march tune called "Greatheart," and an overture, "Gems of Melody No. 2," the latter being a favourite in many festivals throughout England during the previous season. After the final rehearsal at the Woodlands on Friday evening the Calne Band met on The Strand at 2.30 the following afternoon, all looking very smart in their brown and gold uniforms. Before leaving the test pieces were played to a crowd of supporters who had gathered to see them off, and to wish the band good luck.

After a delightful drive across Salisbury Plain Victoria Park was at length reached. By this time most of the competing bands had arrived, and the adjudicator, Mr. Anderson, of Leicester, was taking up his position in the closed tent, which, according to custom, had previously been inspected by

representatives from each band. His, indeed, was the least enviable task of the day, having to sit for  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours studying and making notes on each band's effort.

The weather was ideal for the occasion and the huge chestnut trees which fringe the park, together with the different coloured uniforms of the bandsmen, made a very attractive setting.

As the evening wore on the time came for the Calne Band to take the platform and wait for the signal to begin playing. This signal is given by means of a whistle, and it is a good test for nervous competitors who are waiting for it. The judge gives his decisions by numbers, and spectators are strictly warned against calling out the names of any band; by this means any favouritism is prevented from being shown.

Soon the last band had played, and the crowd began to surge toward the pavilion, from where the results were to be announced, and a cheer was accorded Mr. Anderson as he appeared.

By this time the crowd had become very quiet, and all were eagerly waiting for the results, which in due course Mr. Anderson

In Section B the Calne Band were very popular winners of the march contest, and were also second in the other event, and noone was more proud than Mr. Blackford, the well-known conductor of the Band, as he stepped forward to receive the Hine Challenge Cup and two certificates from the hands of the Mayor of Salisbury.

G.A.

### WHAT AN OPTIMIST.

It was the second day that the shipwrecked crew had been adrift in the open boat, and the hearts of some were beginning to sink.

There was one, however, who refused to be despondent. He sang nearly all the time, and tried to crack jokes with the chief mate. Suddenly he jumped up.

"What's that?" he shouted, excitedly, pointing into the distance. "Isn't that land over there?"

The mate's gaze followed the pointing finger hopefully, but the light died out of his eyes as he said, dejectedly, "No, that's not land. It's only the horizon."

"Well, hang it," said the optimist, bending to his oar, "that's better than nothing. Let's pull!"

# Digitised by Calne Heritage

### HARRIS WELFARE ASSOCIATION (CARNIVAL AND FLOWER SHOW SECTION).

### FRUIT AND VEGETABLE SHOW, 11th AUGUST, 1934, in the Recreation Ground, Calne.

### RULES AND CONDITIONS OF ENTRY.

1.—With the exception of Class 47 all Competitors must be members of the Carnival and Flower Show Section of the H.W.A.

2.—Class 47 is open to children of all members of the above Section.

3.—No Competitor to enter more than 12 Classes, excluding Classes 37, 38, 46, 47, 48, and 49. Schedule numbers. &c., to be adhered to.

4.—All exhibits to be the produce of exhibitors' gardens or allotments (except Classes 37, 38, 46, 47, 48, and 49) and must have been in their possession at least 28 days previous to the Show

Objection to an exhibition Entry must be made during the afternoon, with a deposit of 2s. 6d., which will be returned if the objection is upheld.

Any Competitor breaking this rule will be prohibited from exhibiting at any subsequent Show

EDIUM CECTION

held under the auspices of the Association. 5.—All Exhibits to be staged by 2.30 p.m. To facilitate display length of green on vegetables must not

exceed 7 inches.

6.—The Exhibitors' Enclosure to be cleared of all except Judges and Officials at 2. 45 p.m.
7.—The Judges to be at liberty to taste or cut any exhibit and to withhold any prize if in their opinion the entries in any Class do not warrant same. If 3 entries received in any one Class two prizes will be given; if 2 entries one prize. Points, as follows will be awarded for Medal:—3 points for a 1st prize, 2 points for a 2nd prize, 1 point for a 3rd prize, 1/2 point for a 4th prize. No points will be awarded for Classes 37, 38, 46, 48.

8.—All Entry Forms, accompanied by the Entrance Fee, should be handed to the Hon. Secretaries on or before the Thursday preceding the Show. The Entrance Fee is 1s. for Members of the Carmival and Flower Show Section and will entitle the Exhibitor to a lucky numbered ticket of admission. 9.—Exhibits not to be cleared before 8 p.m., when all prize money will be paid out from the Committee

10.—For Classes 37, 38, 46, 47, and 48 no Entrance Fee will be charged.

11.—Entrance Forms may be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries or any member of the Committee.

12.—The Committee do not hold themselves responsible for the loss or damage of any article during or after the Exhibition.

### SCHEDULE.

FRUIT SECTION.	18.—6 Turnips 3/- 2/- 1/-	
Class. 1st. 2nd. 3rd. 4th.	19.—3 Beetroot (long) 3/- 2/- 1/-	
1.—6 Apples (dessert), shown	20.—3 Beetroot (short) 3/- 2/- 1/-	
on a plate) 4/- 3/- 2/-	21.—12 Onions, stand or box 5/- 4/- 3/- 2	1-
2.—6 Apples (Cooking), shown	22.—Collection of Potatoes (4	1
on a plate 4/- 3/- 2/-	varieties—2 K., 2 R., 6	
3.—6 Plums, shown on a plate 4/- 3/- 2/-	Potatoes of each), plates 6/- 4/6 3/- 2	/-
4.—18 Gooseberries, shown on	23.—18 Broad or Long Pod	1
plate 3/- 2/- 1/-	Beans, dish 3/- 2/- 1/-	
5.—Currants, any variety (not	24.—Eschalots (24), stand or	
less than alb.), shown on	small box	
a plate	25.—6 Parsnips	
6.—Any variety of Fruit not	26.—3 Lettuce (cabbage or cos) 3/- 2/- 1/-	
shown in Schedule, shown	27.—3 Cauliflower	
on a plate 3/- 2/- 1/-	28.—3 Sticks of Rhubarb 3/- 2/- 1/-	
7.—Loganberries, shown on a		
plate 3/- 2/- 1/-	29.—Any variety of Vegetable	
prace	not shown in Schedule 3/- 2/- 1/-	
	00 0 TZ' 1 D-1-1 / 1'/ \	
VEGETABLE SECTION.	30.—6 Kidney Potatoes (white),	1
VEGETABLE SECTION. 8.—Collection of Vegetables	plate 4/- 3/- 2/- 1	/-
8.—Collection of Vegetables (6 varieties) excluding	plate 4/- 3/- 2/- 1 31.—6 Kidney Potatoes (exclud-	
8.—Collection of Vegetables (6 varieties) excluding Tomatoes	plate	
8.—Collection of Vegetables (6 varieties) excluding Tomatoes	plate	
8.—Collection of Vegetables (6 varieties) excluding Tomatoes	plate	
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8.—Collection of Vegetables (6 varieties) excluding Tomatoes	plate	
8.—Collection of Vegetables (6 varieties) excluding Tomatoes	plate	
8.—Collection of Vegetables (6 varieties) excluding Tomatoes	plate	1-
8.—Collection of Vegetables (6 varieties) excluding Tomatoes	plate	1-
8.—Collection of Vegetables (6 varieties) excluding Tomatoes	plate	/-

38.—Nosegay of Garden Flowers 39.—4 Bunches of Cut Flowers (perennials)	4/- 3/6 4/- 3/-	3/- 2/6 3/- 2/-	2/- 1/- 2/- 1/-	48.—Floral Design, Exhibitor's choice (tray or box not to exceed 28in. x 24in., and not less than 18in. x 14in.  49.—Display of Garden and/or Wild Flowers of any or various varieties, to be arranged on a space 2yds. by 1yd
ums (4 varieties)	3/-10/-	2/-7/6	1/- 5/-	CAKE, JAMS, AND JELLY SECTION. (Section 1 open to Lady Members of Carnival and Flower Show Section).  50.—Jam, any variety 4/- 3/- 2/- 51.—Jelly 4/- 3/- 2/- 52.—Marmalade 4/- 3/- 2/- 53.—Sponge Sandwich 4/- 3/- 2/- (Section 11, open to Wives, and Mothers of Members of the Carnival and Flower Show Section).  54.—Jam, any variety 4/- 3/- 2/- 55.—Jelly 4/- 3/- 2/- 56.—Marmalade 4/- 3/- 2/- 57.—Fruit Cake (ingredients not to cost more than 1/6) 4/- 3/- 2/- For above, Rules Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, 11 and 12 will apply.

### Great Drinkers in Calne.

At the Quarter Sessions, held at Devizes on April 21st, 1612,

The Constables of Calne presented a long list of "disorders comitted in the Boroughe of Calne," of which the following are the most interesting.

We present Ewarde Masie for batytinge of his Bull uppon Holie daies contrarie to the Kings Maties injunctions & he will also be drunke.

John Scotte because he will be tipmirrie himself, and Lucretia his wife because she is a woman of corrupt communication and unfit to kepe an ale house in regard where of we desyre to have then discharded & because they have not sufficient bedding to lodge poore travellers.

William Bushe, tipler because he intertayneth men servants at his house when they should be in theyre masters howse, and his wife is a woman that skorneth relligion for when she is requested to go to Church she answereth that she must tarrie at home to Keele the potte least padventure her porridge should rune over and they have no bedd to lodge passengers. We therefore desyre that they may be forbidden to sell ale any more.

We desyre to have the number of alehouses to be diminished in Calne for they doe all brewe a vie who may brewe the

strongest ale, and thither do resorte all the great drinkers both of the Towne and Countrie to spend theyre tyme in idleness and monie in excissive drinkinge, and being partly drunke and halfe mad, no officer can well judge whether they be drunk yea or no & therefore cannot punish them according to the law, and all men for the most part love these Cupp companions so well that no man will take uppon him to be a sworne witness against any drunkard. It were greatly to be wished that all Ale sellers might be compelled to make theyer ale a greate deale smaller and to sell a full quart for a pennie, otherwise this sum of drunkennes will never be avoyded. men are so bewitched with the sweetness of stronge lycoure.

This scathing report on the state of intemperance in Calne is signed by John Noves and John Killinge, Constables, and dated April 21st, 1612.

The above is copied from Records of the County of Wilts, being extracts from the Ouarter Sessions Great Rolls of the Seventeenth Century, extracted and edited by Captain B. Howard Cunnington, F.S.A., and published by George Simpson and Co. (Devizes), Ltd.

"Know thyself" is a good motto, and most people would know more about themselves if they consulted their neighbours.

## Heritage alne igitised

### A Trip to the French Riviera.

(PART IV. (Continued).

From the Franco-Italian frontier (Grimaldi-Ventimiglia) we went to Monte Carlo, in the principality of Monaco, which, as everyone knows, is resorted to for its beauty and because of its famous gambling Casino, where fortunes are won and lost.

It is not so easy as one might imagine to obtain access to the Casino. Anyone can go just inside and into the library, but before entering the sumptuous and renowned gambling saloons—"Salles de jeux"—all visitors have to go into a room where a lot of questions are asked them and passports or other identity papers have to be shown. On a previous occasion the writer and two other members of the party were refused permission to enter on account of their being under 21, which was very disappointing. This time a gentleman was refused admission because he had an open-neck shirt, but he was informed that down below ties were let out, so he could hire one, which he did, and was then able to enter. This was an amusing incident, but a common occurrence there with the hot weather and the number of tourists. All cameras and parcels had to be left at the cloak room. A gentleman who was carrying his wife's coat on his arm was told he could not go in with it, whereupon the lady said she would put it on. When the attendant saw the coat being transferred from one to the other, he said she need not do so. He had evidently suspected that there might have been something hidden under the coat, and when he saw this was not the case he was quite satisfied.

We eventually entered the play-rooms. Although it was not the season, the tables were surrounded by people of all ages and nationalities. The players were most absorbed and were making a lot of notes. The two games we saw being played were Roulette and a game of cards called 30-40. We were told that the largest sums of money were played at this latter game, up to Frs.10,000 at a time (£125 at the present rate of exchange). It was fascinating watching the croupier raking up the money played and distributing the amounts won at lightning speed. We saw the Casino money for 5, 10 and 15 Francs, which had previously

been given to the players in exchange for ordinary currency.

We were especially struck by the silence which reigned in the play-rooms. It was most impressive. It was as quiet there as in a church, yet what a difference! Here the god is money! It was most interesting, however, seeing this place we had heard so much about, and it is a sight once seen never forgotten.

We also visited the Casino library, where books and papers are provided, also Casino note-paper.

After admiring the beautiful gardens, we got up in the charabanc again and drove back to Nice by another way, along the seacoast instead of on the heights as in going towards Italy. In the distance we could see the village of Eze, where we had been but a few hours before, looking very small and almost inaccessible.

We passed through Beaulieu and Ville-franche and arrived at Nice at about 7.30 p.m., after spending a wonderful afternoon which none of us will ever forget.

D.G.T.B.

(To be continued).

\* \* \*

### SAGACIOSITIES.

"To him that knoweth not the port to which he is bound no wind can be favourable."—Coleridge.

Two things you can find in the dark—a carpet tack and a Limburger cheese.

Uneasy looks the face that wears a frown.

Home—The place where we are treated best and grumble most.

Pelt all dogs that bark and you will need many stones.

He who boasts of his ancestors is like a potato—the best part of him is underground.

\* \* \* FED UP.

Grocer's Errand Boy (with extra large order at docks): Ahoy there!

Deck Hand: What ship, mate? Errand Boy: Hardship.



### The Gloucestershire Regiment (28th and 61st).

(The History of this famous Regiment is reprinted by kind permission of the Editor of the "Ypres Times.")

NICKNAMES.

"The Back Numbers," "The Slashers,"
"The Old Braggs," "The Fore and Afts."

BATTLE HONOURS.

Ramillies — Louisburg — Guadaloupe—
QUEBEC, 1759 — Martinique — Havannah
—St. Lucia — Maida — CORUNNA — Talavera — Busaco — Barrosa — Albuhera —
Salamanca — Vittoria — Pyrenees — Nivelle
—Nive — Orthes — Toulouse — Peninsula —
WATERLOO, 1815 — Chillianwallah —
Goojerat — Punjaub — Alma — Inkerman —
Sevastopol — Delhi — Defence of Ladysmith
—Relief of Kimberley—Paardeberg—South
Africa, 1899-1902.

GREAT WAR.

MONS—Retreat from Mons—Marne, 1914—Aisne, 1914—YPRES, 1914, 1915, 1917—Langemarck, 1914, 1917—Gheluvelt— Nonne Bosschen-Givenchy, 1914-Gravenstafel— St. Iulien — Frezenburg — Bellewarde — Aubers — LOOS — SOMME, 1916, 1918—Albert, 1916, 1918—Bazentin—Delville Wood — Pozieres — Guillemont—Flers Ancre, 1916—Arras, 1917, 1918—Vimy, 1917 —Scarpe, 1917—Messines, 1917, 1918— Pilckem—Menin Road—Polygon Wood— Broodseinde — Poelcapelle — Passchendaele —Cambrai, 1917, 1918—St. Quentin— Bapaume, 1918 — Rosieres — Avre — Estaires — LYS — Hazebrook — Bailleul — Kemmel — Bethune — Drocourt-Queant — Hindenburg Line—Epehy—Canal du Nord— St. Quentin Canal—Beaurevoir—SELLE— Valenciennes—Sambre—France and Flanders, 1914-1918—VITTORIO VENETO— Italy, 1917-1918—Struma—DOIRAN, 1917Macedonia, 1915, 1918—Suvla—SARI BAIR—Scimitar Hill—Gallipoli, 1915-16—Egypt, 1916—Tigris, 1916—Kutalamara, 1917—BAGHDAD—Mesopotamia, 1916, 1918—Persia, 1918.

Uniform.—Scarlet, facings white. Head dress, helmet; cap, blue.

Regimental March.—"Kynegad Slashers"

Note.—Names in capitals in Great War Battle Honours are borne on the King's Colour

The 28th Regiment was raised in 1694 by Sir John Gibson. As usual in those days it was called Gibson's, after the colonel.

In 1705 the Regiment, then De Sal's Regiment, first saw service under Marlborough, at Huy, near Liege, in Flanders. 1706 it distinguished itself at the battle of Ramillies. In 1734 Phillip Bragg became colonel and commanded until 1759. "Old Braggs" is still heard as an honourable nickname of the Regiment.

In 1759, as Townsends', it took a glorious part in the capture of Quebec (13th September). The immortal General Wolfe died at the moment of victory, in the arms of Lieutenant Brown of the 28th Regiment.

In 1773 the colonel's name to designate regiments fell out of use. In 1775 the Regiment gained the title of "The Slashers," for their gallantry at the Battle of White Plains and passage of the Bronx River in North America, through the use they made of their sword bayonets when they had run out of ammunition. I have seen the memorial at White Plains and also buttons from Gloucester tunics in a museum dedicated to Washington in New York. In 1782 the Regiment received the county title of the North Gloucestershire Regiment, but the 1st Battalion always reverted to the title of 28th when in action. During the Great War the 1st Battalion always displayed at battalion headquarters a small flag bearing the number 28, surrounded with battle honours.

It was in 1801, at the Battle of Alexandria, in Egypt, that the 28th won its greatest distinction—the right to wear the number at the back as well as in front of the head-dress, as the Regiment now wears the Sphinx. The Battle of Alexandria, on March 21st, decided the fate of Egypt, and the morrow saw a change of masters on the banks of the Nile. Another March the 21st, that of 1918, will always be remembered by

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

61st were in Egypt at the same time as the

28th. In 1809 the 61st joined Sir Arthur

Wellesley's (later the Duke of Wellington)

Army in the Peninsula. The 61st had the

misfortune not to be present at the Battle of

Waterloo. In 1848 they were again in

India, and in the Sikh War they were present

in many actions, notably Chillianwallah.

Of their conduct in that battle the Duke of

Wellington said: "The 61st Regiment at

the battle of Chillianwallah decided the

action and was greatly instrumental in

saving the British Army." During the

Indian Mutiny the 61st were before Delhi

and assaulted the Kashmir Gate. In 1881

the 61st became the 2nd Battalion of the

War and won four Battle Honours, giving

the Regiment at that time the most crowded

flag in the British Army. Rifle Regiments

do not carry flags. The Battle Honours

borne by a regiment constitute no criterion

of the actual number of campaigns or battles

in which it has participated. However, it

must not be imagined that all the engage-

ments not recorded by honours on its colours

were reverses. As a matter of fact many of

them were victorious preliminaries to greater

battles, such as Ouatre Bras, the precursor of

Waterloo. Many of our Regiments have

taken part in the battles fought on British

soil, such as Sedgemoor, the Boyne, and

Culloden, but victories like these, won

against our own countrymen, are not

recorded on the colours of the regiments

concerned, for reasons that may be readily

intention, to write of the actions in which the

Regiment was engaged in the Great War.

Suffice to say that on several occasions they

repeated the glorious action that won them

the Back Badge in Egypt in 1801. That is,

they carried on when surrounded by the

enemy. General Sir Ian Hamilton, in his

despatches from Gallipoli, praised at great

length the conduct of the 7th Gloucesters for

fighting on in an imperturbable manner

when all the officers had become casualties.

The General need not have been surprised.

Space will not allow, and it is not my

understood.

Both Battalions fought in the Boer

Gloucestershire Regiment.

officers and men of the Gloucestershire Regiment, for on that day started the German offensive, on which hung the fate of the British Empire. One account of the Battle of Alexandria speaks of that splendid soldier, Colonel Paget (the Gloucestershire Regiments have always been fortunate in their commanding officers): "It was completely surrounded by the enemy. It was a crisis of supreme interest. Annihilation seemed to await the 28th Regiment, but the intrepid coolness of their commanding officer (Colonel Paget), and the almost unexampled courage of his men saved them. The word of command was given, 'Rear rank, right-about face,' and obeyed with that calmness and steadiness characteristic of the British soldier in the moment of peril. The French not meeting, as they had hoped, a feeble and disheartened foe, were received by so vigorous and well-directed fire that all their efforts to expel this handful of men from their post were frustrated." These words remind one of something Lord Napier of Magdala once wrote: "With what majesty the British soldier fights.'

In Alison's "History of Europe" there is another account of this action, which ends in this manner:—"The gallant troops, without flinching, stood back to back and maintained this extraordinary contest for a considerable time. Colonel Paget, who had hitherto directed the proceedings of the Regiment, here fell severely wounded, and the next officer in seniority assumed command." Sir Ralph Abercromby was wounded amidst the Gloucesters on that day and was later taken on board the flagship of the Fleet, where he died after the victory had been announced to him. He was buried at Malta, which had been captured by Napoleon in 1798, when he suppressed the Knights of Malta, who were revived in 1834, and are with us to-day under the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

In 1808 the 28th was with Sir John Moore in the immortal retreat to Corunna. They formed part of the rear guard. Sir John Moore praised their wonderful powers of endurance and fine discipline. The 28th had an important share in the Battle of Corunna. That leader of men, Sir John Moore, was killed in this battle. During the battle he met a Highland Regiment retiring, and asked the reason of the retirement, and was told that the ammunition had given out. He rebuked them by reminding them that

they still had their bayonets, and led them into action again. They gave a splendid account of themselves. That was leadership. In my opinion the British Army owes more to Sir John Moore than to any other soldier. During the remainder of the Peninsular War the 28th was present in nearly all the important battles. After the Battle of Corunna the 28th returned to England, when the 2nd Battalion was raised.

In 1811 the 28th absorbed the men of the 2nd Battlation and joined Lord Wellington's army. The 28th were not in the battle of St. Sebastian, but a Sergeant Ball and six grenadiers were present. They had been sent down to buy supplies and were in charge of 2,000 dollars for that purpose. Hearing that St. Sebastian was to be stormed on the next day, Sergeant Ball reminded his men that the 28th had been engaged in almost every action in the Peninsula, and proposed that, for the credit of the Regiment, they should volunteer for the storming party. His proposition was met with enthusiasm by the six grenadiers. The money was placed in charge of an officer. Sergeant Ball and his men fell in with the 9th Regiment, escaped death and wounds, reclaimed the money, and rejoined the 28th with the supplies they had set out to get.

Now we come to the greatest Battle Honour the Regiment possesses—Waterloo. The 28th was at Quatre Bras on the 16th of June, 1815, where they covered themselves with glory, and at Waterloo on the 18th. At Quatre Bras the Brigadier addressed the square that had stood firm after so many charges of the French Cavalry with these words: "Bravo 28th. The 28th are still the 28th, and their conduct this day will never be forgotten." The Duke of Wellington wrote: "They have conducted themselves with the greatest bravery." In 1855 they took part in the Crimea War and fought

never be forgotten." The Duke of Wellington wrote: "They have conducted themselves with the greatest bravery." In 1855 they took part in the Crimea War and fought with honour at Alma, Sebastopol, and Inkerman. Fourteen N.C.O.'s and men were granted D.C.M.'s during that war. In 1858, the 28th went to India, arriving too late to share in the fighting involved by the Indian Mutiny, though they were engaged on two

Mutiny, though they were engaged on two occasions. On July the 1st, 1881, the 28th became the 1st Battalion of the Gloucester

shire Regiment, and the facings were changed from light yellow to white. The 2nd Battalion (61st) was originally a 2nd Battalion of the 3rd Buffs (now East Kent Regiment). It became in 1758 the 61st Regiment and proceeded almost immediately to the West Indies, distinguishing itself there. In 1779 the 61st were engaged in Cape Colony, South Africa, in suppressing a rebellion among the Kaffirs. In 1801 the

Late the Gloucestershire Regiment.

\* \* \*

### UNSHAVEN AND MISJUDGED.

Can you imagine how a young English woman in Australia would feel under the following circumstance?

She was left alone for a short space of time in a country farm dwelling, during which a rough looking man called and asked in a gruff voice, "Where's the axe?"

On being questioned, he explained that he wished to chop wood in return for food. Later, the slightly unnerved one learnt that it was quite a common occurrence for a "Swagman" to call and chop wood to earn a meal.

The word tramp is not used out here, but the true swagman wanders about from place to place, receiving a day's food ration from each police-station. He carries his swag on his back, generally comprising a billycan, sugar bag containing food, and blankets.

However, in the bush country, all rough looking men are not swagmen—sometimes far from it. I will give an instance.

An attractive, well-educated young lady went motoring with friends into the outback of Queensland. As people living in these isolated parts like passing travellers to call, they stopped at a farmhouse, where they were greeted by a young but rough looking man, who obviously hadn't had a shave for days. It was plain to see that he was very attracted by the young lady, who, because of his appearance, could not reciprocate his attentiveness.

Later this lady learnt that the gentleman belonged to a very wealthy and respectable Melbourne family.

"I could have married him if I had liked," she said, and, considering her assets, one could only agree. But, then, the opportunity was seemingly lost.

MARGARET DUNCAN.

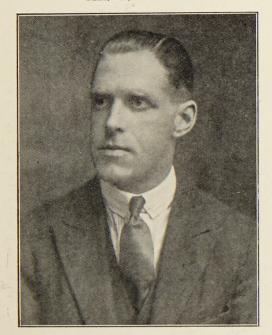
\* \*

Miserable are those blind, untutored people, who lean their hopes upon those things which Time as fleetly bears away.—Petrarch.

# Calne Heritage Centre Digitised by

### Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. F. COURT.



Our photograph this month is of Mr. F. Court, of London, who is the third member of the three remaining original stalwarts who were amongst the first members of the present Van Sales organisation which made a start in the autumn of 1920.

Mr. Court has seen many changes and considerable progress during the many years that he has been working North London. He is full of determination, as his photograph shows, but a smile is never far away.

Mrs. Fisher: How many fish did you catch the other day, dear?

Mr. Fisher: Six; and better fish you've

Mrs. Fisher: M'm, I thought there was a mistake. The fishmonger has charged for eight.

The visitor had approached, without being aware of danger, the edge of a precipice. Said he to a man working near the spot: "I say, there ought to be a warning here. I nearly went too far."

"Yes, there was one," replied the workman, "but no-one's ever fallen over, so we took it down."



The wedding was solemnised at St. Nicholas' Church, Bromham, on Whit-Monday, of Miss Iris Hobbs and Mr. William Drew. The Calne Rover Scouts and West Aston Girl Guides formed a guard of honour. The bride wore a dress of gold lame and head-dress of gold tinted leaves, with orange blossom, and carried a bouquet of Marchel Niel roses. There were six bridesmaids, and the bride's sister acted as matron of honour. The bridesmaids wore hunter's green dresses and gold juliet caps with shoes and stockings to tone. Miss Hobbs was for eight years in the Kitchen Departmen, and Mr. Drew is attached to the glass goods section. The combined wedding present was an Aladdin lamp.

At Calne Baptist Church on Saturday, May 12th, the Rev. M. Page officiating, Miss Violet Brewer was married to Mr. A. Goodship, of Blackland.

The bride was dressed in a green crepe costume, with lemon blouse and silver fox fur, with hat and shoes to tone. Miss Brewer, who was for eleven years attached to the Cardboard Box Department, was the recipient of an oval mirror from her colleagues.

### SUET FOR NOTHING.

Aberdeen butcher to lady who has just bought a quarter of a pound of mince: There's a bit suet to ye for naething, madam.

Aberdeen Lady: That's real kind o'ye.
I'll no' bother with the mince the noo.

\* \* \*

There is in Peru a quicksilver mine 170 fathoms in circumference and 480ft. deep. In this abyss are streets, squares, and a church.

The waiter brought him soup. "Don't you see there's a fly in it?" he complained. "Shouldn't worry about that, sir," replied the waiter," it's not much a fly can drink."

Visit to Calne and Cheddar of the Delegates to the 44th Annual Meeting and Conference of the Federation of Grocers' Associations of the United Kingdom.

Thursday, June 21st, 1934, will long remain a red letter day in the annals of C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd. On this occasion we received a visit from some 500 grocers, drawn from all parts of England and Wales, at that time assembled for the annual Conference at Bath.

The last similar occasion was in 1926, when we entertained the delegates who were then assembled at Bristol to a trip to Cheddar, Wells, and Weston-super-Mare, luncheon and tea being served in a large marquee on the same spot as was used this year for the tea at Cheddar. Previous events were in 1923, when we received a visit at Calne from the General Purposes Committee of the same Federation, and in 1924 when we received a visit from the Institute of Certificated Grocers.

The 1934 visit, however, was on a larger scale. Thanks to the splendid preparations and hard work put in by Mr. Knowles and Mr. Petherick, everything passed off without a hitch.

On arrival at Calne the visitors were welcomed by a corps of forty guides (twenty men and twenty ladies) clad in white coats, two for each of the twenty charabanes, and each wearing a colour to correspond with the various charabane parties. Headed by Mr. George Gough, the first party got smartly away, followed at intervals by the remainder.

A thorough tour was made of the factories, and attention drawn by the guides to the items of special interest. One of the features which attracted special attention was the display of 75 cases of bacon and other goods prepared for the Oxford University Expedition to Ellesmere Land, which is being organised by the Royal Geographical Society, and of which Mr. Edward Shackleton, son of the famous Sir Ernest Shackleton, is a prominent member. The tour finished with a visit to the Woodlands, where a display of all our finished products was assembled, and which created considerable interest.

The next item on the programme was luncheon, which took place on the Retort floor in the new wing. Thanks to perfect organisation, the guests were assembled without a hitch, no mean feat with nearly

five hundred and fifty persons involved. The vast "hall" presented a wonderful spectacle when all the visitors were seated. Mr. Marsh was in the chair and made a very interesting speech in reference to the Bacon Scheme, in proposing the toast of the Federation. This was ably replied to by Mr. G. T. Kemp, the newly-elected President of the Federation. After presentations had been made to the wife of the past President and the wife of the Conference Secretary, Mr. Frank Webb, the Chairman of the Bath Association, proposed a vote of thanks to the hosts, to which Mr. Marsh suitably replied.

A move was then made to board the charabancs for the visit to Cheddar. Many friends had been made by the guides during the short visit, and, in fact, some of the lady guides, it is said, were nearly kidnapped before the charabancs got safely away!

Unfortunately the rest of the day was rather marred by the first rain for many weeks, but a feeling of optimism prevailed and the spirits of the party were by no means damped. On arrival at Cheddar tea was taken in a large marquee, splendidly laid out by Mr. George Wiltshire.

Mr. Redman, in addressing the guests, thanked all those who had assisted in making the day such an outstanding success and referred to our Chief's great disappointment at not being able to be present on such a memorable occasion. Very sincere regrets were expressed by many of the visitors at Mr. Bodinnar's absence and the hope that a suitable opportunity will be forthcoming in the future for many acquaintanceships to be renewed.

After tea the charabancs moved off to the Caves, which proved to be a source of great interest to our visitors, the greater number of whom had never previously seen the wonders of the Cheddar Gorge and Gough's and Cox's Caves. By this time it was pouring with rain, but the party moved off in great spirits for the return journey to Bath, cheered on by the Calne contingent and a party of our sales representatives.

So ended what to everybody concerned must have been a day long to be remembered.

\* \* \*

### BEYOND HIS KEN.

Boy: What is the meaning of this: "They gladly subscribed to charity"?

McTavish: I dinna ken, laddie. Some things are beyond my comprehension.



HARRIS MAGAZINE.

### LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"The Great Offensive," by Maurice Hindus,

This was written by a young man who was in Russia before, and again since, the Five Year Plan was started. He describes the headway made in industrialism, in spite of ignorance of engineering, and inefficiency of management; the collective farming system, and prison and moral reforms.

### "A Princess in Exile," by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia.

This book serves to illustrate the lives of those who were driven from Russia at the beginning of the Revolution, and describes the author's attempts to earn her living in Paris.



1ST XI.

The cricket season opened on May 5th with a visit to Chipping Sodbury.

The weather was not kind; a high and cold wind did its best to keep our minds on football, although it was hardly necessary as during the afternoon many of us had thoughts of the football match being played at Westbury that day, in which Calne made history by winning the Wilts 1st Division League Championship. Chipping Sodbury batted first and looked like making a good score with two wickets for 48. However, Skipper F. I. Nash, putting himself on to bowl at this time, bowled 5 overs, 2 maidens, 6 runs, and 5 wickets. This put a different complexion on the game—the side were out for 86. Supporting Nash, I. J. Taylor took 2 wickets for 18, H. J. Cleverley 1 for 8, and R. Swaffield 1 for 7. Thanks to J. Archard 26, J. E. Bromham 24, H. J. Cleverley 13 not out, T. Ratcliff 12, we made 99 for 7 wickets and won by three wickets.

Meeting the new (to us) and, as it proved. formidable club of Savernake, we lost heavily on May 12th, on the Marlborough ground. Batting first, we could only collect 79 runs, and most of these came from the bats of the two players—F. Flav 30, S. L. Drewell 13—no other player reached double figures. The Oxford University fast bowler, Kalaugher, played havoc with our wickets. getting five of them for twelve runs. Savernake's response was 152 runs for five wickets, after being down two wickets for 8. Of the six bowlers tried five got one wicket each.

At Swindon, versus G.W.R., on May May 19th, we again met with a reverse. Remembering a former game when we won after our opponents had scored 200 runs before declaring, the Swindon skipper delayed his declaration on this occasion until rather a later hour. We fielded all the afternoon in the cold and rain, and even after the tea interval we had to return to the field for a further dose.

F. I. Nash 3 for 26, R. Swaffield 3 for 47, and B. Gough 1 for 19, were our only successful bowlers in an innings which closed at 218 for eight wickets.

Our opening batsmen did well; before the first wicket fell 50 had been recorded. At 53 T. Archard was bowled for 12 and at 54 J. E. Bromham was also defeated after making an invaluable 38, which included eight fours. Then a procession commenced and all were out for 77.

Versus Warminster, at Warminster, on May 26th, a good game resulted in a win by 36 runs. Batting first, we made 144, the chief contributors being P. Carter 37, D. Dolman 33, F. I. Nash not out 21, R. Swaffield 16, S. L. Drewell 13, F. Flay 10 quite nice to see six players reaching double

figures. Replying to this, Warminster made 108. Six bowlers were tried with the following return: -I. J. Taylor 4 for 23. F. Flay 3 for 25, S. L. Drewell 1 for 2, and P. Carter 1 for 12.

2ND XI.

The 2nd XI. opened their season on May 12th against one of the strongest teams they meet during the season, and as no net practice had been indulged in by any member it was not surprising that a heavy defeat came their way. Batting first, Spve Park made 171 for nine wickets. Of the six bowlers tried T. Ratcliff secured 4 wickets for 31, I. J. Taylor 2 for 26, R. Heath 2 for 67, and B. Webb 1 for 15. Facing this total, only T. Ratcliff and R. Stevens could do anything with the bat, the former making 17 and the latter 35 out of a total of 71. The match was thus lost by 100 runs.

Entertaining W. Lavington on May 19th, an easy win was obtained in a lowscoring match. Batting first, W. Lavington, against the bowling of R. Heath and R. Stevens, could only make 29. Heath had a wonderful spell of bowling to conclude the innings—with nine balls he secured four wickets at a cost of two runs. Their complete analysis reads as follows:-R. Heath 6 wickets for 16, R. Stevens 4 wickets for 6. Thanks to B. Webb 24, C. Brewer 15 not out, and E. Witchell 15, we made 81the last wicket added 31 runs.

On Whit-Monday we experienced one of the most enjoyable matches ever played when we met Garrards 1st XI., at Lickhill. Assisted by a few of our 1st XI. players, we won a two innings match by 21 runs. Batting first, Garrards, against the bowling of R. Stevens and R. Swaffield, could do little and were all out for 39. Swaffield secured 5 wickets for 11, Stevens 4 for 20. Our response was 57, towards which A. Sutton made 16, R. Swaffield 14, and J. Archard 11. As time permitted Stevens gave our opponents an opportunity of pulling the match out of the fire, and it looked as if such was going to be the case with a score of 86, although seven wickets were down for 28. Bowling successes were obtained by R. B. Swaffield 5 wickets for 29, R. Swaffield 4 for 38, and A. Sutton 1 for 15. The necessary 69 runs to win were quickly

obtained and for the loss of only four wickets, thanks to a good display of batting by R. Swaffield, who made 34. No other player reached double figures. The innings continued and when completed 89 runs had been registered.

On May 26th, against Swindon Corporation C.C., we suffered defeat by 12 runs. R. Stevens 49, B. Webb 26, were the chief contributors to our score of 99. Replying to this, our friends from Swindon made 111. R. Stevens 4 for 20, B. Webb 2 for 24, R. Heath 2 for 41, H. Angell 1 for 12 were our bowlers.

At an evening match on May 31st we had the misfortune to lose the toss and, as our bowling was withstood until a late hour, we had to bat in a fading light. Goatacre were our opponents, and 132 for six wickets was the score we had to beat when we went in about 8.20 p.m. D. Dolman, who opened the innings, could find no-one to stay with him other than R. Stevens, who made 13, and when the innings closed at 71 he had made 38 not out. It should be recorded that F. Gough, one of Goatacre's bowlers, obtained the hat trick against us. We tried five bowlers, but only two met with any success-R. Stevens 4 for 46 and I. J. Taylor 1 for 30.



The season opened auspiciously. In matches the 1st String are undefeated with three victories to their credit, and the 2nd String have won one and lost one.

An American Automatic Handicap Tournament was played on the hard courts on May 23rd and following nights, 36 entries being received. The tournament was played in two groups, and the winners of each group played to decide the allocation of prizes. Miss M. Angell and A. Dixon won Group A tournament and Miss V. Woodward and E. Cooper Group B tournament, after deciding a tussle with Miss O. Wallis and H. Watson both couples scored an equal number of games in their Group. The final was won by Miss M. Angell and A. Dixon.

The following are the results of the

club matches :-

# Calne Heritage Centre igitised by

	1st S	STRING	J.	
May	19th, v.	Calne	L.T.C.	(away).

Won by 11 matches to 1, 4 being drawn.
W. L. D.
Miss F. Angell & A. E. Bull 3 0 1
Miss K. Angell & H. Smart 3 0 1
Miss M. Angell & A. Dixon 2 1 1
Miss O. Wallis & E. Cooper 3 1 1
May 26th, v. Malmesbury (at home).
Won by 11 matches to 2, 3 being drawn :—

	W.	L.	D.
Miss F. Angell & A. E. Bull	2.	0	2
Miss K. Angell & H. Smart	3	0	1
Miss M. Angell & A. Dixon	2	1	0
Miss O. Wallis & E. Cooper	3	1	0

June 2nd, v. Chippenham, John (Park (at home). Won by 9 matches to	Cole 3:	e's
W.	L.	D.
Miss F. Angell & A. E. Bull 2	1	0
Miss K. Angell & H. Smart 3		
Miss M. Angell & A. Dixon 2		
Miss O. Wallis & H. Watson 2		

### 2ND STRING.

	May 26th, v.	Malmesbury (away).	Lost
by	3 matches to	8, 5 being drawn:—	

by o matches to o, o being than			
	W.	L.	D.
Miss J. Ellery & H. Watson	. 1	2	1
Miss M. Fennell & N. Potter	. 2	2	0
Miss I. Burry & E. Dixon	. 0	2	2
Miss C. Bishop & R. Stevens	. 0	2	2

June 2nd, v. Garrards, at Swindon. Won by 8 matches to 7, 1 being drawn:

	W.	L.	D.
Miss M. Fennell & N. Potter	3	1	0
Miss I. Burry & C. H. Burch	0	3	1
Miss V. Woodward & H. Brittain			
Miss S. McLean & R. Stevens	3	1	0

### FLOWER SHOW AND SPORTS DAY.

A few changes may be noted in connection with our Annual Flower Show and Sports on Saturday, August 11th next.

In the Flower Show schedule tomatoes are excluded from Class 8. Class 49 is to read:-" Display of Garden and/or Wild Flowers of any or various varieties, to be arranged on a space of 2yds. by 1yd.'

In Class 42 "specimen Plant" is deleted and "four bunches of Asters" inserted in its stead.

Changes in the Sports Programme are:— Slow Cycle Races, Musical Chairs, Putting the Weight, and Potato Races are deleted, and Cycle Races for girls under 18 years of age and for girls over 18 years of age, and boys under 18 years of age and boys over 18 years of age are included, as is a 100 yards Flat Race for girls.

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

These changes it is hoped will prove attractive to competitors.

### \* \* \* JUNE TREASURE.

June doth with regal right display The floral gems within its sway. Summer being now discloses Hedge and bank bedecked with roses.

Down in the vale, set in the green, The river winds like silver sheen Through marshes flat neath rushes tall, And thence where hillside shadows fall,

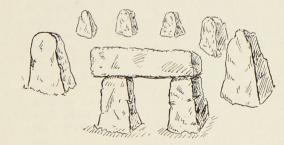
Stand elm and oak in stately pride, With lowest boughs beneath the tide, With ash and pine tree on the hill As emblems of creation's skill.

These scenes seem cast without design; Yet they a Moulder had Divine. Who set each scene as with a thought. Excelling all that man 'ere wrought.

Behold each marsh, for there unfold The irises as nature's gold. And all around them fancy's eye Sees countless swords point to the sky.

Like martial legions on a plain, Although no order they maintain. But tireless guard keep every day Of nature's June treasure display. THOMAS H. HARVEY.

### FROM A TYPIST'S DICTIONARY.



STORE HENGES STONE HENGES.

### FLOWER SHOW SPORTS.

### PROGRAMME OF EVENTS.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11th, 1934.

### No. Time.

- 1.—2.30.—Inter-Departmental Relay Race (Ladies).
- 2.—2.40.—Inter-Departmental Relay Race (Men).
- 3.—2.45.—Half-mile Cycle Race (Girls under 18 years of age).
- 4.—2.55.—Mile Cycle Race (Boys under 18 years of age).
- 5.—3.15.—440 Yards Race (Men, 18 years of age and over).
- 6.—3.20.—Sack Race, 25 Yards (Ladies).
- 7.—3.30.—100 Yards Race (Boys under 18 years of age).
- 8.—3.40.—High Jump.
- 9.—3.50.—100 Yards Race (Men, 18 years of age and over).
- 10.—4. 0.—Sack Race, 50 Yards (Men).
- 11.—4.10.—Inter-Departmental Tug-of-War. (10 Men, aggregate weight 110 stone. Departments may enter more than one team).
- 12.—4.35.—Three-Legged Race, 50 Yards (Ladies).
- 13.—4.40.—220 Yards Race (Boys under 18 years of age).
- 14.—4.50.—Half-Mile Race (Men, 18 years of age and over).
- 15.—5. 0.—Veterans' Race for Silver Medallists of Calne and Associated Factories. 100 Yards. Handicap.
- 16.—5. 5.—Veterans' Race, for Gold Medallists of Calne and Associated Factories. 50 Yards. Scratch.

### INTERVAL.

- 17.—6. 0.—Long Jump.
- 18.—6.10.—100 Yards Race (Ladies).
- 19.—6.20.—Four-legged Race (Men).
- 20.—6.30.—Inter-Factory Tug-of-War. (8 Men, aggregate weight 100 stone).
- 21.—6.50.—100 Yards Race, Final (Men, 18 years of age and over).
- 22.—6.55.—Thread-the-Needle Race (Wives of Members). 50 Yards.
- 23.—7. 0.—Inter-Departmental Tug-of-War (Final).
- 24.—7.10.—Half-Mile Cycle Race (Girls, 18 years of age and over).
- 25.—7.20.—Mile Cycle Race (Men, 18 years of age and over).
- 26.—7.40.—Inter-Factory Tug-of-War (Final).

### CONDITIONS.

Entrance to all Competitions Free.

Entries should reach the Hon. Secretaries on or before August 4th, after which date no Entries will be accepted. This also applies to Tug-of-War Teams. Coaches of Teams should make arrangements with Messrs. G. R. Ashman and W. Prior as to weighing of teams not later than 8th August.

Grouping for all Inter-Departmental Competitions is the same as for Football, &c.

Entries will be taken on the Field for Events Nos. 15 and 23.

### Hon. Secretaries:-

G. R. ASHMAN.

A. McLean.

R. B. SWAFFIELD.

# Heritage Centre Digitised by Calne

### Friends Elsewhere.



The news that our Chief has at last consented to take a break from the arduous labours of the past months will, we feel sure, give pleasure to all those connected with the Firm, and we hope he will benefit from the change and return improved in health and strength.

We must congratulate Mr. J. Gillett, of this branch, upon his recent marriage, We wish both "Joe" and Mrs. Gillett many happy years of life together. His fellow workers made him a presentation in cash as a token of esteem and wishes for his happiness.

We welcome Mr. Charlie Hancock back after a long and trying illness, and we hope he will continue in his present health and strength.

We have had the pleasure of visits during the month from Mr. R. P. Redman and Mr. T. W. Petherick (of Calne) and also Mr. H. Ludgate (Ipswich). We were sorry that we were unable to greet Mr. Ludgate, who visited us on Whit-Sunday.

Our Chippenham friends paid us a return visit on the 5th May, when football and skittle matches were played between teams from the two factories.

On Friday, the 25th inst., a social evening was spent by the members of the Darts and Skittles Clubs to celebrate the conclusion of the season's activities. A skittle match was arranged between Creamery and Office v. Bacon Factory, at the George Hotel, and resulted in a win for the Factory by 11 pins. Following the game,

supper was taken, presided over by Mr. Kidley, after which songs, yarns, and speeches occupied the remainder of the evening.

Mr. C. B. Shier (Secretary of the Darts Club) and Mr. W. Slater (Secretary of the Skittles Club) presented their reports, and in thanking members for their support in the past, hoped for better things next season, and promised to do all they possibly could to make 1934-35 a record season.

Mr. Kidley presented the Anne Kidley Cup for the highest average score in the Skittles Competition to Mr. E. Cann, remarking at the time that he was pleased to see that it had been taken out of the office—(Mr. Hooper and Mr. Pople being the two previous holders)—as it made keener competition if the trophies went round the various departments. Mr. Cann is to be congratulated on his performance, having hit a record number of pins since the inception of the competition, and he is undoubtedly one of the most consistent and reliable skittlers in the Factory.

The cup, very kindly presented by Mr. J. G. Hooper to the Darts Club, was presented by Mr. Kidley to Mr. Fred Perham, captain of the Creamery team, the first winners of this trophy, which will be held by the winning team for twelve months.

During the evening reference was made to Mr. Bodinnar's indisposition, and the meeting expressed the wish for his speedy recovery to normal health and strength.

The name of Mr. J. G. Hooper was also mentioned in connection with the Darts Club and coupled with a toast.

Messrs. A. G. Kidley, W. Slater, W. J. Young, H. B. Blackmore, I. Davis, H. Strange, and E. Cann contributed to the programme, and after a vote of thanks had been extended to Messrs. C. B. Shier and W. Slater, the secretaries, for the very enjoyable evening which had been arranged by them, the proceedings concluded with "Auld Lang Syne" and "The King."

RCI.

Keep always with you, wherever your course may lie, the company of great thoughts, the inspiration of great ideals, the example of great achievements, the consolation of great failures. So equipped, you can face without perturbation the buffets of circumstance, the caprice of fortune or the inscrutable vicissitudes of life.

—LORD OXFORD.

(Extracts from a poem received from Highbridge. Owing to pressure on our space we regret that we are unable to print it in its entirety).

### FOOTBALL.

HIGHBRIDGE BACON CO., LTD., V. CHIPPENHAM BACON CO., LTD.

The football match (it started,
With ambulance men quite handy),
And after twenty minutes play
Highbridge scored by Sandy.

By this they got excited,

The crowd got in a fury,
Then Chippenham got one—
A penalty by Bewry.

Play up Chippenham!
Highbridge, play the game!
And after thirty minutes
Sandy scored again.

Both teams were very keen, So was Llewellyn on the line, Then Chippenham equalised Pretty near half-time.

On they went again,
And before the whistle blew
Sandy scored again,
Making it 3—2!

Then Davis got his own back
As on the ball he flew,
And made the score for Highbridge
Into 3—2.

Play up Chippenham!
Then they got into form,
And the score was altered
By a splendid goal from Warn.

Then Warn got his back up,
And down the field he tore,
And with a pass from Yeates
He made an even score!

Then Yeates came in the limelight
With the ball on the run,
Now 5—4 for Chippenham,
He scored another one!

Our side was slightly weakening,
One or two forlorn,
But it made them prick their ears up
When another went through from Warn!

Lemon scored the next one,
Then came a surprise—
A goal, my lads, for Highbridge!
From Soloman—the wise.

Then the game it ended, Cheers for both intense, With only 5 for Highbridge, And with 7 against.



May is nearly sped. The grass is lush in the meadows, the blossom of the fruit trees has gone, giving place to the coming fruit. Daily the sun gains in power, despite cold winds and rain, and gives us an occasional foretaste of summer.

Whitsun has come and gone, and although rather dull overhead was yet, in East Anglia, dry and moderately warm, so that practically everybody spent an outdoor holiday.

We have, as usual, had our share of work, and at the moment of writing pigs are coming in fairly well.

Mr. Redman paid us a visit during this month, and we were glad to see him.

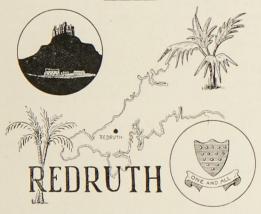
A phenomenon which has long puzzled us is why, when our friends from Calne come to see us at Ipswich, they are always in such a hurry to get back. After long and careful consideration of the problem we have finally arrived at this conclusion:—That Ipswich is such a nice, attractive place, and it's personnel so engaging, that visitors hurry away lest they be tempted to remain permanently. (No prizes are offered for alternative theories).

The holiday season has begun and maps and holiday guides are being anxiously conned for inspiration. Mr. Bodinnar, we hear, is crossing the Atlantic once more, and we all hope that the well-deserved rest and change will be beneficial to him.

A certain gentleman, well known to us at Ipswich, is going on tour in Germany and Austria this summer. Rumour (probably baseless) has it that his lady secretary was much astonished at being addressed as "Fraulein" and that strange sounds, somewhat resembling yodelling, have been heard in the neighbourhood.

Preparations for the Royal Show are well advanced, and Ipswich will be crowded out during Show Week.

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. L. Goodchild, to whom a little son has been born; and also to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Goodchild on the arrival of a small daughter.



On Friday, 11th May, about 180 farmers attended a demonstration held at this Factory, when a number of selected pigs were judged alive and were again carefully examined after the killing and grading had been done. The gathering was addressed by Mr. R. P. Redman and Mr. R. H. Densham, of Crediton (representative of the South-Western area on the Pig Marketing Board).

We have since heard remarks of appreciation from many farmers, who said they were greatly impressed with what they heard and saw.

We seem to have a faint recollection of reading in the pages of this Magazine a long time ago that "a Redruth man," on hearing a certain band at Calne Flower Show, passed the remark "that he wished our band could play like that." In view of this it is interesting to mention that at a Band Contest held a week ago Redruth Band came home with the First Prize and a large Silver Cup.

The annual Whitsun Fair, at Redruth, was attended by thousands of people this year. This is one of the largest fairs in the west, and seems to be as popular as ever. We believe mention of this will bring many happy memories to some of our Redruth friends who are now elsewhere. They will also understand when we say that hundreds of people, as usual, attended the Service in Gwennap Pit on Whit-Monday afternoon. This is a large kind of amphitheatre (originally a mine shaft) and holds hundreds of people. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, preached there on various occasions, and ever since a service is held every Whit-Monday.

W.B.F.

### LEXICOGRAPHY.

Actor.—A man who is egged on by ambition and egged off by the audience.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATA.—An excuse some people use for beating the face off a piano.

Chauffeur.—A man smart enough to work an automobile, but clever enough not to own one.

Dock.—A place for laying up.

Doctor.—One who lays you up.

EARTH.—A solid substance much desired by the sea-sick.

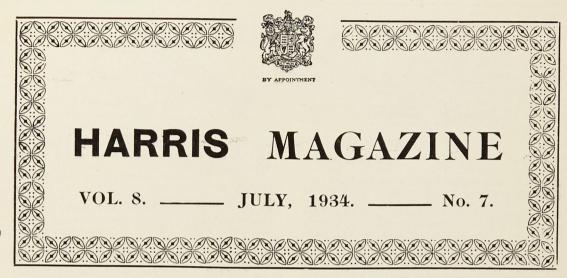
LAUNDRY.—A place where clothes are mangled.

Mosquito.—A small insect designed by Providence to make us think better of flies.

SNORE.—An unfavourable report from head-quarters.

TROUBLE.—Something that many are looking for, but nobody wants.

The true test of any action lies in its motive. Many a deed which seems to be glorious is really mean and ignoble, because it is done with a base intention, while other actions, which appear to be poor and paltry, if we truly understood them, would be seen to be full of the glory and beauty of a noble purpose.





Thardly seems possible that within a few days the anniversary of the period of crisis which culminated in the outbreak of war will occur. So confused were the issues and so scanty the information available that even after twenty years the fog of war which settled on the world has not been entirely dispersed.

The man in the street hardly realised what was happening and was merely excited at the spectacular aspect of detachments of soldiers guarding cables, bridges, and other strategic points, which precaution was taken on the last Thursday or Friday in July. The bank queues occurred on the Friday and Saturday and on the Saturday night anyone making a railway journey saw at each bridge sentries on guard.

But to a people who had with brief breaks enjoyed for a century the piping times of peace, war seemed so far away and so impossible. Sunday was a day of alternating hopes and fears, of real news there was a scarcity, but rumours and alarms reached a crescendo at night when John Bull, with a truly Drake touch, went to bed and rested in preparation for his August Bank-holiday on the morrow.

The morning of that morrow shattered whatever hopes of a reprieve from the horror of war that still lingered in the minds of men. The big battalions were already moving across the face of Europe, and it was known instinctively by one and all that in a few hours our own young men would be committed to a similar journey from which so few would return.

Monday was a day of tense excitement. Holiday excursions were cancelled by the Government as a precautionary measure. Territorials returned from camp to their headquarters. Reservists were mobilised, and Sir Edward Grey made his famous declaration of policy in the House of Commons. Every action taken by the Government emphasized the fact that the die was cast, and late on Tuesday night the crowds wended their way home from music halls and newspaper offices singing patriotic songs at the same time as in the words of the late Viscount Grey, "The lamps began to go out over Europe."



### CHIPPENHAM,

9th July, 1934.

OME of the readers of the Magazine have been kind enough to express appreciation of last month's notes, which happened to have been prepared on an Atlantic liner. It has been suggested that any other impressions that were gained in the same manner would be of interest.

In our modern world there are very few absolute monarchies, but the Captain of a ship has the final authority, and his powers are, according to the circumstance which may arise, practically unlimited. His word is law. Disobedience constitutes mutiny, and mutineers at sea are dealt with according to the traditions and customs of the sea. A great ocean-going liner has its own form of government; it is a complete community proceeding in isolation from port to port. The only authority above the Captain's word has sometimes been Mother Nature herself, when she has taken toll of ship

On board a vessel such as the one on which I travelled, there is a complete Police and Detective Force, and the Master at Arms has his own particular

With authority vested in one man all depends, as in other forms of government, upon the man and the facilities (human, mechanical, and automatic) which enable him to carry out his job. It is of intense interest to see, what one may call, the seat of power from which the Captain's work is done. Two or three of us were invited to the Captain's quarters on the bridge, and upon the bridge we were able to observe methods of control over all the ship's doings. Here the compasses. barometers, and devices for keeping glass clear so that vision may be unimpaired; the array of telephones to all parts of the ship, the special double line to the wireless rooms, and all the other devices of modern science and mechanical control were gathered together in a systematic and easily understandable way.

One very large section of the glass and wood partition behind which the Captain and the Chief Officer were standing was taken up by what appeared to be thousands of small electric flash signals. These denoted an open door here or a closed door there and a thousand and one other things that were happening all over the mighty

In a separate room behind the Captain's lookout were four typical English sailormen, engaged on the work of the steering of the ship.

Well, there we were in the place of control; below were the 60,000 tons of wood and steel. From their places came the distant throb of mighty engines; in their places were the armies of engineers, carpenters, electricians, and all those who, on the mechanical side, were seeing that the framework of the City with its three thousand souls was kept sure and safe so that a successful voyage might be ensured.

Somewhere down below were the cooks, the chefs, the stewards, the deck hands, the doctors. and nurses, the operating theatre, and, in miniature, all the suitable organisation and institutions for the succour and safety of those who had committed themselves to the Atlantic in her mighty, gay, or playful moods. And all this ultimately was the primary responsibility of the Captain on the

Legislation may be passed about shipping; no legislation will ever be passed that can weaken the final word of a Captain, based on his knowledge and judgment in regard to the particular situations over which from time to time he has control of life

A King may nominally have the last word, but in the last test the will of the people that makes a man a King may also unmake a King into a man.

A Prime Minister has the greatest opportunities for public service and may, within his mandate, control the legislative efforts of the House he leads, but Prime Minister or Dictator may not safely take such action or enforce such legislation as in the end would be non-representative of the common sentiments and ideals of the democracy of human hearts and human strivings.

So, if fancy runs away with us once more about these Ocean trips, the analogy of the Captain—his methods, his laws, and his accoutrements-may very much be likened to the daring soul who. whether as individual or head of household, speaks with the real strength of moral fibre and conviction, "I am the captain of my soul." He, subject to the higher dictates of eternal winds and spirit elements, takes command.

It seems as if for ordinary folk there is something in the Captain idea which is applicable to much with which they have to do. The picture comes again to my mind now I am back on land, of those who governed from the bridge that day whilst together we tested the controls of the ship and watched, in glorious sunshine, the breaking of great waves over the bow of the vessel within twenty-four hours of our arrival at what used to be known as "The New World," and which was discovered by those of our own kith and kin who, without the modern marvels of steam and electrical energy, set out under sail with only the stars to guide them on their course in a great adventure.



### Prose Style.

There used to be a fashionable heresy that style was a thing indefinite and independant, to be assiduously cultivated regardless of the importance of matter. Flaubert, the great French novelist, was meticulously careful in discovering not only the "mot juste," but the perfect sentence. But style without ideas becomes nothing but a tiresome mannerism. As Sir Edmund Grose has said, "The perfect union is that between adequate matter and adequate form." The style that is really delightful fits the matter like a glove.

Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as style. We say, indeed, that different writers have different styles, but we instinctively drop the word when we talk of writers of enduring fame. We do not speak of Milton's prose style, but of his prose. Buffon's assertion that "style is the man" is true as applied to the writer of genius. The mode of expression adopted by a great artist is the result of his temperament and character—the outcome of his personality. He discovers for himself the best possible way for saying what he has to say, and to criticise the style of Dickens or of Meredith, to take two widely constrasting masters of fiction, is really to criticise Dickens, because he is Dickens, and Meredith because he is Meredith.

One is annoyed, not so much with the manner of a writer as with the matter, for he could not have written his book in any other way. He may, of course, improve his style, which means that he may arrive at the more perfect expression of what he is compelled by his genius to write. When thought and expression are in perfect harmony the reader, while he is moved by the thought, is intrigued by the personality of the thinker evident in the mode of his expression. One may argue that men of conventional thought and limited imagination—as perhaps Dryden—have often been masters of style, but it is also true that the master stylists in every literature have, as a rule, been the master thinkers.

We might take a few great prose writers whose style gives a definite and intriguing indication of different points of view, qualities, and limitations.

Some critics assert that Dickens had no literary style, but while he sometimes wrote

badly, he was at his best a very great writer indeed. He was a man with a mission. which he had to carry out at immense cost to himself, and genius eager for self-sacrifice can hardly be expected to be concerned with niceties of expression. But there are many pages of Dickens, as Gissing says, "characterised by perfect proportion of detail and interest that never for a moment drops." Micawber's farewell is not only magnificent comedy arising from the mighty creation of character, but is fine art in its balance, in the avoidance of over-emphasis, in the proportion between sentiment that is real and force that is never over-forced. Similarly, the account of David Copperfield's journey to Dover, and the description of the Woolwich marshes in "Great Expectations," show how great a literary artist Dickens was.

Lamb accurately describes his own style when he says: "Better it is that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness than to affect a naturalness (socalled) that should be strange to him." In every one of Lamb's essys there is a quaintness, obviously self-pleasing to the writer, and, in consequence, a delight to the reader. Lamb is the most lovable of all the great writers. He sometimes got drunk, though never, as he once assured a hostess, more than once in the same house. He also had an inveterate love of punning, but, as Mr. Augustine Birrell urges, these were his only

two very grave faults.

The subjects of his essays reveal his wide interests, perhaps always a little superficial, and the expression is fantastic and quaint. He has had many imitators, but, as Mr. Wilfred Whitten says, Lamb's "Essays of Elia" are the least imitable essays in English prose. They are also the most distinctive. They are egotistical, but in the best and finest sense. We read about his joys and sufferings, which, though often disguised (for he loved to mystify), contain the essence of all he knew and felt about life. Everyone should read "Dream Children" and the "Dissertation upon Roast Pig.'

Professor Saintsbury has said that Macaulay's thought and his style were even more intimately connected than is usual. In the style there is the man—a hater of abstract principles, the vaguer forms of poetry, ceremonial, and traditional religion. His judgments, both in the Essays and in the History, are always partial and not to Heritage

Calne

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too numerous to speak of at length, who are masters of style: Borrow, Carlyle, Gibbon, Thackeray, Ruskin, Bunyan, De Ouincey, George Eliot. Hazlitt, to mention only a few. But it should not be difficult for anyone to try and find out how the style of each is the expression of what he thinks. Anyone who prefers modern writers should read Charles Morgan's "Fountain," the slow, unhurried and even style of which is not only the best medium for the theme of the novel, but an admirable model for the ordinary person who is desirous of writing good English.

> K. L. DIXON, B.A. (EDITORIAL NOTE.—This is the fourth

article in the series which we are publishing for the purpose of arousing interest in the Works Library and Study Circles which are to be inaugurated in the autumn).

The man who confers a kindness should be silent concerning it; he who receives it should proclaim it.—Seneca.

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

An engine that expends all its steam in whistling has nothing left to turn the wheels. All that we can save in noise we gain in power.



CARNIVAL & FLOWER SHOW SECTION.

THE

### ANNUAL **FLOWER SHOW**

will be held on

Saturday, August 11th, 1934.

Do not delay sending your entries both for Flower Show and Sports, to the Hon. Secretaries. They will appreciate early entries.

LOOK OUT FOR PROGRAMMES GIVING FULL DETAILS.

### The Battle of the Bridges.

NE of the greatest authorities of London is the Port of London Authority. This shows how great is the importance of our London river, and that our City started as a Port and has grown up as a Port. The river is, and must be. the dominating feature.

And so quite inevitably, with the river flowing through the heart of the City, the question of the bridges that span the river give rise to continued discussion. In my time the Tower Bridge has been built and London Bridge and other bridges have been widened. And always there has been a clash of opinion, as indeed there now is about Waterloo Bridge. The newly-elected London County Council have decided to pull down the present bridge and replace it. The decision is not entirely popular because in the first place the bridge that is to be demolished has the finest lines of any of the Thames bridges, and there are other bridges, such as the fearful Hungerford grid iron, at Charing Cross, which is not only an eye sore. but little use, and an example of how not to do it.

There are many who think Rennie's Waterloo Bridge should not be demolished but re-conditioned, and further, one had great occasion to speculate on how far the Waterloo Bridge scheme is being considered in relation to London as a whole, and to the convenience of the London people. For it is a most unfortunate fact that, great City as it is, London is a thing of shreds and patches which has developed on no set plan, but on haphazard tinkerings. There have been plans such as that of Wren's, which had it been adopted at the right time would have given to us those many wide spacious roads which all too late we discover are now required to deal properly with the traffic problem. I have only made one short stay in Paris, but I saw then that the difference between London and Paris is that London has developed haphazard, while Paris is a City built to plan. In addition to Wren's plan there was the Nash scheme, which was started at Regent Street and should have developed all that large district which covers the ground from Charing Cross to Regents Park.

It will not do to think that this matter

of town plans applies only to London. Town planning as it is now called affects everyone. All over England muddle and mess and sheer ugliness, with wanton destruction of natural beauty, is allowed to go unchecked because the dwellers in towns and hamlets are too apathetic to interest themselves in local matters.

Just recently a new Priestly book has been published, "The English Journey." This book is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of England and brings to light much that should be known.

R.E.H.

### TENNIS AMONG THE JUNIORS.

It is pleasing to notice the number of juniors patronising the tennis courts at Lickhill this season. Quite a few show promise of future ability, and to them we would say that tennis players are not made in a season, or even two or three, but if they persevere and take every advantage of the facilities offered their play will develop in such a manner as to ensure in the future the utmost enjoyment the game undoubtedly affords to those who can play a fairly good game. So, Juniors, stick to it.

\* \* \* Father: Who is the laziest boy in your class, Tack?

Jack: I dunno.

Father: I should think you would know. When all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is it sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?

Jack: Teacher!

A rather deaf lady found herself sitting beside a surgeon at dinner. She asked. "Should I call you Dr. T—or Mr. T.—?"

"Call me what you like, madam," he replied, and added, genially, "Some of my

friends call me an old fool.'

"Ah," she rejoined, not hearing correctly what he had said, but anxious to be pleasant, "those are the people who know you intimately!"

Men are valuable just in proportion as they are able and willing to work in peace and harmony with other men. When a person loses his ability to co-operate with others he has joined the Down-and-out Club.

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### A Trip to the French Riviera.

(Continued).

PART V.

On the morning of July 16th we went to the part of Nice called Cimiez, where we saw huge and magnificent hotels (Riviera Palace, Regina Hotel with Queen Victoria's statue in front of it, the Prince of Wales Hotel, and many others). We walked as far as the Cimiez Amphitheatre, dating from the time of the Romans. Here it may be interesting to mention that Nice used to be the port of the Roman town of Cimiez. We passed by le Chateau de Cimiez (Cimiez Castle), but were unable to enter, and went from there to the Negresco Baths (Nice), where we bathed. It was not so nice as the day before as the sun was not shining. The weather improved in the afternoon, however, and after lunch we went for a charabanc ride as we had done on the previous day, but in the opposite direction. We enjoyed the excursion immensely, most of it being right in the mountains. We passed by St. Laurent du Var and Cagnes, and had a lovely view of St. Paul's fortress, dating from the third century. We stopped at a small village called Vence, where we visited a pottery establishment, not where it is made, but where a lot of it is sold and despatched all over the world, especially England and America. We saw pottery of all kinds and colours, large and small, the majority of which had a grasshopper on (the symbol of Provence). All this pottery is manufactured in that part of France called Provence. We noticed a very old fountain close to the pottery and an old Roman door. We then resumed our journey, passing by the Tourettes de Vence and open country with innumerable olive trees, which was quite a change from the green pastures and apple trees, wheat and oat fields of Normandy.

We then entered a very picturesque part, passing over a viaduct and along a narrow road with just enough room for our charabanc to pass, with a huge mountain wall on the one side and a precipice on the other. We got down to have a look at this ravine, where the water was rushing along amongst great stones. We took a snap of this beautiful wild spot, called the "Gorges du Loup," but did not get a clear one. It would, however, be impossible for a photo-

graph to do justice to the beauty of the

A little farther on we noticed an inscription in memory of 15 workmen who were killed in making this particular road, the rocks having fallen on them and buried them. This made us feel very sad and we thought how grateful we should be to all those who had worked so hard and given their lives to make the mountain accessible to tourists like ourselves. It is wonderful how the mountains have been pierced and such a lot of nice roads made in them; it must have taken years to arrive at such results, and at what a price! We saw men stripped to the waist, hammering the rocks to break and pierce them. We got out again at the "Saut du Loup" after passing the Cascade de Gourmes. For a franc we were able to get on a bridge over a cascade, this particular Saut du loup." A tremendous lot of water was rushing down at full speed, forming such a lot of foam. In one place, probably where the sun was shining, we could see a small rainbow. This was not our imagination as it is a recognised fact that it can be seen. We bought some cards and had refreshments on a terrace close to the cascade in this place away from everywhere. We only saw one family there, a young couple and their baby, but they seemed quite happy. They apparently lived on the sale of refreshments for tourists, cards, and "souvenirs," and did not feel lonely as they had visitors every day.

From there we went up a zig-zag road until we reached a village called Gourdon at an altitude of 837 metres, or 2,746 feet. It was ever so thrilling ascending to this height up such a steep road with continual turnings. Gourdon is a very old village away from the world, and apparently a very healthy spot. We had seen this village looking like a tiny speck in the distance, and it was quite interesting to go right up there and to look down upon the depths we had ascended from, and the winding road along which we had travelled. A lot of lavender was sold at Gourdon as a great quantity grows in that part. We saw a lot of it, but it was forbidden to pick any, this being probably the only thing which the people of Gourdon could make any money on. The inhabitants of this village seemed quite happy up there, and apparently lived to a good old age, as we saw some old ladies (in old-fashioned clothes and hats) who looked about 90 to 100 years

old. Gourdon is built on a rock and we were told that an American lady, tired of the world had bought a house and garden up there. We walked up a few hundred yards to reach the highest point, but were unable to take a snap as it was rather misty.

From Gourdon we went on to Grasse along a road bordered with rocks on both sides. Amongst these we noticed a huge rock with a large hole in it, called "La roche trouée." We also saw quantities of olive trees and bushes of broom in full bloom.

D.G.T.B.

(To be Continued).

### Strike Experience in South America.

You will have noticed in the papers during the early part of this year that several of the Continental towns have had some thrilling times owing to the populace getting out of hand, and, from that, you will understand what it is like to be a resident under such circumstances. All human beings are hysterical, but the Latins are particularly so in this respect, and a few have only to show their excitement to make the whole crowd go mad for the time being. Then they start wrecking buildings, burning tramcars, looting, &c., which is followed by the Military being called out and martial law proclaimed.

While living in Pernambuco, where the largest and most important shipping companies and exporters were English, as well as the railway and the electric trams and lighting, English capital controlled most of the labour.

To start the trouble the stevedores went on strike and were followed by every other form of labour, even to native clerks in offices who went out in sympathy, resulting in all labour in the port, the trams, light, and commerce being completely paralysed.

At this time I was living 20 miles up the line, in a small village where the railway loco shops and stores depot were, and this place was a perfect hot-bed of agitators. We were expecting the strike and I arranged with my stable companion, as I would not be able to get home when it was declared, to send the houseboy down to the English Club with my horse, and I would ride to

and fro each day. The strike was declared. The slogan was, "Down with the English," and the situation became so ugly that we all had to register at the Consulate, receiving identification certificates, and the Consul got into touch with the H.M.S. Hyacinth, visiting the neighbouring waters, to be prepared to take off the women and children. Also, at the request of the Consul, all Englishmen who were responsible for labour were given two soldiers as a body guard, and these soldiers sat outside their office doors and followed them wherever they went.

During the fifteen days the strike lasted I rode daily the twenty miles to and from home, and every day my morning and evening encounters with the natives were thrilling.

There was another Englishman living in the village, but he was in town, unable to get up to his wife and youngsters, and as the mail steamer had arrived he asked me to take up his wife's letters. I generally got home about six o'clock, and Blake, my stable companion, and myself decided to deliver these letters after dinner, so about eight o'clock we wandered over to the Cottons, whose house was about a mile away, without seeing a soul. On getting there we found it all barred, bolted, and in darkness, so we knocked and shouted to Mrs. Cotton who we were and then we learned that the strikers had been there and fired several shots through the windows, scaring her and her children out of their wits. On our return home we had to cross a bridge over the river, and under the only lamp in the village (an oil one), which stood at one end of it, and there we found the strikers holding a mass meeting, which we had to pass through.

While making our way through the mob, Blake was leading, and as he passed under the lamp, a man drew a pistol on him, but before he could shoot a wiser and saner native in the crowd hit his hand up and said, "Don't shoot, they have more cartridges than you."

My heart was in my mouth for the moment. Fortunately Blake did not see the pistol, but merely heard the remark.

The strike lasted a fortnight, and it was daily occurences such as this that gave us some real good thrills.

The cook always seems to make the most of what the family doesn't like.

## Centre Heritage Calne Digitised

### HARRIS WILTSHIRE BACON AND TINNED PROVISIONS FOR THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

It is very interesting to learn that the provisioning of the Oxford University Ellesmere Land Expedition, which is being organised by Oxford University and the Royal Geographical Society, has been placed in the hands of Messrs. C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd., Calne, Wiltshire.

The object of the expedition is general survey and geological work with an eye to the possibility of aviation and of future air routes in these parts of the Arctic regions.

The provisions include Harris' Wiltshire bacon, packed in canvas and salt in wooden cases, and a wide range of provisions in tins. These include sausages, lard, ox tongues, Irish stew, and Haricot mutton. There will also be included a consignment of Marsh and Baxter's York hams, packed in canvas and salt. All the cases have been made of such a size to allow of their being handled by Eskimo porters.

Ellesmere Land is situated in Canadian Arctic territory adjacent to North-West Greenland, so that the members of the party will be exposed to the severest weather conditions.

The leader of the Expedition is Dr. Noel Humphreys. A point of special interest in connection with the expedition is that a prominent member of the party is Mr. Edward Shackleton, who was the surveyor to the Oxford University Exploration Club Expedition to Sarawak (Borneo), 1932. Mr. Edward Shackleton is the son of the late Sir Ernest Shackleton, who died on on board the "Quest" in January, 1922, when he was at the head of the Shackleton-Rowett Antarctic Expedition.

The Canadian Government have attached Sergeant Stallworthy, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and A. W. Moore, Robert Bentham, and David Haig Thomas are the other members.

Mr. Bodinnar, who had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Edward Shackleton about his expedition, sent a telegram to him as under before the ship sailed:—

"Sincerest good wishes to you and your colleagues in the expedition you are undertaking. Good health, happiness, and safe return." It will interest our readers to read Mr. Shackleton's reply:—

"Many thanks for telegram and good wishes expedition. Grateful for your help."

### PERSONALITY.

Boy: The manager said there was nobody in the shop like you.

Salesman: Did he? That is flattering. Boy: He also said it was a good thing, too.

"Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbour, "to ask you to take tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No, she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind. That's all she said."

### \* \* \* BUILD TO-DAY.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

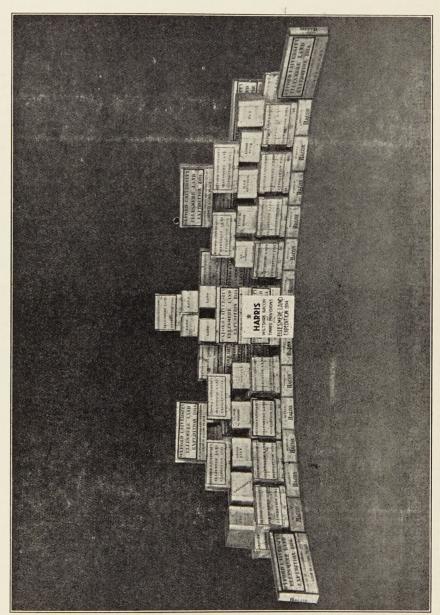
Longfellow.

A boy's voice "breaks" because his voice-box increases in size and the vocal cords are lengthened. That brings the deeper tone.

### FROM A TYPIST'S DICTIONARY.



PIG SKIRTING — PIG SHIRTING.



REGIONS. ARCTIC FOR **PROVISIONS** AND BACON WILTSHIRE

### The Cinema and Adult Education.

Adult education is a term which can cover almost the whole range of man's knowledge or endeavour, or it may be used in an honourable but restricted sense to describe intensive study undertaken by men and women whose early education has been interrupted. In the past there has grown up a rather artificial distinction between the two uses. There was a tendency to distinguish sharply the vocational from the cultural, the technical school from the art school, the class in mechanics from the class in economics, apprentice training from learning to read good books. Now, increasingly, teachers and learners are realising the interdependence of art and craft, of skill and knowledge, of technology and civilisation. Those who serve Adult Education to-day in the more formal sense are deeply concerned to broaden the basis on which it rests; to extend the scope and aims of the work; and to use all new means to their ends which modern invention suggests. The new visual and aural aids to learning are challenging the long established dominance of the printed word. The gramophone, the cinema and broadcasting (perhaps soon television), are now recognised as a force in national life. Nowhere can they serve us better than in Adult Education. So far the film has been little used, but the gramophone and wireless are already tried instruments. Experimental work is meanwhile actually proceeding-in South Devonshire, under the auspices of the Workers' Educational Association, a promising experiment has been undertaken to test the practical value of films in Adult Education. This takes the form of, firstly, the formation of a film society in a market town to show cultural films on Sunday evenings; secondly, the presentation, with the aid of a touring van, of selected programmes of educational films to a group of villages unprovided with a cinema; and thirdly, the production of amateur films. The local resident Workers' Educational Association tutor is in charge of the experiment. A series of films in English Phonetics is now in course of preparation, under the educational guidance of Mr. A. Lloyd James, who has already used broadcasting successfully in the teaching of English. The Regent Street Polytechnic has for years set a noble example of the application of the cinema to educational needs. A principal writes: "There is a big field for the use of cinematography in demonstrating the up-to-date results of research in all departments of commerce and industry to older people who have passed the stage of attending normal courses in technical colleges. It is well known that visual impressions are much more penetrative than aural impressions, consequently demonstrations by films are better than mere lectures."

Before one deals with the development and service of the educational film in the country, let us survey how other countries are dealing with the subject.

In U.S.A. over 47,000 non-theatrical standard projectors are believed to be in operation, and twice that number of 16 m.m. projectors. This estimate includes all kinds of educational institutions as well as Chambers of Commerce, Churches, Clubs, and Welfare Societies.

The Federal Department of Agriculture circulates films inculcating modern methods of forestry and farming. Ten million farmers, it is understood, see these films every year. The department now possess in its library 2,500 films and 3,000 copies are circulated annually tax free. They are exhibited without charge to farmers and in colleges and institutes. Portable projectors are supplied to State Departments, which undertake to carry propaganda from centre

The Department of Mines produces its own films, and deals not only with the mining of coal, iron ore, and copper, but also with the industrial processes connected therewith and especially the production of power in all its forms. The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce has a motion picture division, one section of which deals with educational and industrial films. It has published a complete list of nearly 400 producers of educational films in the United States and is at present conducting an inquiry into the use of educational films by 20,000 schools throughout America. Under a grant from the Carnegie Corporation Harvard University has films in the following fields:-Fine Arts-films on the technical processes—etching, sculpture, &c.; Biology, Geology, Geography, Civics, and Industryfilms depicting manufacturing processes in 75 industries.

Italy offers a good example of what can be done to stimulate agriculture by a determined Government. In 1924 the Government launched a national campaign to bring farming methods up to date, to obtain a better yield from the soil, and to increase the production of wheat. Immediately afterwards the Luce Institute released a film entitled "The Wheat Campaign," and, unaided by Government subsidies, printed 120 positive copies. The film was 2,000 metres in length. It was projected on the same day and at the same hour in 100 Italian cities and in 20 other thicklypopulated townships. In the course of forty days the film was shown in the schools of 2,500 communes; it is estimated that between five and six million persons watched the picture and the enterprise was followed by the whole of the Italian Press. Other films on tuberculosis, open-air life, health education for children, sanatoria, healthy houses, food hygiene, town and country life.

The French Ministry of Agriculture has published a catalogue of films dealing with various aspects of country life and is at once an example of how much can be done. A general propaganda commission attached to the Ministry of Labour, Hygiene, and Social Welfare distribute films directly through its travelling cinema and indirectly through the agencies. In 1920 54 films were lent by the State Educational Museum to Educational Institutions. In 1928-29 the number had grown to 43,500. Films are also used largely by the Ministries of Health, War, and Foreign Affairs.

were also produced.

In Germany the Hygiene Instruction Committee, attached to the Ministry of the Interior, has a film office which gives advice, but does not produce films. The film on Town Planning, produced by Svend Naldew Atelier, Berlin, is a notable example of the use of the documentary film. In U.S.S.R. the production and distribution of health films is as carefully organised as the production of other educational and cultural films. They are produced by the Commissariat of Public Education, advised by the Commis-

sariat of Public Health.

In Japan the Department of Education is expending £30,000 annually on the production of educational films and have produced 110 films of a strongly national character relating to the life and industries of Japan. The Japanese are anxious to keep in touch with the world movement for

the use of the film as an instrument of education and culture, and the national aim is to make the cine education into a kind of social culture movement instead of confining it within the limits of a merely commerical undertaking.

(The next article will deal with what has been done in Great Britain).

### \* \* \* LE 14 JUILLET EN FRANCE.

Le 14 Juillet est un jour férié en France car c'est la fête nationale, commémorant la prise de la Bastille en 1789.

La fête commence la veille au soir par une retraite aux flambeaux avec musique militaire dans les principales rues. Le matin du 14 le canon annonce la journée de fête et de tous côtés on entend des clairons et tambours. Ce sont les soldats et diverses Sociétés se rendant a la revue. Chaque Ville a sa revue mais a Paris elle est magnifique! Au son des musiques militaires, tandis que les avions volent dans le ciel. les troupes défilent devant les autorités (le Président de la Rèpublique, les Ministres, Ambassadeurs et hauts fonctionnaires). On voit les Maréchaux et Généraux célèbres en grande tenue, portant toutes leurs décorations. La foule, toujours nombreuse, applaudit et les acclame. Beaucoup de personnes vont a Paris spécialement pour voir la revue du 14 Tuillet.

L'après-midi il v a des jeux populaires dans toutes les villes et villages, et des représentations gratuites dans les salles de spectacles.

De nombreux drapeaux flottent gaiement aux fenêtres des édifices publics, maisons de commerce, &c.

Le soir les villes sont illuminées (rues, jardins publics, banques, magasins, hotels

de ville, bureaux de poste, &c.)

Il y a des bals et concerts sur les places publiques, et la journée se termine par des feux d'artifice qui attirent chaque année une foule nombreuse composée d'hommes, femmes et enfants; ces derniers sont heureux de l'occasion de rester debout plus tard que d'habitude. C'est un spectacle qui leur plait beaucoup et captive leur attention. Le bouquet final est souvent une magnifique gerbe aux couleurs nationales (bleu, blanc, rouge). Après le feu d'artifice la circulation est difficile comme après le "Tattoo" en Angleterre. Petit a petit chacun regagne sa maison content de sa journée. D.G.T.B.

# Calne Heritage Centre **Digitised**

### Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. A. G. PARK.



Our photograph this month is of Mr. A. G. Park, our popular representative in the Hereford, Cheltenham, and Forest of Dean district.

Mr. Park started his travelling duties with the old and respected firm of Gardner Thomas & Co., of Nelson Street, Bristol, by whom he was employed right up to the time of the link-up (since broken) in 1920.

Mr. Park is a man who takes a thorough pride and interest in his work, and has demonstrated his enthusiasm for Harris products by carrying off more than one selling prize in the past.

He is the personification of geniality and bonhomie, and he must be a very surly customer who has not a courteous word for A.G.P.

We hope that he will be associated with us for many years to come, although he tries to pretend that he is "getting on."

It's friction, not work, that destroys the machine—political, mechanical, commercial, or human.

Ideas are as essential to progress as a hub to a wheel, for they form the centre around which all things revolve.



At Derry Hill Parish Church on July 2nd, Miss Phyllis Gibbons was married to Mr. William Hazel, of Chippenham.

The bride was dressed in a floral lido dress with hat to match and was attended by two bridesmaids dressed in pink.

Miss Gibbons completed five years in the Sausage Department.

The present from her friends in the factory consisted of an oval mirror.

We suggest that the three young ladies who recently went to the baths for a swim and did not enter because they feared getting wet in the storm should in future take their umbrellas with them as a suitable precaution against the rain.

### WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS

Chief: Your work of late, Jones, has been very perfunctory.

Jones: Thank you, sir. That's the first word of praise I've had since I've been here.—" The Allied Staff Magazine."

He who stops to look each way will cross the road another day. But he who walks across the STOP is liable to be bumped off POP.

### \* \* \* HOLIDAYS.

Mr. and Mrs. Bibbings, of 31, High Street, Totnes, offer to the readers of the "Harris Magazine" holiday accommodation. Centrally situated, near the River Dart and Moors, and within easy distance of Paignton, Torquay, Plymouth, &c. Bed and Breakfast, full board, or furnished apartments optional. Hot and cold water; terms moderate. Note address:—F. R. BIBBINGS, 31, High Street, Totnes (late of the West of England Bacon Co.)



On Tuesday, the 3rd July, we received a visit from a party of 20 students and teachers connected with the Institute of Certificated Grocers, the 17 students being those who secured the highest places in the Institute Final Examinations, 1934.

This year there was a lady present for the first time, Miss Amy Wilson, of Harrogate.

After a thorough tour of the Factories the party were entertained to tea at the Woodlands before proceeding to Bowood to look round the wonderful gardens.

In the evening supper was served at the Lansdowne Arms, when Mr. Bodinnar, president of the Institute, presided.

Mr. Beeching, the Institute secretary, came down specially from London to join the party at Calne, and also Mr. A. J. Harrison, the chairman of the Education Committee.

The Ministry of Agriculture was represented by Mr. B. F. Gregory and Mr. Cundy.

The toast of the Ministry of Agriculture was proposed by Mr. Beeching and replied to by Mr. Gregory.

Mr. Cundy, also from the Ministry, proposed the toast of the Institute, to which Mr. Bodinnar replied in an address full of good advice to the students who have met with this success at the beginning of their career.

Mr. Harrison also replied.

The toast of "Our Guests" was proposed by Mr. Redman, and replied to by several of the visitors, including Mr. W. G. Copsey, the assistant-secretary of the Institute.

All were unanimous as to the interesting time which they had spent in Calne.

Between the speeches we were splendidly entertained to songs and music by Miss M. Fennell, Miss I. Gainey, and Mr. Herbie Webb.

The proceedings closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

We are very sorry to say that Mr. J. P. Cartwright, of Cardiff, is one of the sufferers from the heat wave, being subject to a very nasty attack on the 6th of July.

We are glad to say that the doctor is satisfied with his progress, but he will have to take great care for some little while to come.

In connection with the transfer of Mr. J. Hudson, of Newcastle, to duties on another territory, an interesting function took place in Newcastle on the 7th July. Mr. Hudson's old colleagues entertained him to dinner and presented him with a silver cigarette case.

Mr. Dobson Dodds presided and read a letter which he had received from Mr. Bodinnar stating his pleasure in hearing of the occasion which it was intended to celebrate. A very pleasant evening was spent.

### \* \* \* \* AS IT LOOKED TO HIM.

"Where are you going," the teacher wrote on the board.

"Johnny, read that," she said. Johnny did so. Then the teacher added the question mark at the end of the sentence.

"Now read it, Johnny."

"Where are you going, little button hook," said Johnny.

### \* \* \* HE WASN'T FUNNY.

Leaving home for a week, she insisted on taking two trunks, four hat-boxes, and three suit-cases.

"I wish we'd brought the piano," said her husband when they reached the station.

"That's not funny," she replied frigidly.
"I'm not trying to be funny," said he:
"I left the tickets on it."

Nobody adequately appreciates the other fellow's knowledge and skill until he competes with him.





1st XI.

June 2nd, versus Old Colstonians, at Lickhill. Harris won by 133 runs (191 to 58). A good performance, eight of our players reaching double figures. D. Dolman 30, F. I. Nash 28, I. J. Taylor 28, S. L. Drewell 25, J. Archard 18, B. Gough 17, not out, P. Carter 16, and R. King 12. Bowling performances:—I. J. Taylor 6 for 28, Ratcliff 4 for 20.

June 8th, versus Chippenham 2nd XI., at Lickhill, Harris won by 72 runs (127—55).

F. I. Nash 33 not out, R. Swaffield 23, P. Carter 18, K. Haines 15, and P. Doble 13. Bowling—I. J. Taylor 7 for 31, F. I. Nash 2 for 9, and P. Carter 1 for 10.

June 16th, versus Wills' C.C. (Swindon), Harris lost by 20 runs (82—102).

F. I. Nash 29 not out, R. Swaffield 17, I. J. Taylor 16. Bowlers—I. J. Taylor 6 for 28, F. I. Nash 3 for 28, P. Carter 1 for 28.

June 23rd, versus G.W.R. (Swindon), Harris lost by 16 runs (117 to 133 for 7 wickets).

D. Dolman 37, S. L. Drewell 33, R. Swaffield 23. Bowling—S. L. Drewell 2 for 20, P. Carter 1 for 6, I. Ratcliff 1 for 14, I. J. Taylor 1 for 53. Opponents performed the hat trick in last over.

June 27th, versus Calne C.C., at Lickhill, Harris won by 55 runs (123 to 68).

R. Swaffield 37, K. Haines 27, P. Carter 22, R. Stevens 22 not out, D. Dolman 10. Bowling performances—P. Carter 3 for 0, A. Sutton 3 for 5 (8 maiden overs out of 10), R. Stevens 3 for 38, F. I. Nash 1 for 23. The last twelve overs bowled by Harris were all maidens.

June 30th, versus Savernake Forest C.C., at Lickhill, Harris lost by 17 runs (73—90).

K. Haines 18, J. Bromham 13, J. Archard 12 not out. Bowling—P. Carter 5 for 23, F. I. Nash 4 for 23, T. Ratcliff 1 for 23.

### 2ND XI.

June 2nd, versus Seagry, at Seagry, Harris lost by 31 runs (36—67).

None of our players reached double figures. Bowling—R. Stevens 5 for 29, R. Heath 5 for 32.

June 9th, versus Shaw and Whitley, at Shaw, Harris lost by 12 runs (53—65).

A. Bennett 15, A. Sutton 10. Bowling—B. Webb 3 for 14, A. Sutton 2 for 14, R. B. Swaffield 5 for 34, W. F. Angell 2 for 19, I. Brimmer 1 for 10, G. Witchell 1 for 20, and H. Angell 1 for 30.

June 23rd, versus Goatacre, at Goatacre, Harris won by 52 runs (113—61).

R. Stevens 42, J. E. Bromham 29, H. Angell 15. Bowlers—R. Heath 5 for 37, R. Stevens 3 for 13.

June 30th, versus Spye Park, at Spye Park. Harris lost by 18 runs (79—97).

A. Bennett 28, B. Webb 15, R. Cobb 11. Bowlers—R. Stevens 4 for 28, R. Heath 3 for 42, B. Webb 1 for 0, R. Cobb 1 for 23.

### INTERDEPARTMENTAL CRICKET

The Office had an easy task when they played the Boning, Rinding, Lard, and Sausage Departments on June 26th, and won by the comfortable margin of 96 runs. Batting first, the Office made 137, thanks to the following, who made double figures:—R. Swaffield 36, K. Haines, 21, T. Ratcliff 15, J. H. Gillett 14, R. Cobb 14 not out, A. Winter 13. J. Garraway bowled well, securing six wickets for 68. B. Webb had 2 for 9 and H. Miller 2 for 40. Catches were made by H. Bowman, J. Dean, B. Webb,

and Bowman also stumped one. Forty-one was the reply of the Boning Department and Bowman 14 and B. Webb 11 were the only players to reach double figures. Four bowlers were tried with the following successes:—R. Swaffield 3 for 7, S. L. Drewell 3 for 15, F. I. Nash 2 for 7, T. Ratcliff 1 for 6. Catches were effected by S. L. Drewell, P. Gibbons, and R. Cobb.

The Kitchen v. Retort, &c., match, played on July 3rd, was a much closer contest and the success of the latter must be attributed to their running two of their opponents out. The Kitchen, taking first knock, collected 95, and B. Dolman 44 and P. Carter 34. R. King secured 2 for 26, J. Archard 1 for 5, R. Stanley 1 for 21. L. Davies brought off two catches and Archard one.

Thanks mainly to A. Sutton 25, J. Archard 22, and R. King 22, the Retort managed to win by the narrow margin of 9 runs. It was not until W. F. Angell was put on to bowl that such a close finish was expected. Going on when the score was 56 for one, he took five wickets for 25, and caused a little anxiety to his opponents, particularly when in two maiden overs he took three wickets. However, the effort came a little late and the Retort eventually won as stated. P. Carter had 3 wickets for 42 and B. Dolman 2 for 30. Carter, B. Dean, and Dolman brought off good catches.

The final was played on July 6th between the Retort, &c., Department and the Office. Batting first, the latter, with two exceptions, could do nothing against the bowling of B. Gough and A. Sutton. Eight wickets were down for 38. Going in eighth, P. T. Knowles made a splendid 37, which included a six and four four's. R. Swaffield, 14, was the only other player to reach double figures. The total eventually reached 77, A. Sutton obtained 6 wickets for 33 and B. Gough 5 for 35. Catches were made by W. Butler, J. Archard, L. C. Davies, and B. Gough.

The Retort, thanks to efforts by J. Archard 39 (five four's), A. Sutton 19, W. Collis 16 not out, and B. Gough 12, collected 102 for seven wickets and so won the tournament for the second year in succession. The Office tried seven bowlers, the most successful of which were R. Swaffield 3 for 23, P. Gibbons 2 for 0, F. I. Nash 1 for 32. Catches were made by A. McLean, R. Heath,

P. Doble, and P. T. Knowles had a stumping at the wicket.

The tournament has again proved an attraction, and the winners deserve their success; they displayed exceptional keenness in every department of the game. Thanks are due to the umpires—Messrs. C. H. Ducksbury, W. Prior, L. Read, and R. B. Swaffield—who kindly helped in this important part of the game.

A needle game was witnessed on June 19th, when the Warehouse and Retort, &c., Departments met. With one run to make and one wicket to fall, with six preceding wickets falling for 10 runs, excitement was great, and W. Butler, the last man in, by splendid judgment in sneaking two short runs, gave victory to the Retort. Batting first, the Warehouse had an early disaster in F. Flay being bowled off his pads for four at 13. One run later two more wickets fell. D. Dolman made a splendid effort by scoring 30, and as one or two of the tail-enders collected a few—particularly A. Butler, 12 not out—the total reached 71. This was better than at one time anticipated. B. Gough and A. Sutton bowled unchanged, the former obtaining 6 wickets for 36 and the latter 4 for 31. Catches were made by A. Sutton (2), R. King, and G. Mence.

B. Gough and J. Archard gave the Retort a good send off. Archard left at 25, having made 23 of these. A. King helped his side to the extent of 17 runs, but the star performer was B. Gough, who played all through the innings for a most painstaking 46. G. Witchell 6 for 17, F. Flay 2 for 15, R. B. Swaffield 1 for 1, and D. Dolman 1 for 34 were the bowlers. A. Dixon stumped one and caught one, and other catches were made by Dolman (2), G. Gale, Flay, A. Butler. Retort's last wicket put on 37 runs, and the

innings closed at 108.



1ST STRING.

June 2nd, v. Chippenham Park, at Calne. Harris won by 9 matches to 3 (148 games to 90).

Miss F. Angell and A. E. Bull, won 2, lost 1 (36 games to 21). Miss K. Angell and

H. Smart, won 3 lost 0 (32 games to 8). Miss M. Angell and A. Dixon, won 2, lost 1 (47 games to 32). Miss O. Wallis and H. Watson, won 2, lost 1 (33 games to 29).

June 9th, v. Saxby's, at Chippenham. Harris lost by 2 matches to 7, 7 being drawn (148 games to 159).

Miss F. Angell and A. E. Bull, won 1, lost 2, drew 1 (38 games to 35). Miss K. Angell and H. Watson, won 1, lost 0, drew 3 (42 games to 33). Miss M. Angell and A. Dixon, won 0, lost 3, drew 1 (32 games to 46). Miss O. Wallis and E. Cooper, won 0, lost 2, drew 2 (36 games to 45).

June 23rd, v. Trowbridge (Westbourne). at Trowbridge. Harris lost by 8 matches to 3, 5 being drawn (123 games to 166).

Miss F. Angell and H. Watson, won 0, lost 3, drew 1 (24 games to 47). Miss K. Angell and H. G. Smart, won 2, lost 1, drew 1 (40 games to 32). Miss M. Angell and A. Dixon, won 0, lost 2, drew 2 (27 games to 43). Miss S. McLean and E. Cooper, won 1, lost 2, drew 1 (32 games to 44).

June 30th, v. G.W.R. (Swindon), at Calne. Harris won by 13 matches to 3 (216 games to 156).

Miss F. Angell and H. Watson, won 3, lost 1 (54 games to 45). Miss K. Angell and H. Smart, won 4, lost 0 (59 games to 32). Miss M. Angell and E. Cooper, won 3, lost 1, (54 games to 48). Miss O. Wallis and A. Dixon, won 3, lost 1 (49 games to 31).

### 2ND STRING.

June 9th, v. Saxby's, at Calne. Saxby's won 15 matches to 1 (197 games to 84).

Miss M. Fennell and N. Potter, won 1, lost 3 (24 games to 44). Miss S. McLean and R. Stevens, won 0, lost 4 (34 games to 51). Miss I. Burry and W. Hillier, won 0, lost 4 (0 games to 48). Miss V. Woodward and H. Brittain, won 0, lost 4 (26 games to 54).

June 16th, Wills' (Swindon), at Swindon. Harris won 11 matches and drew 2, lost 3 (168 games to 99).

Miss K. Angell and H. Watson, won 4, lost 0, drew 0 (48 games to 5). Miss O. Wallis and N. Potter, won 3, lost 0, drew 1 (47 games to 22). Miss S. McLean and R. Stevens, won 2, lost 1, drew 1 (43 games to

33). Miss C. Bishop and H. Brittain, won 2, lost 2, drew 0 (30 games to 39).

June 30th, v. G.W.R. (Swindon), at Swindon. G.W.R. won 11 matches to 5 (185 games to 15).

Miss J. Ellery and S. Toogood, won 0, lost 4 (13 games to 48). Miss M. Fennell and N. Potter, won 1, lost 3 (41 games to 49). Miss S. McLean and R. Stevens, won 2, lost 2 (55 games to 45). Miss V. Burness and H. Brittain, won 2, lost 2 (45 games to 43).

An American Automatic Handicap Tournament was organised on June 15th and 17th, and a splendid entry of 34 was received. The tournament was played in two groups and the winner of each group met to decide the contest. In this final Miss Doris Hillier and R. Cousins and Miss W. Weston and W. Smith met, the former winning by 6-3, 5-6, 6-5

### FLOWER SHOW.

Owing to the drought it is anticipated that entries to the Flower Show will not be up to the usual number or standard, so we appeal to our members to help us in this difficulty by doing their best to enter in the Show, even if their produce is not up to expectations. We also appeal to many old exhibitors who used to exhibit, but who of late years have refrained from doing so, to again come along and help us.

The Schedule of Sports, published last month, has been generally approved—particularly the inclusion of cycle events has met with approbation. We want all athletes to come along and give us record entries. The Inter-Departmental events should prove attractive, and this year it is hoped every department will send a representative team to compete.

\* \* \*

The typewriter was invented in 1867. Crabs chew their food with their legs. There are 11,000 rooms in the Vatican. A kangaroo could jump a fence 11ft. high. Frogs cannot breathe with the mouth

Only one man in 203 is over 6ft. in height.

Eighty per cent. of weather forecasts are correct.

### FLOWER SHOW SPORTS.

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11th, 1934.

No. Time.

1.—2.30.—Inter-Departmental Relay Race (Ladies).

2.—2.40.—Inter-Departmental Relay Race (Men).

3.—2.45.—Half-mile Cycle Race (Girls under 18 years of age).

4.—2.55.—Mile Cycle Race (Boys under 18 years of age).

5.—3.15.—440 Yards Race (Men, 18 years of age and over).

6.—3.20.—Sack Race, 25 Yards (Ladies).

7.—3.30.—100 Yards Race (Boys under 18 years of age).

8.—3.40.—High Jump.

9.—3.50.—100 Yards Race (Men, 18 years of age and over).

10.—4. 0.—Sack Race, 50 Yards (Men).

11.—4.10.—Inter-Departmental Tug-of-War. (10 Men, aggregate weight 110 stone. Departments may enter more than one team).

12.—4.35.—Three-Legged Race, 50 Yards (Ladies.)

13.—4.40.—220 Yards Race (Boys under 18 years of age).

14.—4.50.—Half-Mile Race (Men, 18 years of age and over).

15.—5. 0.—Veterans' Race for Silver Medallists of Calne and Associated Factories. 100 Yards. Handicap.

16.—5. 5.—Veterans' Race, for Gold Medallists of Calne and Associated Factories. 50 Yards. Scratch.

### INTERVAL.

17.—6. 0.—Long Jump.

18.—6.10.—100 Yards Race (Ladies).

19.—6.20.—Four-legged Race (Men).

20.—6.30.—Inter-Factory Tug-of-War. (8 Men, aggregate weight 100 stone).

21.—6.50.—100 Yards Race, Final (Men, 18 years of age and over).

22.—6.55.—Thread-the-Needle Race (Wives of Members). 50 Yards.

23.—7. 0.—Inter-Departmental Tug-of-War (Final).

24.—7.10.—Half-Mile Cycle Race (Girls, 18 years of age and over).

25.—7.20.—Mile Cycle Race (Men, 18 years of age and over).

26.—7.40.—Inter-Factory Tug-of-War (Final).

### CONDITIONS.

Entrance to all Competitions Free.

Entries should reach the Hon. Secretaries on or before August 4th, after which date no Entries will be accepted. This also applies to Tug-of-War Teams. Coaches of Teams should make arrangements with Messrs. G. R. Ashman and W. Prior as to weighing of teams not later than 8th August.

Grouping for all Inter-Departmental Competitions is the same as for Football, &c. Entries will be taken on the Field for Events Nos. 15 and 23.

Hon. Secretaries:-

G. R. ASHMAN.

A. McLean.

R. B. SWAFFIELD.

# Centre Heritage Digitised by Calne

### Friends Elsewhere.



We convey our sympathy to Mr. B. F. Pinfield, who has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis at the Chippenham Cottage Hospital. At the time of writing he is reported to be progressing very favourably, and we hope he may make a speedy recovery and in the future be maintained in permanent good health.

As a result of the kind consideration of our Chief it has been possible to arrange the employees' annual outing for Saturday, July 21st. This year Weston-super-Mare is the chosen venue, which will give a short journey and a long day.

### HIGHBRIDGE.

The Welfare Association Committee are now getting their plans well under way for the Annual Show and Sports to be held this year on Saturday, 25th August. The only thing now required is fine weather to ensure a successful day.

The younger members of the Association have been agitating for a football club for some while, and at a meeting held recently further steps in this direction were taken.

We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Haines and family and Mr. Burchell (all of Calne) a few days ago.

Messrs. W. Slater and C. Turner have been on the sick list during the past month. The former has been able to return to his work, but the latter is still in hospital convalescent after an operation. We wish him a speedy recovery. We feel sure the deepest sympathy of everyone connected with the Firm is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holley and their family in the tragic bereavement they have recently suffered.

R.C.L.

### IPSWICH.

The longest day has come—and gone—and 1934 has passed its meridian.

To we East Anglians, perhaps the most eventful day in June was Saturday, the 23rd, when we all went to Skegness for our Annual Outing. The clerk of the weather turned a kindly eye on us and gave us a really fine day, whilst Mr. Secretary Storey and his Committee saw to it that the day's arrangements were well organised and well carried out.

We had the pleasure of again seeing Mr. Redman during the month.

Preparations for the Royal Show have now reached the "frenzied" stage, and literally trainloads of exhibits are arriving daily. The Show will reach its climax on Wednesday, July 4th, when the Prince of Wales will visit Ipswich. We all hope that the trade and industries of the town will derive a lasting benefit from the "Royal."

With ourselves trade has been brisk and pigs plentiful throughout June.

Our holiday season is in full swing, and the improved weather of the last few days has greatly cheered a lucky few.

We were all greatly concerned at the illness of Mr. Markwell, who, although a recent addition to our staff, very speedily won his way into our good graces. Our best wishes for a speedy recovery, friend Markwell!

Our sympathy is extended, also, to Mr. Rackham, of the Slaughter Department, who was so unfortunate as to suffer a severe scalding, and we hope soon to hear of his recovery.

Congratulations to Mr. W. Eaton on the arrival of a little daughter, and to Mr. C. Dorset and his small son.



### REPORT OF ANNUAL OUTING

HARRIS SOCIAL CLUB.

The annual outing of our Social Club took place on June 23rd, and we were able to spend a number of hours by the sea.

This year we had decided upon Brighton, often known as "London by the sea," as there are a considerable number of London business men who reside there. In just over an hour from Victoria we were inhaling the wonderful air for which Brighton is known.

With a couple of hours to spare before lunch everyone seemed to be successful in attaining a good appetite. Well catered for, there seemed to be a feeling of complete satisfaction.

There are plenty of amusements at Brighton and something to suit all tastes. Some of the more robust could not resist the temptation of being at the seaside without having a bathe. Others decided they would pay a visit to the aquarium, where it may be possible to catch more fish than from the end of the pier. Others spent the afternoon in a game of bowls, first having to walk what seemed miles in search of a green. The jack was found to be very elusive owing to the green being very fast, and having to cope with sudden gusts of wind. A hard game was fought as it was decided the losers should foot the bill for the cost of the green. Sympathies were extended to them for their enforced generosity, and, alas, a few went to the dogs, but all news of any happenings has been a tight secret up to the present.

The time rapidly slipped by, and after a long day with beautiful weather, we were ready to catch the 9.45 train and seek the comfort of our Pullman coach.

G. COLES.



Without having a bathe.



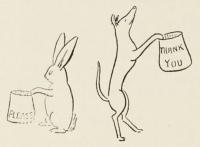
We were inhaling the wonderful Air.



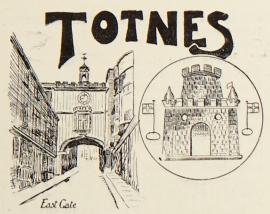
Visit to the Aquarium.



Very fast having to cope with the sudden gusts of wind.



A few went to the dogs.



OUR OUTING.

US GOE'S UP DEBEM.

I s'pose us 'ad better let 'ee naw us 'ad another outing this year and went up drew Debem. T'was a middlin' good trip and the weather keep off purty well till us gets back to Exeter, then us comes into it proper, rained like cats and dogs, but us diden care 'cos the day was nearly over and there's nort to see out the ordinary comin' 'ome from Exeter.

Well, let's get goin'. There was forty o' us started, and I'm plaised to say forty o' us comes back as sound as us goes away, but that's goin' away from the point. Us left Totnes to go up to Lynton and Lynmouth. Aye, that's were t'was us went, and a purty

trip t'was, too.

Us leaves yer nark 'cos t'is a middlin'
way up round there, and us diden get out

way up round there, and us diden get out till us gets to Crediton, then only jist to stretch our legs a bit. From there us goes on till some o' us gets wat they calls "an acking void," and so 'aves to stop fur a

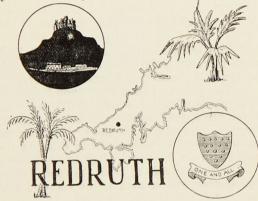
little ate.

Shuvin off from there us arrives to Barnstaple in time fur a proper dinner. Diden us get it back—plenty of spuds, mait, and pais—and us wadden behind the door in asking fur more, I can tell 'ee. There was the usual speachifyin' just to 'mind us that us was on the Factory Outing, then us gets on the road to Lynton and Lynmouth.

T'was a purty road, nice vews to the left, nice vews to the right, good in frint, splendid to looksee back and see were us 'ad come from, till with craining yer neck wan then tother he gits quite stiff and youm obliged to keep lookin in frint.

A last us gits there and steap! Caw! you wants to go up there and see the gert

'ills, like the roofs of 'ouses. You can't a much a walk up ore sum of um. But t'is sum purty up there, lovely scenery and a cliff railway wat takes the foaks up and down and a fine git up t'is, too. Saves you legs a tidy step or two. But wats the use of me tryin' to tell 'ee you wants to—(call round and see it some time). Well, us 'ad gone as far as us could so draws up our anker and comes way 'ome, an' as I said, us rins into sum 'eavy rain when us gits back Exeter. But who cares? Us 'ad 'ad a lovely day and 'opes to 'ave another next year. So long till then. J.M.



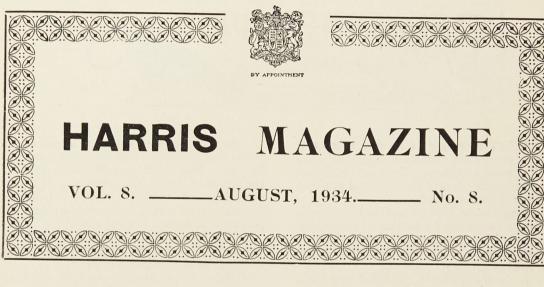
The Royal Cornwall Show was held at Camborne on June 13th—14th under ideal weather conditions. Our stand, with the usual display, attracted considerable attention, and we had a very busy time. The judge of the bacon pigs this year was Mr. E. E. Marsh, who took the opportunity of paying a brief visit to this Factory whilst in the district.

We are glad to be able to report that W. J. Trudgen is improving after his illness, and that Reggie Cooke continues to make steady progress.

At a cricket match held recently, in which various Factory employees were either players or spectators, it was discovered that another 4lbs. of currant cake was required for tea. A certain youth hurried away to the nearest shop, but on his return the ladies were surprised to find that he had bought 4lbs. of currants; he apparently thought the cake would be baked while the match was in progress. The batting ability of the team in question during the present season could hardly warrant such a display of optimism.

W.B.F.

by Calne Heritage Centre





SCATTERED about the country there are a number of halls which stand as memorials of a movement to improve the culture of the mass of people. These halls were known as Mechanics' Institutes and were the headquarters of an organisation started in the twenties of the last century.

Many men had by dint of application and hard work managed to improve their status, but the obstacles were so great that the majority of the people continued in a state of mental inferiority. For a time the Mechanics' Institutes were the centres of movements designed to improve the conditions of the mechanics and skilled workers of the country, and although eventually other societies came into being to continue and develop this good work, the pioneering was done by the Mechanics' Institutes.

There was some snobbish opposition to these attempts to improve the status of the people, but the Prince Consort did much in the early Victorian era to remove these prejudices, and slowly but surely a wider horizon has been given to life, and the mental sweep thus brought into view continues to expand.

Our own contribution in extension of this aim will consist of the Works' Library and Study Circles which are to be inaugurated this autumn. Preliminary announcements will be made in due course and we feel certain that our fellow workers will respond not only for their own, but also for the welfare of the State.

In these days of fierce international competition the race will go to the nations who are strong both physically and mentally.



EVERY new day is an adventure and every night unfolds its tale of achievement or failure. Even in the dullest life there is the lure of the unusual and the thrill of the unexpected.

Active consciousness seems to move in stages and ever the fascination of that which has not been experienced, and which is greatly desired, draws the alert mind along the road of progress.

It is the hitherto unscaled mountain which entices the climber and it is an unexplored region that is the goal of the geographical searcher.

For two months we have talked of ships, and seas, and voyages, and returns, and these have called up memories of "derring do," and Defoe and ADVENTURE.

We are situated in close proximity to the ancient city of Bristol, where for centuries there has been a Society of Merchant Venturers. The membership was not confined to the merchant who backed his judgment when he bought sugar and rum, but included those who provided ships and crews for the conquest and trade of far-off parts.

The double purpose of such an organisation is a fair illustration of the meaning of the terms "Adventuring" or "Venturers," and the spirit behind these things is, to some extent, the grey matter or motive power of living generally.

The passage from the stage of a simple addition sum to the more advanced stages of algebra is an adventure into unknown things, and much of the quality of heroism which characterises ancient and modern history is associated with the search for knowledge.

For example, the test of human endurance provided by those pioneers of medical knowledge who spent weary months and years in fever swamps tracking down the basis for an antidote for malaria ranks amongst the world's achievements.

So that knowledge might be gained of winds and elements then far beyond human ken men like Scott and Shackleton faced the rigors of Arctic Expeditions, and representatives of modern science, such as Piccard and Cosyns, enter stratospheres to penetrate unknown heights above the earth.

For after all knowledge is but the opening of one door beyond which the direction posts lead to yet another.

There is, of course, another class of adventure—of what may be called, perhaps, the rollicking nature. This is found in the pure adventurousness of mind that made our forefathers volunteer for the Spanish Main, or causes modern youth to find service in the Foreign Legion of France.

Perhaps it was this spell that made the good sailormen who had heard of unchartered seas and who saw distant shadows on the horizon go out to claim for England yet more territory and wealth.

There are tales of Raleigh and Frobisher that represent the urge of eternal youth.

Of a different class again are the adventures which may be called Crusades. For they were based on a moral urge of the need for reform.

They produced and still provide the finest types of altruistic service.

We have been reminded recently that the great movement which freed the slave in many parts of the world, and which was largely due to the influence of Wilberforce, has not been completely successful.

Slave labour and slave conditions still exist. The adventure in slave reform is by no means complete. So long as there are methods of slavery in housing, sanitation, and employment, there is work for a social adventurer to do.

In other days men took on the garments of knights and gathered together from Christian lands in a great crusade to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel. There is still a job of work to be done in national and social life, and there is no adventure so well worth while as that which raises the status of the standard of living, the happiness and the spiritual well-being of those concerned.

It was on such crusades as these that those who devoted the remainder of their lives to work in leper colonies went voluntarily, and it was in the same spirit that men like Father Ignatius, Wm. Booth, Isaiah, and John the Baptist set out on their quest.

There are other adventures like those of the unfledged bird which, before it has the means of movement, seeks to leave the security of its nest for the unplumbed depths below.

Or again, perhaps one of the greatest of all experiences is when two minds and two hands meet as one and the adventure of friendship begins.

You may write and tell me that one need not seek the boisterous life of the Far West or the rigors of the Arctic Circle, because the real adventure begins in the more intimate and common things. Well, I agree; for the newly-opened book may have its revelation, the cult of flowers and trees and the scents of a meadow can speak of divinity, whilst the ordinary relations of home and workshop can envisage the noblest passions of human life.

Perhaps it is the well-equipped mind seeking its fullest use in other spheres which causes the birth of the real and best adventure.

Life will be very dull if it never seeks to feel the way beyond, for it is by personal experience that the fancied vision of beauty can be finally assessed as mirage or reality.

And after all life's venturings, if they by wise choice have brought enrichment and quiet, the greatest experience of all may accompany the lights of reddening skies and an evening star when after "one clear call" one's ship, with flag still flying and under good pilotage, will cross the bar and the adventure into eternal things will have begun.



### OXFORD UNIVERSITY ELLESMERE LAND EXPEDITION.

In our July issue we reproduced a photograph of various provisions which we provided for the above Expedition. This month we have given photographs of various members of the Expedition and the steamer "Signalhorn," which carries them.

This small band of brave fellows arrived at Disko Bay, West Greenland, about August 6th, after being delayed by storms.

In connection with the canned provisions which we have supplied, a newspaper recently published the fact that it is 81 years ago since the ill-fated Polar Expedition, led by Sir John Franklin, perished in the Arctic wastes. It is stated that one of the rescue parties located a sledge on which a tin of bully beef was found, and which has been preserved in Liverpool. The authorities have recently pronounced the contents to be perfectly fresh and edible.

We mentioned in our last publication that it is the intention of the Expedition to weigh up the possibilities of aviation and future air routes in these far-off Arctic regions, and one of the chief objectives is to make the first sledge journey across one of the glaciers of the United States range into Grant Land, an unknown area to the north of Ellesmere Land, which is itself to the north-west of Greenland.

In these days of spectacular feats of human endurance and mechanical triumphs, the start of what at one time would have been an Expedition of national interest has passed practically unnoticed, but in years to come the names of these brave fellows will go down in history.

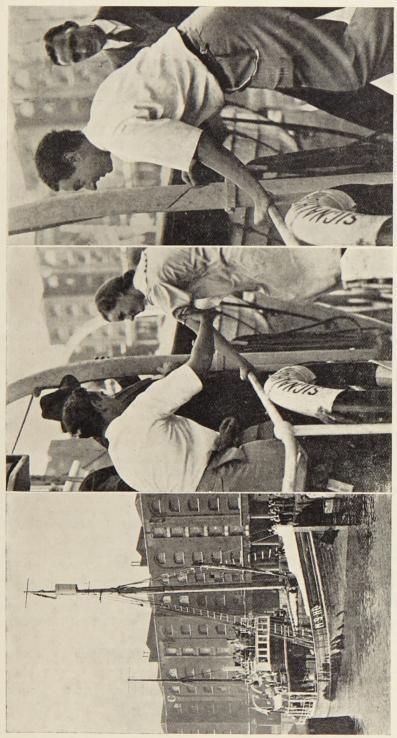
They have all set out with brave hearts and great determination, maybe with just a tinge of regret at leaving all they hold dear behind them, and we doubt if anyone who read of their departure did not breathe a silent "Bon voyage and a safe return" to them.

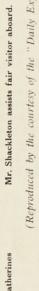
(Photographs on next page)

Better one word in time than two afterwards.

He who wants to dig will find a spade somewhere.

# Digitised by Calne Heritage Centre







- 1.-Mr. Edward Shackleton with some of his comrades.
- Mr. Edward Shackleton with some of fis comrades.
   Dr. Noel Humphreys, Leader of the Expedition & Mr. Edward Shackleton, Organiser.
   Members of the Expedition being addressed by Dr. Noel Humphreys.
   (Reproduced by the courtesy of The "Daily Express").

Heritage

Calne

Digitised

### Reading.

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

OME people read in a haphazard way during brief leisure hours as a reaction against routine of work time, but there is little to be gained by this, as it conduces to a general lack of method and order. An untidy mind leads to untidy habits and lack of self-control. Some say scanty leisure only allows of browsing among the lightest literature, and read only for recreation. But true recreation consists in complete change from one's usual occupation. It is best, therefore, to make a deliberate turn to some subject outside of one's ordinary work. The writer has heard of an eminent eve specialist who makes a close study of history. Life becomes fuller and much more interesting if we can understand and interpret the world around—nature, political and social happenings, &c.

The more that is known of its history, legends, flora, &c., the more interesting does one's home district become. The same is true of holidays, which become really refreshing if we can enter more fully into the life of the district we visit. Opportunities are afforded by local libraries for the study of the history, industries, natural history, &c. It is always a good idea to plan a course for holidays, especially for those who have little or no leisure at other times.

A person possessing real knowledge of a subject such as can only be gained from books is a much more interesting companion, and never a bore. One so often hears the remark, "So-and-so is so very interesting to talk to, he possesses such a fund of knowledge on so many subjects "-due largely to reading and thought and observation. He has something really worth while to talk about, instead of the "sweet nothings" of drawing-room conversation, or, worse still, the idle gossip and unkind criticism of which so much talk consists. It helps to interpret present life and events with more balance; assists in gaining a truer perspective if it is known what has gone before, e.g., a knowledge of economics helps one to appreciate newspaper accounts of taxation, war debts and reparations, as well as the effects of political events on exchanges.

Books of travel and exploration are particularly valuable in these days of

increased travel by fast aeroplane, as well as in the light of the facilities afforded by wireless, &c. Reading books on the work of great social reformers and the history of such movements as the growth and development of factory legislation, trade unionism, joint stock enterprise, unemployment, wealth, and welfare, helps materially to appreciate the work of the State, private firms, and benefactors, and all the amenities we enjoy to-day, and to understand better how and where improvements can be made by avoiding the mistakes of the past. Reading is a great stimulus to thought, which in turn is developed by exchange of ideas so gleaned with friends and colleagues. Here, too, great assistance can be obtained from wireless talks, discussion groups, and study circles.

The idea should be to plan a definite course of reading before the winter comes on. At any rate, it would be well to choose a subject—something which interests you; the later stages of the plan can be decided upon as fresh avenues are opened up, e.g., the formerly much-decried Victorian age, for which a re-action has now set in. It would be well to read novels of the period for a general impression. This would probably lead first to a desire to read biographies of the authors, then their friends, and characters mentioned in their novels. This, in turn, leads to other interests, e.g., mention of Palmerston or Disraeli leads to the reading of their biographies, and from these to a study of foreign policy, or the history of the Empire. Similarly the name of Darwin suggests biology and kindred sciences. Thus it is possible to follow a definite plan in the later stages, although not definitely planned at first. This method gives scope for choice of subject according to one's interests. Get a general knowledge as well as a special knowledge of some subject. To the ambitious, and with a practical object in view, a course of reading is recommended to fit into the syllabus of professional examinations in order to improve one's capacity, and to qualify for a better position and a greater sphere of usefulness. "Of the making of books there is no end," but cheap tabloid biographies and small compressed volumes should generally be avoided except as introduction to a full and complete work. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, so drink as deeply as possible at the available sources, for the "dangerous thing" can be avoided only by greater knowledge, and this in turn should form a reasonable basis of wisdom.

T. W. PETHERICK.

(EDITORIAL NOTE.—This is the fifth article of a series which we have been printing in the Magazine, with a view to arousing interest in the Works' Library and Study Circles which are to be inaugurated in the autumn.)

### A Tribute.

Dear old Bob is dead! We had taken him to the Vet., who had done his best to save him. On the Saturday we had stayed in with him, and did not leave him until midnight, when he had seemed a little better. but when I came down on the Sunday morning he was dead. Dear, faithful old friend, our hearts are sad at your passing . . .

I well remember the day (some ten years ago) when we first saw him. There came a knock at our back door, just after tea-time, and my wife answered it. "Here's the little dog, Mam. I'll see the guv'nor later." My wife came in, and in her arms was a little puppy, soft and warm, making such funny little whimpering noises, as he vainly sought the mother from whom he had just been separated. A white body, splashes of brown on his face, an absurd little piece of tail—just a very ordinary little terrier.

That night, and indeed many nights, he spent in the boys' room, until he was big enough to stay downstairs alone. Very soon Bob (as we christened him) became a family pet, and took his established place in our circle. Memories, as I write, crowd upon me of the happy times he has shared with us. That walk across the fields, when he was only about six months old, when in his exuberance he ran about until his little legs failed under him, and I had to carry him home. The picnics we have had, along the river bank, when he would get into the blackest mud he could find; his untiring energy in chasing the ball when we played cricket; the way he would sit up and beg for whatever he happened to want; his delight when we took him out with us, and his look of suffering resignation when we did not; his way of taking possession of my armchair in my absence, and his refusal to give it up to anyone other than myself.

One of our friends, who has a tenor voice, used occasionally to spend an evening

with us, together with a few more friends, to have a musical evening. On such occasions. Bob, although obviously rather bored, was nevertheless polite until our friend, in singing. reached to "C." Always, without exception, when that happened Bob promptly joined in with a prolonged howl. For no other note, and only for the male voice, would be do that, but always then

To my wife he was the perfect companion. Upstairs and downstairs, as she went about her household tasks, Bob trotted to and fro with her. Should an itinerant vendor come to the door, "Wuff, Bob," my wife would say, and Bob thereupon "Wuffed" most heartily until the intruder departed. When we were returning home from a ride Bob knew the sound of our engine, and would rush to the door clamouring to be let out that he might run to greet us. As we came in to the mid-day meal, or at tea-time, he had a welcome for us all and insisted that we each had a word with him.

Everyone seemed to know him. People, quite strange to us, would say, "Hullo, Bob," as they passed, and little children were never afraid to pat him.

With the passing of the years he grew more staid and lost the fine frenzy of youth. but his love for us, even as ours for him, was but strengthened.

Ten years of faith and loyalty, and now he is gone. Never more shall I say. "I want my chair, Bob, please," and see him sit up that he may have a little caress, before jumping down to the hearth rug. Never more will my wife say, "I'm going over to the stores, Bob—coming?" and see him dash to the door, pleased and excited, to escort her to the stores, and wait outside until she came out that he might bring her safely home again.

Only a dog! but as faithful and loving a friend as this world may offer. To his memory I offer these few halting words in grateful tribute.

Farewell! old friend, farewell!

A. H. MACKENZIE.

### Things which might have been more happily expressed.

\* \* \*

Extract from a letter received by a member of the staff:-

"We had some of your Firm's sausages the other day, which reminded me of you.'

# Centre Heritage Calne Digitised by

### Milestones.

Lancashire has this week been honoured with a visit from their Majesties, the King and Queen, to perform several duties.

It is interesting to note that their Majesties spent Tuesday night, July 17th, in the Royal train at Lowton St. Mary. Lowton St. Mary is a mining parish on the Manchester to Liverpool line, the first passenger railway line to be built in the world.

My duties take me through this spot, and I tried to realise the scene to-day, compared with just over a hundred years ago, when a very distinguished company, including the Duke of Wellington, assembled at the same spot to witness the passing of the "Puffing Billy." Unfortunately the occastion was marred by a fatal accident to one of the Duke's party, Mr. Huskisson, M.P. for Liverpool, being killed. A memorial tablet, marking the spot, is built in the railway embankment quite close to the Royal train's parking siding.

The Royal train, gleaming in the sunshine, with up-to-date appointments, drawn by a magnificent engine capable of anything up to 80 miles per hour, glides gracefully to the appointed place. An arrow indicates where the cab of the engine must stop—not an inch out—and the whole comes to rest with little more noise than a hand truck. Compare this with the old "Puffing Billy"; no springs, no vacuum brakes, and open trucks to serve as coaches.

One of the King's duties was to open the Mersey Tunnel, which is an engineering wonder. Surely the first railway engine and track must have been looked upon with equal wonder. From Lowton St. Mary to Manchester the track crosses a stretch of bog land, known as Chatmoss, parts of which were impassable to man and beast when the line was constructed. Yet the engineers of that day found a base to carry the train, and the same track to-day carries trains weighing many tons at 60 miles per hour and the many heavy mineral trains which pass between the two cities.

Near by the Manchester Corporation has established the first Municipal Aerodrome, with frequent service to the Continent, and so another milestone has been passed.

The first railway line was between Shackleton and Darlington; this was used

for mineral traffic only. The first passenger line was between Manchester and Liverpool. The original booking office is still in existence and is used at Liverpool Road for tarpaulin sheet records.

A. E. KAY.

In "Hawleys of the High Street" Lord Roxton spoke to Millicent of the fox who turned up his nose at the grapes and said they were sour.

This is the fox which the celebrated French poet and fabulist, La Fontaine, tells us about in the following fable:—

LE RENARD ET LES RAISINS.

Certain Renard gascon, d'autres disent normand.

Mourant presque de faim, vit au haut d'une treille

Des raisins murs apparemment, Et couverts d'une peau vermeille, Le galant en eut fait volontiers un repas, Mais comme il n'y pouvait atteindre: "Ils sont trop verts," dit-il, "et bons pour

'Ils sont trop verts," dit-il, " et bons pour les goujats."

Fit-il pas mieux que de se plaindre?

D.G.T.B.

A man went into a restaurant at which the proprietor was waiter and general factorum.

His lunch cost him 12s. 6d., and on offering to pay found he had nothing but a £5 note.

The restaurant, being small, had no change, so he asked the proprietor to pay for the lunch and give him 7s. 6d. and he would leave the £5 note as security while he went out and cashed a cheque.

This he proceeded to do, came back, and said to the proprietor, "You have paid 12s. 6d. for my lunch and given me 7s. 6d. That is £1. Here is the other £4. Please return me my £5 note that I left with you."

The £5 note was returned to him.

The question is whether a profit or loss was made by either on the transaction?

\* \* \* \*

Every woman has some aim in life, but what she hits is quite another thing.

Nuts are given us, but we must crack them ourselves.

One good yawner makes two.

### Harris Welfare Association.

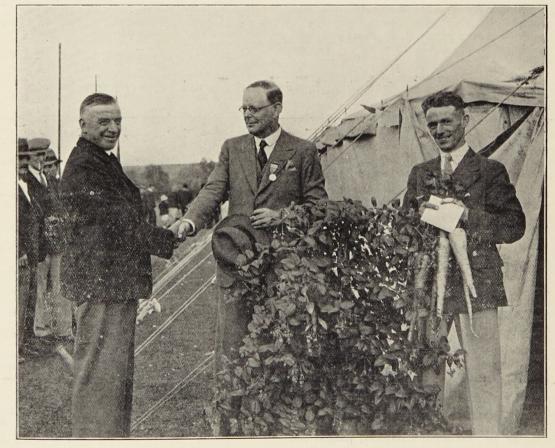
Twelfth Annual Flower Show and Sports.

In spite of the threatening weather on the morning of Saturday, August 11th, the committee of the Flower Show and Sports held in connection with the Harris Welfare Association, decided to proceed with the programme of events. Their confidence in the promise of a fine period later was justified, and the twelfth annual show will rank as one of the most successful ever held. The thoughtful feature introduced a few years ago of inviting members of the staff of the allied and associated factories to be present was continued again this year, with very happy results.

Previous to the opening of the show the representatives of the branches and officials

of the H.W.A. were entertained to luncheon by the kind invitation of the president of the association, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P. After the loyal toast had been honoured Mr. Bodinnar welcomed his guests in his happy and incomparable manner, and responses of thanks and appreciation were made by Messrs. Long, Coles, R. E. Harris, Culpin, Kidley, Taylor, Gale, Clemo, J. Matters, Seaman, Stanley, and Hudson, representing Chippenham, London, Dunmow, Highbridge, Eastleigh, Kidlington, Tiverton, Totnes, Ipswich and the travelling staff respectively.

Mr. T. W. Petherick, in proposing the health of "Our Host," referred to the heavy strain which work in connection with the re-organisation of the pig and bacon industry had entailed on Mr. Bodinnar. The toast was received with musical honours. In reply, Mr. Bodinnar again emphasised the necessity for a long pull, a strong pull, and a



Mr. Bodinnar congratulating two prizewinners—Messrs. W. Winter and H. Mennell.

(Reproduced by courtesy of the "Evening World."

pull altogether by those engaged in the industry.

During the afternoon and evening a varied programme of sports was carried out, several new features including cycle races, being introduced.

Competition, as usual, was keen and interest was maintained throughout the day both by the contestants and the large body of spectators. The inter-factory and interdepartmental races aroused special enthusiasm, the president's trophy for the former being retained once again by the parent

Contrary to everyone's expectations an excellent display of vegetables, flowers, and fruit was staged in the show tent. A visitor to the show was Mr. Eldred Walker, the wellknown agricultural judge and journalist, who expressed keen admiration of the uniform excellence of the various entries.

An excellent programme of music was provided by the Calne Town Prize Band, under the baton of Mr. C. E. Blackford, and the band also played for dancing in the

An interesting feature of the gathering was the annual bowls match between London Warehouse and Calne Bowling enthusiasts for the "Roland Harris" spoons, resulting in a win for Calne.

At the conclusion of the sports the prizes were presented to the successful competitors by Mrs. Bodinnar.

Numerous competitions and side-shows were in charge of a band of willing helpers, and the recreation-ground presented an animated scene until dusk.

The property steward is to be congratulated on the attractive lay-out of the grounds and the flag-bedecked entrance archway. Altogether a most successful show, which reflects great credit on the committee, the chairman of which is Mr. T. W. Petherick, and the joint honorary secretaries, Messrs. G. R. Ashman, A. McLean, and R. B.

The thanks of the organizers are again due to the painstaking efforts of the judges of the flower, fruit, and vegetable classes, Messrs. J. Knight, J. Green, J. Harris, and S. Spink; also to Sister Gowan and Mrs. Black, who, at Mr. Bodinnar's request, judged the entries in the jelly, jam, and cake-making sections.

### PRIZE LIST.

Class 1.—Six apples (dessert)—1, H. Hill; 2, J. Ruddle; 3, W. Haines.

Class 2.—Six Apples (cooking)—1, S. H. Duck; 2, T. Wiltshire; 3, J. Ruddle.

Class 3.—Six Plums—1, E. Cann; 2, W. J. Young; 3, F. J. Gale.

Class 4.—Eighteen gooseberries—1, S. Stephens; 2, W. Winter; 3, W. Haines.

Class 5.—Currants, any variety-1, H. Lockver: 2, S. H. Duck: 3, R. J. Kirton.

Class 6.—Any variety of fruit not shown in schedule-1, A. Massey; 2, E. Cann; 3, T. Wiltshire.

### VEGETABLE SECTION.

Class 8.—Collection of vegetables (6 varieties)—

Class 9.—Green peas—1, A. W. Garraway; 2. T. Ponting; 3, F. W. Summers.

Class 10.—Eighteen French beans—1, A. E. King; 2, A. Massey; 3, James Tucker.

Class 11.—Six carrots (long)—1, A. W. Garraway; 2, H. W. Mennell; 3, R. Taylor.

Class 12.—Six carrots (short)—1, A. Massey; 2, A. W. Garraway; 3, F. Butler.

Class 13.—Six Potatoes (round white),—1, F. W. Jones; 2, W. Weston; 3, H. W. Mennell; 4,

E. Taylor. Class 14.—Six Potatoes (round, excluding white -1, H. W. Mennell; 2, F. Butler; 3,

Class 15.—Two vegetable marrows—1, A. H. Gale; 2, H. Lockyer; 3, F. W. Webb.

Class 16.—Three cabbages (cooking)—1, F. Butler; 2, A. E. Bennett; 3, W. J. Tucker.

Class 18.—Six turnips—1, A. Ponting; 2, W. Angell; 3, J. Kelloway.

Class 19.—Three beetroot (long)—1, G. Phelps; 2, F. Butler; 3, H. W. Mennell.

Class 20.—Three beetroot (short)—1, A. Massey; 2, S. Stephens; 3, G. Phelps.

Class 21.—Twelve onions, stand or box-1, H. W. Mennell; 2, A. H. Haines; 3, G. Phelps; 4,

Class 22.—Collection of potatoes (4 varieties— 2 k., 2 r., 6 potatoes of each)-1, F. W. Jones; 2, F. Butler: 3. G. Phelps.

Class 23.—Eighteen broad or long-pod beans— 1, L. A. H. Ambrose; 2, W. Angell.

Class 24.—Eschalots (24), stand or small box— 1, G. H. Blake; 2, E. Taylor; 3, P. Coleman.

Class 25.—Six Parsnips—1, H W. Mennell; 2, G. Phelps; 3, S. H. Duck.

Class 26.—Three lettuce (cabbage or cos)—1,

G. Phelps; 2, T. Ponting; 3, H. Hill. Class 27.—Three cauliflowers—1, A. Winter; 2. W. Winter: 3, A. H. Gale.

Class 28.—Three sticks of rhubarb—1, James Tucker; 2, W. Weston; 3, W. J. Tucker.

Class 29.—Any variety of vegetable not shown in schedule-1, H. Hill; 2, E. Taylor; 3, E. Cann.

Class 30.—Six kidney potatoes (white)—1, E. Taylor; 2, F. W. Jones; 3, W. Weston; 4, H.

Class 31.—Six kidney potatoes (excluding white)-1, F. W. Jones; 2, L. A. H. Ambrose; 3, A. E. King; 4, E. Taylor.

Class 32.—Two sticks of celery—1, G. Phelps. Class 33.—Dish of cooked potatoes (12)—1, R. Taylor; 2, A. E. King; 3, E. Taylor.

FLOWER SECTION

Class 35.—Six bunches cut flowers (any variety) -1. W. Winter; 2, F. J. Gale; 3, F. W. Summers. Class 36.—Six varieties of sweet peas (6 spikes of each—any foliage)—1, W. Angell; 2, F. W.

Class 37.—Nosegay of sweet peas (any foliage)— 1, James Tucker; 2, W. Angell; 3, Miss B. L.

Class 38.—Nosegay of garden flowers—1, F. J. Gale; 2, Miss M. Weston; 3, Miss M. Hunt.

Class 39.—Four bunches of cut flowers (perennials, -1, F. J. Gale; 2, H. Hill; 3, W. Angell.

Class 40.—Six spikes of gladioli—1, F. W. Summers; 2, S. C. Sandford.

Class 41.—Nosegay of roses—1, T. Wiltshire. Class 42.—Four bunches of asters—1, A. E.

Bennett; 2, E. Taylor; 3, S. H. Duck.

Class 43.—Four bunches of ten-week stocks—1. W. Winter; 2, E. Cann; 3, James Tucker.

Class 44.—Four bunches of antirrhinums (4 varieties—1, W. Angell; 2, J. Ruddle; 3, G. H.

Class 45.—Specimen plant (foliage or flowering)—1, W. S. Griffin; 2, W. Winter; 3, A. Winter.

Class 46.—Table decoration (tables provided, size 5ft. by 4ft. 6in. All decorations to be carried out by members or, if preferred, wife or daughter, and the entry to be in the name of the Exhibitor)— 1, F. J. Gale; 2, Miss M. Hunt; 3, Miss J. Elgar.

Class 47.—Nosegay of wild flowers (for children of members only. All exhibits to have admission tickets)—1, G. Phelps; 2, E. Cousins; 3, Mrs. R. E. Summers; 4, Miss M. Blake.

Class 48.—Floral design, Exhibitor's choice (trav or box not to exceed 28in. x 24in., and not less than 18in. x 14in.)—1, S. C. Sandford; 2, R. Hill.

Class 49.—Display of garden and/or wild flowers of any or various varieties, to be arranged on a space 2yds. by 1yd.-1, F. J. Gale; 2, F. W. Summers; 3, S. C. Sandford.

CAKES, JAMS, AND JELLY SECTION. (Section 1 open to Lady Members of Carnival and Flower Show Section)

Class 50.—Jam, any variety—1, Miss N. Garraway; 2, Mrs. E. M. Sewell; 3, Mrs. A. Wilkins. Class 51.—Jelly—1, Mrs. A. Wilkins; 2, Miss N. Garraway; 3, Mrs. E. M. Sewell.

Class 52.—Marmalade—1, Mrs. E. M. Sewell. Class 53.—Sponge sandwich—1, Miss N. Garraway; 2, Miss D. Biffin; 3, Miss A. Wilkins. (Section 2, open to Wives and Mothers of Members of the Carvinal and Flower Show Section).

Class 54.—Jam, any variety—I, Mrs. A. E. King; 2, Mrs. R. Taylor; 3, Mrs. Ruddle.

Class 55.—Jelly—1, Mrs. Turner; 2, Mrs. Sandford; 3, Mrs. J. Tucker.

Class 56.—Marmalade—1, Mrs. R. Taylor; 2, Mrs. Sandford; 3, W. H. Weston.

Class 57.—Fruit cake (ingredients not to cost more than 1/6)—1, W. H. Weston; 2, Mrs. Ambrose; 3, Mrs. Hudson.

SPORTS. Departmental relay race (ladies)—1, Office; 2, Printing; 3, Pie.

Departmental relay race (men)—1, Printing; 2, Office; 3, Retort.

Half-mile cycle race (girls under 18 years of age)-1, I. R. Mahony; 2, M. Newis.

Mile cycle race (boys under 18 years of age)-1, J. Stephens; 2, V. Reed; 3, R. Bullock.

440 yards race (men, 18 years of age and over)-1, E. C. Yeates; 2, J. Wiltshire; 3, H. Ham.

Sack race (ladies), 25 yards—1, M. Newis; 2, V. Woodward; 3, V. Pinnega

100 yards race (boys under 18 years of age)-1, B. Young; 2, J. Stephens; 3, I. Brimmer.

High jump-1, K. Haines; 2, R. Hooper. Three-legged race (ladies), 50 yards—1, W. Weston and B. Randall; 2, V. Pinnegar and P. Rubery; 3, K. Kettle and H. Kettle.

Sack race (men), 50 yards)—1, P. Hillier; 2,

R. Bailey; 3, A. Hand.

Inter-departmental tug-of-war, 10 men, aggregate weight not over 110 stone-1, Maintenance A;

100 yards race (men), 18 years of age and over -1, R. Blackford; 2, J. Mence; 3, E. C. Yeates. 220 yards race (boys under 18 years of age)-1.

B. Young; 2, J. Stephens.

Veterans' race, for silver medalists of Calne and Associated Factories, 100 yards handicap-1, R. Stanley; 2, H. Hill; 3, A. Soloman.

Veterans' race, for silver medallists of Calne and Associated Factories, 50 yards scratch—1, E.

Half-mile race (men, 18 years of age and over)— 1, J. Wiltshire; 2, E. C. Yeates; 3, V. Gale.

Inter-Factory tug-of-war, for the President's Cup (at present held by Calne), 8 men-100 stone-Semi-final—Chippenham beat Eastleigh; Calne beat Highbridge; final--1. Calne; 2, Chippenham.

Long jump—1, E. C. Yeates; 2, J. Mence. 100 yards race, ladies-1, P. Rubery; 2, I.

Hunt; 3, M. Brewer. Four-legged race, men—1, J. Mence, K. Knight, and H. Trembling; 2, R. Bailey, R.

Blackford, and J. Stephens. Inter-Factory relay race—1, Chippenham; 2, Calne; 3, Highbridge.

Thread-the-needle race (wives of members)—1. Mrs. Carter; 2, Mrs. Cousins; 3, Mrs. Taylor.

Half-mile cycle race (ladies 18 years and over)-1, F. Slade; 2, B. Seaford; 3, B. Randall. Mile cycle race (men 18 years of age and over)-

1, B. Webb; 2, R. Bailev; 3, C. Haines.

The following are the winners of the various Competitions.

Side of Bacon (Weight 53lbs. 1½ ozs.) Mr. W. S. Upton 53 lbs.  $1\frac{3}{4}$  ozs. Mr. F. Rutty 53 lbs.  $1\frac{1}{4}$  ozs. Mr. C. Haines 53lbs. 13/ozs. Mr. A. Rodway 53lbs. 1 tozs.

Box of Chocolates:-Mr. F. Lugg. Box of Cigarettes:-Mr. E. White. Dressed Doll:-Mr. A. W. Webb.

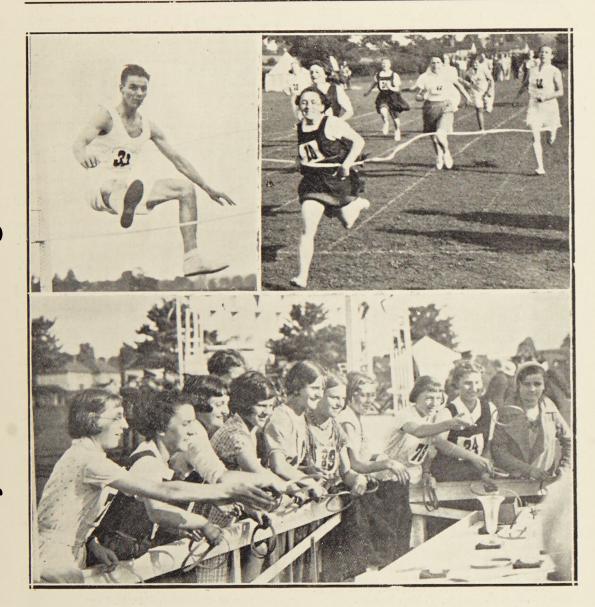
Programme Number: No. 283, Mr. E. Brittain. Ticket Number:— No. 324.
Treasure Island:— First Prize: Mrs. K. Angell,

2, Victoria Terrace. Second Prize: Mrs. R. H. Stanley. Third Prize: Mr. A. Button.

### FOUND! At the Flower Show

GREEN PURSE AND A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

Apply. - Manager's Office, Calne.



- 1.-K. Haines winning the High Jump.
- 2.-Miss P. Rubery winning the 100 yards Ladies Race.
- 3.—"Rush Hour" on the Houp-la stall.

(Reproduced by courtesy of the "Wiltshire News").

On the opposite page are other photographs taken at the Flower Show-

- 1.-A group of some of the officials.
- 2.-E. C. Yeates winning the Long Jump.
- 3.—Randolph Stanley's Jazz Band, who paraded the Arena and were "inspected" by Mr. Bodinnar.



(Reproduced by courtesy of the "Evening World").

### THE BOWLING MATCH—CALNE v. LONDON.

This annual event was played off on the Calne Green on Saturday, August 11th, being part of the programme of events in connection with the twelfth annual Flower Show and Sports.

The result of the match was Calne 33, London 13.

The rival teams were made up as follows:—

CALNE—C. Stevens, A. H. Haines, A. Boase, F. J. Gale (skip).

London—F. G. Robinson (North Middlesex Sports Club), J. F. K. Perkins (Mitcham Conservative Club), G. Coles (Muswell Hill Bowling Club), and R. E. Harris (skip) (Watford Conservative Club).

The main reason for the heavy defeat of the London four can be explained by the composition of the side. It will be seen that our four was drawn from four clubs situated far apart in London suburbs in Middlesex, Surrey, and Herts. The immediate consequence of this was that London took the rink just as four players of bowls playing on a strange green. The Calne four, on the other hand, were a team in the real sense of the word; that is, their numbers were playing 1, 2, 3, and skip on their home green, just as they would play on any summer evening.

A further and most important point is that the result of bowling matches depends tremendously on the ability of the rival skips. In this important detail London was bound to be outclassed, for none of the four happen to play on their home greens in that position. Any one of the four might, under the circumstance, have taken on what was to be a rather hopeless task. Bowlers will know just what I mean. I took on the job

of skip, but at Watford I always lead. Now a No. 1 starts on a clear rink and his job is to form a head—the ideal being that he should leave his woods placed just ahead and on either side of the jack. From that, according to the run of the play, 2 and 3 continue to build up. By the time the skip comes into action there will be 12 woods lying out on the green and almost Inevitably some at least will be in front of the jack. It is now that the experienced skip will make rings round a raw skip, for the raw skip will be more or less unsighted by the woods that lay out in front of the jack. It was just here that Mr. Gale's experience told.

Then, again, London had been used to playing on Cumberland turf rinks, made extra speedy by the long continued drought. and we found ourselves trying to gauge the pace of a plain green rendered extra heavy and sluggish by the heavy rainfalls that immediately preceded the match. This is an interesting point. At the outset of the game, standing at the jack head, I could easily see where my men were going wrong. They had not got the pace of the green and their woods were stopping well short of the jack, while all the Calne woods were well up. I thought I could rectify this in my own play, but actually I, too, failed to gauge the pace of the green. Following on that, we London men began to press our shots, which is almost equally fatal. So it came about that before we had got the pace and length Calne had won the game. But actually we did in the last few ends get the pace, and had the game started from that point, the result would have been reflected by quite a different

All this by way of explanation. Actually we London fellows thought our opponents



"Cut specimens in Bowls."

"Bowls in cut specimens."

to be a quite splendid club four, and I shall imagine quite capable of putting up a great game against any four from any Wiltshire town club. But I should just love to get that four along to play my four on the Herts County Cumberland Green.

The game has been played. London returns, rubbing no sores, only with the memory that to them the bowling match provided a perfect finish to a perfect day. "The game's the thing" and no bowler should mind a brass button about the actual result. It is the sportsmanship and fellowship of the greens that makes them meeting places of pals rather than of rivals. So we were not bothered or disappointed. Though I do hear that Mrs. Robinson was disappointed, for she quite expected we should annex the spoons so that she might add one to the trophies she has herself collected on the tennis courts.

A moralist may have thoughts about the game and its results. In the affairs of men and in communities of men two things are essential to success. The first is leadership—the skip must be the right man in the right plan. Then there must be what I may perhaps best call the "team spirit." In our business life we possess both these things to an unusual degree, and because that is so our future is secure—we play a winning game.

There is another detail. One sometimes hears silly talk about "too old at 40 or 60." The best player on the Calne Green on Saturday 11th was Mr. Gale, who is, I suppose, the most advanced in years. Experience counts on bowling greens, and equally in business.

There has been a bit of a stir in bowling circles. If there were space I could give the history, but there is not. The stir is the claim now being urged by women to play with men on equal terms and not as is more general now in special clubs. There is no known reason why women should not play bowls just as well—if not better—than men.

When on holiday at Herne Bay I played bowls, and very rarely lost a game, but I did lose one game, and that against a woman player, who turned out to be the lady champion of Kent. She brought to the game a charm and grace in action that is not always found in the more stolid play of men.

Very well, it is a movement that will spread. Indeed the writing is on the wall. Let Calne beware, for the secret is out that

Muswell Hill has fallen to the wiles of Mrs. G. Coles, and that the ladies of Muswell Hill are now to play on that green.

So far London men have failed to bring home the spoons. The day may come, and not very distant, when the London men, aided and abetted by Mrs. G. Coles, will "bring home the goods" presented to them on the field by Mrs. Bodinnar.

R.E.H.

### HISTORY IN WORDS.

The English language is a record of English history. The influences that have formed the English race and character have also formed the English language.

Up to about 450 A.D. the British Isles and France were inhabited by various Celtic races who spoke practically the same tongue. Very few of these words are left in our speech of to-day. Welsh and the extinct Cornish and Breton language are of Celtic origin. Whilst the conquest of France by the Romans resulted in the adoption of Latin by the Gauls, the invasion of Britain had very little effect on the Celts.

But the coming of the Anglo-Saxons was another story. The invasion of Britain for about a century by these German tribes who settled and drove the Celts into outlying parts entirely altered the language. Their speech became the language of the country and the foundations of the English of to-day.

The coming of Christianity from Rome introduced several Latin words mostly of a religious nature.

All this time, however, the Danes and Norsemen had been raiding the country and had settlements in places. Traces of their invasions remain in place names in the North and East of England.

The next great influence on the language and the people was the Norman Conquest. Norman-French, which had its origin in the Roman-Latin, became the official language of the country, whilst the Old English was still spoken by the peasantry. Gradually, as the two races blended, so did the language, which then assumed the form it has to-day. Yet, whilst it absorbed the Norman-French, it was not conquered by it, for the basis and structure of the language remained thoroughly English.

By about 1450 English had become very similar to that in use to-day. A great deal of English written at this period is under-

Calne Heritage **Digitised** 

standable by an average person to-day.

Since then many changes have taken place, words have altered in sound and meaning, some have fallen into disuse, new words have been necessary to describe new inventions, importations from other countries have been called by the name in use in the foreign country, or an anglicised version of it. In this way words from nearly every language have been introduced into our own.

One great advantage the English language has received by the blending of two distinct types of language is the number of words with similar but not identical meaning. Thus it is possible to express shades of meaning that are impossible in other languages.

G. GREEN.

### An Occasional Contributor Does His Bit.

A remark has just been made to me that during the summer months it is hard to obtain "copy" for the Magazine. This brought forth the virtuous declaration that "I would see what I could do."

\* \* \* \* \* \*

These asterisks represent a period for intensive thinking. So far the only thinking centres around the asterisks. They serve a very useful purpose in most novel writing. The author can reach a "dead end," but by the use of asterisks is able to start again. In fact, I should imagine that many authors to-day would be on the dole but for asterisks.

Which brings to me another thought. What is the meaning of the word "asterisk" and how would you describe an asterisk? To me the describing of an asterisk is like asking "What is a spiral staircase?" Ask someone this question and I'll guarantee that ninety-nine out of a hundred will do the motions of a spiral when answering the question. Now, instead of asking you "What is the meaning of the word asterisk?" I could very well obtain an encyclopaedia and find out for myself. Is it that I am too lazy; or that if I get up from the writing of this our worthy Editor will not get his article?

Talking of laziness, did you ever hear of the three tramps resting by the roadside. A man stopped by them and said, "I will give 2s. 6d. to the laziest of you three."

The first jumped up and proceeded to advance all sorts of reasons why he should be considered the laziest. The second, not to be outdone, also entered into the contest. The third turning slightly over on his side and inclining his head lazily towards his pocket said, "Drop it in, guv'nor."

It is too hot to provoke an argument, but I sometimes wonder if being lazy is really such a bad thing as moralists would have us believe. You sometimes hear one say, "I've had a really lazy afternoon," and it is said in such a tone of happy pleasure that one wonders . . . . .

Did you notice those last two words, "one wonders." It sounds suspiciously like a pun. This clever form of wit is not heard much in these days. It should be deliberate and also unconscious. The former requires a clever brain, but the latter is more funny because its sponsor is blissfully unconscious of having made a pun. I remember a very clever retort to one of these puns:—"Where no pun is meant, there should be no punishment."

Why not have a column of puns in one of the issues of the Magazine? Surely this is something everyone can do. It can be a case of the collective efforts of individuals making a column in the Magazine—and, incidentally, removing one of those creases from the Editor's brow.

Now having said so much I don't think I'll trouble to write an article. . . . anyway, it is hot, and one does feel drowsy.

(*These* asterisks represent an interval for intensive slumber).

### FROM A TYPIST'S DICTIONARY.



TENDERLOINS - TENDER LIONS.

### Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. W. H. G. YOUNG.



The subject of our Portrait Gallery this month is Mr. W. H. G. Young, who joined the staff of the old Highbridge Bacon Factory, Ltd., in 1900, and with the exception of the war years, has had unbroken service with the Company since 1903.

His war service was distinguished. In August, 1914, he sailed for India with the Somerset Light Infantry, and rapidly gained promotion to Regimental Sergeant-Major. From India he went with his regiment to Field-Marshal Allenby's forces in Palestine, where his good work in the field was rewarded by a commission, and he was promoted lieutenant, after being twice wounded.

After the Armistice his Regiment was sent to Upper Egypt to deal with the Nationalist riots. Returning to England in June, 1919, he resumed his work with the Company after four years and nine months overseas.

A keen sportsman, he was for ten years a playing member of the Town Association Football team, and was also a member of the local Water Polo team.

His interest in sport nowadays centres in helping the younger generation. And he is an enthusiastic and energetic member of our Welfare Association Committee, as well as a familiar figure at the Works Council Meetings, and a prominent member of the recently-formed St. John Ambulance detachment of Highbridge.



On July 28th, at Calne Free Church, Miss Francis Roberts was married to Mr. Jack Smart, of Black Dog. Miss Roberts was dressed in a light grey coat, with hat to match.

The wedding present from the factory consisted of an eight-day clock. The Pie Department, to which Miss Roberts was attached for five years, presented her with a canteen of cutlery.

At Calne Parish Church on July 28th, Miss Evelyn Smith was married to Mr. Ernest Freegard, of the Factory at Eastleigh. The bride was dressed in white satin, with wreath and veil, and was attended by her four sisters as bridesmaids, two in green the others in pink. Miss Smith served for nine years in the Retort Department, and was the recipient of a handsome clock and a frameless mirror from the factory.

At the Parish Church, Chippenham, on July 28th, Miss Violet Poole was married to Mr. Reginald Bailey, of the Printing Depart ment. The bride was dressed in white chiffon, and was attended by two bridesmaids in lemon crepe trimmed with rosebuds and crinoline hats to match. The combined wedding present was a dining-room table. A frameless mirror was also presented by the Printing Department. Miss Poole was attached to the Kitchen Department for five years.

A long answer turneth away listeners.

\* \* \*

Society is divided into two classes—those who have more dinners than appetite, and those who have more appetite than dinners.

### THE BROAD HICHWAY.

On the 28th July, 1934, H.H. Princess Helena Victoria paid a visit to Blacklands Park, Calne, to inspect the Calne Girl Guides.

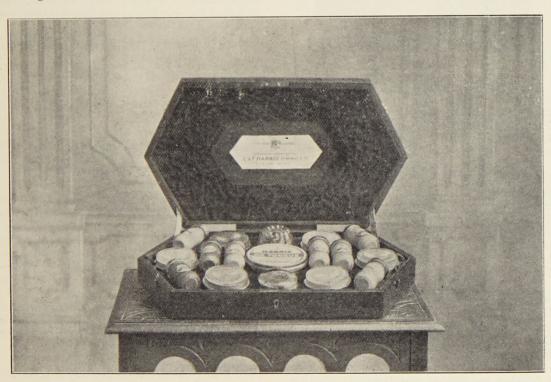
On the occasion of her visit Her Highness was presented with a casket of specialities offered by C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd., of which we are giving an illustration below.

Mr. K. W. B. Harris, one of Mr. Cartwright's assistants at Cardiff, had the honour of representing Wales in the recent Empire Games at Olympia. He was successful in winning his heat in the one mile race, and thus competed in the final, where he was up against the most famous athletes in the Empire.

In our last issue we made reference to the function which took place in Newcastle on the 7th July. We have now received a more detailed account, which we have pleasure in printing below:—

Newcastle-on-Tyne—July.

An interesting little ceremony took place here on the evening of Saturday, the 7th July, when the Newcastle staff, consisting



Presented to
HER HIGHNESS PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA
28th JULY, 1934.

On the occasion of her visit to Blackland to inspect Girl Guides.

of Mr. W. Dobson Dodds and Messrs. W. Lewis, A. Jennings, and G. E. Smith, met at the County Hotel to renew, for a few hours, their happy association with Mr. James Hudson.

Mr. Hudson was for ten years a close colleague of Mr. Dobson Dodds, during which period he acted as Van Salesman. As this was the first visit Mr. Hudson had been able to make to Newcastle since his appointment as representative for the Cumberland and Westmorland area, his former colleagues, wishing to show their appreciation, arranged a little dinner in his honour, at which the opportunity was taken to present an inscribed silver cigarette case as a token-of their regard.

At seven o'clock dinner was served and the party spirit was soon in evidence. At the conclusion of dinner Mr. Dodds took the opportunity to read a letter from Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, who expressed regret at his inability to accept the invitation to be present, but assured his friends that he would be with them in spirit. He alluded to the prospect of heavier killings, and the necessity for greatly increased sales, which remark he hoped would not spoil the happy party, but rather give an added zest to the proceedings.

Mr. Dodds then gave a brief resume of his own association with the Company, touching upon its sunshine and storm periods. The latter, he was happy to say, were quite short and light, and soon eclipsed by the sunshine. He expressed a deep appreciation of the loyalty and friendship of Mr. Hudson, stating that "In ten years of close association with Mr. Hudson I have never known him to be other than a great friend and loyal colleague, and, while I greatly regret his departure from Newcastle. I am happy in knowing it is for his advancement. It is well merited, and my experience of the loyalty of the Company is that hard work, with its accompanying results, will always be rewarded.'

The presentation of the cigarette case then took place.

In acknowledging the gift, Mr. Hudson expressed his sincere thanks, and said that he did not need a tangible reminder of the happy and interesting years he had spent on the Newcastle van. He also said, "I cannot allow this occasion to pass without expressing to Mr. Dodds my very sincere thanks for the help and advice given, and upon which I could always rely." G.E.S.

### A TRIP TO THE FRENCH RIVIERA (Continued—PART VI.)

We arrived at Grasse in the Alpes Maritimes, a town of 14,000 inhabitants and a health resort where oranges and roses grow in profusion. We wanted to visit one of the factories where perfumery and soap are manufactured. We were able to go round the factory called "Fontaines Parfumées," but the employees had ceased work for the day.

We saw the sale room containing perfumery of all kinds in bottles of different varieties and sizes. The attendant opened large bottles of scent and sprayed some on us, but the air was so full of scent that it was difficult for visitors to discern one variety from the other. The name of the establishment means "Perfumed fountains," and it is thus called because there are several fountains from which scented water comes out. These fountains were very nice and the smell was lovely. We were permitted to put some of the water on our hands to get the perfume.

We went into a room where we saw all the different articles made with the flowers:

—Orange flower-water, face creams and powders, fancy soaps, &c.

We came back to Nice by a straight, flat road, altogether different to the mountain roads along which we had passed after leaving Nice at the beginning of the afternoon. We went along the coast a little way, passing a bay called Angels Bay, where we were told the fish we ate at the hotel had been caught.

D.G.T.B.

(To be continued).

### HOLIDAYS.

Mr. and Mrs. Bibbings, of 31, High Street, Totnes, offer to the readers of the "Harris Magazine" holiday accommodation. Centrally situated, near the River Dart and Moors, and within easy distance of Paignton, Torquay, Plymouth, &c. Bed and Breakfast, full board, or furnished apartments optional. Hot and cold water; terms moderate. Note address:—F. R. BIBBINGS, 31, High Street, Totnes (late of the West of England Bacon Co.)



### LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

### "Rolling Round the Horn," by Claud

Mr. Muncaster is an artist who worked as a deck hand on a sailing ship during a voyage from Australia to England, so as to gain an insight into the lives of the crew and to become familiar with the appearance of sailing ships in order to paint pictures of them.

### "The Land that God gave Cain," by J. M. Scott.

This is the name sometimes given to Newfoundland, and this book tells of the adventures of Mr. Scott and his companions when they set out to explore the uninhabited regions.



1ST STRING.

July 7th, v. Southdown (Bath), at Bath. Won by 6 matches to 3, 7 being

drawn (155 games to 129).

Miss S. McLean and A. Bull, won 3, lost 1, drew 0 (43 games to 35); Miss V. Burgess and A. Dixon, won 3, lost 1, drawn 0 (40—21); Miss J. Ellery and H. Smart, won 0, lost 1, drew 3 (32—39); Miss M. Angell and H. Watson, won 0, lost 0, drew 4 (40—34).

July 21st, v. Southdown (Bath), at Calne. Won by 13 matches to 1, 2 matches

being drawn (179 games to 75).

Miss S. McLean and A. Bull, won 4, lost 0, drew 0 (48 games to 19); Miss O. Wallis and A. Dixon, won 4, lost 0, drew 0 (48—10); Miss M. Fennell and R. Stevens, won 2, lost 0, drew 2 (41—24); Miss M. Angell and H. Watson, won 3, lost 1, drew 0 (42—22).

July 28th, v. G.W.R. (Swindon), at Swindon. Lost by 2 matches to 7 (93 games to 151).

Miss F. Angell and A. Bull, won 1, lost 2 (36 games to 37); Miss K. Angell and H. Watson, won 1, lost 2 (27—38); Miss S. McLean and E. Cooper, won 0, lost 3 (20—40); Miss V. Burgess and S. Toogood, won 0, lost 3 (10—36).

### 2ND STRING.

Owing to holidays and other circumstances two matches were scratched during the month, the only engagement being against G.W.R. (Swindon) 2nd String, at the Woodlands, on July 28th, when we lost by 2 matches to 14 (107 games to 198).

Miss M. Fennell and N. Potter, won 0, lost 4 (34 games to 55); Miss O. Wallis and R. Stevens, won 2, lost 2 (39—47); Miss V. Woodward and H. Brittain, won 0, lost 4 (30—48); Miss I. Hunt and J. Sturgess, won 0, lost 4 (14—48).



1st XI.

July 7th, v. Chippenham 2nd XI., at Chippenham. Lost by 37 runs. Harris 120—L. Roberts not out 42, F. I. Nash 38, C. Smith 16. Chippenham 157. Roberts 3 wickets for 21, P. Carter 3 for 39, G. Smith 1 for 18, F. I. Nash 1 for 21.

July 11th, v. Calne Town, at Lickhill. Lost by 46 runs. Harris 132—K. Haines 43, D. Dolman 26, R. Swaffield 17, A. Bennett 10 not out. Calne 178—I. J. Taylor 7 wickets for 45, T. Ratcliff 2 for 58, P. Carter 1 for 26.

July 14th, v. Lacock, at Lacock. Lost by 12 runs. Harris 92—R. Stevens 31, I. J. Taylor 28. Lacock 80—B. Gough 4 wickets for 13, P. Carter 2 for 11, R. Stevens 2 for 25, F. I. Nash 1 for 7, I. J. Taylor 1 for 20.

July 21st, v. Lacock, at Lickhill. Drawn game. Harris 125—J. E. Bromham 23 not out, R. Swaffield 23, B. Gough 16, A. Winter 12, A. Sutton 10. Lacock 104 for 2 wickets—B. Gough 1 wicket for 21, I. J. Taylor 1 for 29.

July 28th, v. Wills' (Swindon), at Swindon. Won by 7 wickets. Wills' 146 for 6 wickets, declared—B. Webb 2 wickets for 1, B. Gough 1 for 12, F. I. Nash 1 for 40. Harris 151 for 3 wickets—R. Cobb 63 not out, B. Gough 55 not out. Cobb and Gough put on 128 runs without being separated—probably a record for the Harris Club. When last over was called 7 runs were still required to win and they were obtained amid tense excitement. This was the first defeat Wills' had suffered this season.

### 2ND XI.

July 4th, v. Compton Bassett, at Lickhill. Won by 35 runs. Harris 102—R. Stevens 34, A. Bennett 21, R. Heath 11, B. Webb 10. Compton Bassett 67—R. Heath 3 wickets for 28, W. F. Angell 2 for 5, R. Stevens 2 for 15, B. Webb 1 for 0, R. B. Swaffield 1 for 12.

July 7th, v. Seagry, at Lickhill. Won by 22 runs. Harris 81—S. Toogood 19, J. Wiltshire 18. Seagry 59—R. Stevens 5 wickets for 26, R. Heath 4 for 30.

July 14th, v. Lacock 2nd XI., at Lickhill. Lost by 35 runs. Lacock 85—R. B. Swaffield 4 wickets for 22, W. F. Angell 3 for 25, R. Heath 2 for 20, B. Webb 1 for 16. Harris 50 —S. Toogood 15, B. Webb 11, P. Doble 10.

July 17th, v. Beckhampton, at Lickhill. Won by 24 runs. Beckhampton 85—B. Webb 4 wickets for 13, R. Stevens 3 for 7, H. Miller 2 for 0, J. Wiltshire 1 for 2. Harris 109 for 7 wickets—R. Heath 24, R. Caswell 23, B. Webb 17, P. Carter 12.

July 21st, v. Lacock, at Lacock. Lost by 34 runs. Lacock 75—R. Stevens 5 wickets for 27, R. Heath 3 for 39, W. F. Angell 2 for 5. Harris 41—J. Wiltshire 16, G. Dean 11.

### Friends Elsewhere.



On Friday, July 20th, 1934, the Office and Factory Staffs, with Captain C. Herbert Smith, Mr. W. V. Long (Manager), and Mr. J. G. Hooper, assembled together for the presentation to Mr. G. Warne on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Weston, of Melksham.

Captain C. Herbert Smith, in making the presentation, wished both Mr. and Mrs. Warne every happiness and success for their future, these remarks being very heartily endorsed by all present.

The esteem in which Mr. Warne is held by everyone was very evident by the present handed to him, which consisted of:—

Half Tea Service. Half Dinner Service. Set Fruit Dishes.

Following the presentation the proposal of a Welfare Association was placed before all present. After discussion the feeling was unanimous that it was an opportune time to form same, and it was left in the hands of Mr. W. V. Long to make the necessary arrangements. If the same enthusiasm and support is continued the employees at Chippenham can look forward to some very happy social events in the near future.

W.H.W.

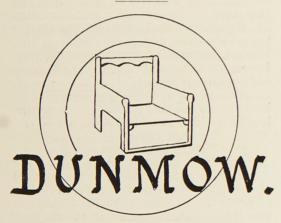
The weather of Saturday, July 21st, did not appear to be very inviting for a trip to the seaside, but this happened to be the date fixed for the Annual Outing of the employees at the Chippenham factory, and a party of 54 boarded the 7.47 a.m. train in a reserved coach for Weston-super-Mare, which was reached about 9.30 a.m. It was raining, but ere long it cleared, and to all appearances there was a fine day ahead,

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which we enjoyed until about 2.30, when we experienced a heavy thunderstorm. Some took shelter in one place, some in another, and I believe the picture house benefited considerably. Fortunately the storm did not last long, and the sands were soon crowded once more as the sun shone brilliantly to the satisfaction of all, and the weather being fine for the rest of the day I think everyone spent a very enjoyable time.

It being possible to return by any ordinary train, the party returned at their leisure, some not arriving at Chippenham before the mails. One employe, with his wife and children, was making their way to the station during the storm. I am not sure if he thought Weston was about to be flooded, but this I am certain of, we are grateful to those who made it possible for us to go by allowing the time, and also to those who made the necessary arrangements.



It was a glorious morning on July 7th, when the employees of the Dunmow Flitch assembled for their Annual Outing, their destination in mind being Felixstowe.

They set off in high spirits about 7.30 a.m., arriving at Felixstowe at 10.15 a.m. everyone feeling perfectly happy and meaning to enjoy themselves.

They then dispersed, each to their own amusement, arranging to meet at 7 p.m. for the homeward journey.

If everyone enjoyed themselves at the seaside, they did so more coming home. You may ask why? Well, we will tell you. Perhaps you did not know that the "Flitch Boys" have a band? It is called "Flanagan's Band," the conductor being Mr. Harry Wood, assisted by Mr. T. Archer. Flanagan's

Band amused us all until we reached home at 10.30 p.m.

ONE OF THE BAND.

Saturday, July 7th, was the day chosen this year for our Annual Outing, and we were again very fortunate in having ideal weather to help make it the perfect success that it was.

Two parties started out from Dunmow, one to the British Broadcasting House, London, and the other to Felixstowe. The party that visited the home of the B.B.C. numbered about 13, and met at Portland Place at 12.30 p.m. It may interest some of your readers if we gave just a short account of some of the things we saw and heard.

The place itself is a very modern structure of eleven storeys, eight of which are above ground level, and three below. On entering the building one comes into a very handsome reception hall. Passing through this to get to the lifts, the first things to be noticed are three huge boards which give the programmes of the London National and Regional for the day and rehearsals. Entering the lift, a journey of a few seconds takes you to the control room. This is a long, narrow room containing more instruments than I should like to explain. A number of men are seated here, with earphones on. and everything that is intended to be broadcast to the listening public must first go through this room.

A large number of studios were visited, and each one we entered was different from the last. Each studio, we were informed, was furnished differently, so that the broadcaster could use a room that would as far as possible reflect the proper atmosphere for his or her talk, &c. One was fitted as for a study, another was a business room, and a third as near as possible to a church, and so on. The last-named was very interesting, the feature of the room being an electric light at one end reflecting the sign of a cross on a frosted window at the other end. The last studio we visited was one of those in the basement and used by "The B.B.C. dance orchestra, directed by Henry Hall.'

The rest rooms for the artists were another feature of the building, and to our party looked particularly restful, for London on July 7th was not the coolest of places to be in. All the air that is forced into the building is, before being distributed to the various studios, first of all purified, and heated or cooled to the correct temperature required. All the studios are naturally sound proof, and none connect with the outside walls. Imitation windows are fitted, and electric lights supply the artificial sunlight, the whole thing being made to look very realistic.

There are between 950 and 1,000 persons on the staff, including 100 engineers and 8 announcers. Four of the latter are for home programmes and four for Empire. Seventy charladies do their best every day to keep the building looking spick and span, and they make an excellent job of it. Of course, everything is very modern and labour saving.

The remark by one of our ladies on how very beautiful all the flowers looked brought the information that they are supplied and attended to by contract all the year round. A lady comes in twice a week to do this.

An altogether very interesting, and, incidentally, very instructive afternoon was had by everyone of the party, and our thanks are due to the B.B.C. for allowing us the privilege of the tour.

O.J.S.



The enthusiasts who were responsible for the suggestion to form a football club have succeeded and the club has now become a fact. With Mr. C. B. Shier as chairman and Mr. W. Slater hon. secretary, negotiations are proceeding for a playing field and entry to a local league. We wish the new venture every success.

The arrangements for our Flower and Vegetable Show and Fete are well advanced. The West Country, in common with most other areas, has felt the drought severely.

We are pleased that Cecil Turner, after his operation, which we are glad to hear has been entirely successful, will soon be resuming his normal duties.





July has been quite an eventful month for us Ipswichians. We have had the Royal Show—the best ever—with a visit from the Prince of Wales to set the seal on its popularity, and the most gorgeous weather to make it successful. We have had visits from Mr. W. Marsh, Mr. E. E. Marsh, and Mr. Redman. Mr. Culpin, emerging from the fastnesses of the Land of the Flitch, came to see us, and our old friend, Mr. Bunston, spent a fortnight with us.

These items were very pleasurable, and the first two weeks, at least, were ideal holiday weeks, although latterly the weather has been somewhat sketchy.

Pigs have been plentiful and trade brisk, so, taking it by and large, we have much to be thankful for.

The countryside is looking beautiful now with its profusion of flowers in bloom, the trees in full summer foliage, and the sunlight on the fields of ripening corn. Indeed, in many places harvesting is going on. Brown faces amongst our staff tell of happy days, of sea breezes, and summer sun.

We were glad to learn that Mr. Markwell (Office) is making good progress towards renewed health, after a long illness.

Our sympathy goes out to Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Eaton (Transport), whose baby daughter lived but one short month, and to Mr. B. Foot (Maintenance), who has just lost his mother, after a very short illness.

Patience is bitter, but the fruit of it is sweet.

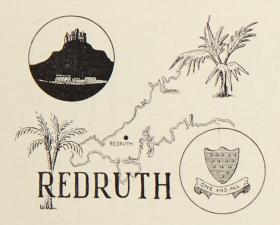
The five stage-coaches of life:—

The Bassinette.
The Tandem

The Handen

The Bath-chair.

The Hearse.



The water shortage which is so acute in many parts of the country has caused no great inconvenience in Cornwall, neither have the crops been seriously affected, but the glorious weather has given much joy to holiday makers. Every seaside town and village is full, and while our visitors are taking full advantage of the opportunity to receive the benefits which the continued sunshine and the natural beauties of the county can give, caterers, grocers, and farmers are also doing their best to make the most of the increase in business which the extra population brings.

At this factory, we are looking forward to a greater increase in local bacon sales, and with pig supplies becoming larger as well,

a busy time is before us.

On Saturday, June 30th, the Men's Outing was held. This year we went to Torquay, and although the journey was a long one, the weather was so fine that we were able to appreciate the beauties of the miles of countryside through which we passed as much as Torquay itself. A really enjoyable day was spent, which was much appreciated by all.

W.B.F.

Put your foot down where you mean to stand.

Every man is his own ancestor. We inherit ourselves and make posterity.

Inquire about your neighbour before you build and your companion before you travel.

### EVENING GLORY.

Beyond the hills the sun has set Although the sky is crimson yet, And evening breezes steal away The tiring sultry heat of day!

The song birds' notes have ceased to rise In adoration to the skies, A preying owl so silent flies, And perching, voices eerie cries.

The moths their daylight holes have quit, And o'er my garden some now flit. Alike the bats that wing and glide To and fro at evening tide!

Evening primroses with pride Open fourfold petals wide, Although as buds they pass the noon Their yellow splendour greets the moon.

It seems some mystic hand unseen Hath placed the Moonflower in the scene, So swiftly does its calyse dry, Unfurling blooms to beautify.

Untouched by hand, yet was this flower Opened indeed by unseen power, The same Who mouldeth everything, Yea! even us His praise who sing.

Though man may tire and lose his zest, At eventide will come his rest, Yet are the wonders never still That issue from the Sovereign Will.

Untired, unceasing day and night, In darkness deep as in the light, Countless and wondrous are the signs And undiminished His designs.

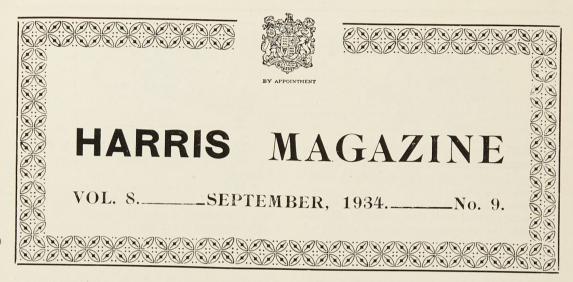
THOMAS H. HARVEY.

\* \* \* HOW I LIVE.

Living friendly, feeling friendly,
Acting fairly to all men.
Seeking to do that to others
They shall do to me again.
Hating no man, scorning no man,
Wronging none by word or deed.

But forbearing, soothing, serving, Thus I live and this my creed.

Remember that you haven't as long to live as yesterday.





E are indebted to several of our subscribers for helpful suggestions likely to increase the usefulness of the Harris Magazine.

We feel sure that our many readers do not expect a staff organ, such as ours, to take the place of or compete with journals making a general or national appeal. It is purely a journal of the House of Harris providing a regular link between all whose welfare and livelihood are dependent upon the maintenance of the firm's goodwill.

There are many who, so far, have not ventured to use this publication for passing on to their fellow workers any ideas likely to prove helpful and entertaining. Those who hesitate to attempt a full length article are invited to hand rough notes or short paragraphs to the heads of their departments, who will pass them to the Editor for use in the Magazine.

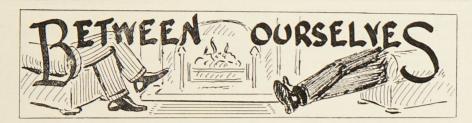
In this way there is no reason why every

reader from the youngest to the oldest should not feel that he or she has taken a practical part in the preparation of each issue.

Apart from matters connected with the business and social life of the firm our readers are invited to contribute notes on knitting, gardening, cooking, household management, unusual experiences, and any subject which they feel would help to increase the usefulness and interest of our pages.

We make a very special appeal to those who would like to contribute a series of articles on any subject to approach the Editors without delay so that suitable space can be reserved for them.

In conclusion we thank all our readers for their help and forbearance in the past and feel certain that this appeal at the opening of the Autumn and Winter seasons will result in increased interest in our monthly efforts.



Some of one's richest hours may be spent in the fanciful re-peopling of old scenes with those who in other days enjoyed them.

Among the best research work which is now being carried on is that which is associated with the re-discovery of the marks of ancient civilisations. It is a stirring thing to know that the place where Abraham lived has really been found again, and that the searches of 1934 have proved that there were, in fact, walls of Jericho which fell down.

Indeed, it may be assumed that the work of a man like Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie and others may eventually demonstrate to modern eyes the historical truths of many an old story.

So far, however, the origin of Stonehenge remains unsolved.

We thought of something like this on a summer afternoon which found us at Avebury, in connection with which it is suggested that finer remains of a prehistoric temple and methods of worship may be found which will present a more complete structure than Stonehenge.

Extending from the particularly wellformed circles of the village itself, various stones have been visible for some time, which indicated that they formed part of an avenue leading to another circle or temple on a far away hill.

Recently, excavations have been carried on for the purpose of uncovering the hidden stones which had fallen from their place in the avenue and already many have, by careful planning and the exercise of scientific knowledge and ingenuity, been re-erected in their old positions.

A fanciful mind viewing the work as it is being carried on saw the uncovering of hidden stones of memory and the re-building of an avenue that was the way to a place of sacrifice. With loving care the stones are being raised again and eager minds think they have already discerned upon some of them the marks and symbols of ancient thinking and belief.

The way of past experience is full of memory, of which visible signs may be lacking.

There used to be an old theory that any thought that was consciously recorded in the mind occupied a separate brain cell and a well-equipped intelligence by careful control was able to release the required knowledge when it would best serve the purpose of the person.

One wished for greater powers of fancy and perception on that afternoon at Ayebury.

Hidden stones seemed to have some likeness to the many things which are passed upon the way in that they represent stages in the evolution of life and habit.

Perhaps it is well that some of these should never be recovered, but those which have been truly erected in the path of real progression must always be repaired and kept erect.

Life may reach its fullness along many avenues, according probably to the degree of individual intelligence and vision.

To the ear of European culture and civilisation the negro spirituals, with their visions of rolling chariots, wide rivers, and golden slippers, may sound crude and ineffective, but associated with the surroundings and mentality of other days when the darkies wrote those songs, they represent the stones in the Avenue of Approach.

Knowledge does not always come along the paths of orthodox education and the curriculum of Public Schools. For these are but the introduction to the harder lesson in the deals which Mother Nature serves out to most of her offspring.

New aspects of truth and science cannot fail to enrich and enlighten existing thought, but life can never be fully lived or truly enjoyed except upon the basis of personal achievement of inner things, the power to forgive, to forbear, and to give up. Although the avenue which leads to Avebury was probably trodden by those whose full conception did not go beyond a visible sacrifice entailing human blood, it did represent the

best that had yet been revealed, and indicated, in primitive form, the principles upon which the way of human progression may best be established in the journey towards the place of understanding.

If fancy takes its lead once more perhaps the stones may be taken as indicating the possibilities and opportunities which mark the way. These are missed or taken according to the mind of the wayfarer. Opportunities do not wait; they quickly pass; rarely do they return. Day invariably follows night. This is not so in regard to chance or time.

The seasons follow one another with regularity and the mistake of ill-planting in one Spring may, if time permits, be rectified, in the fuller knowledge of another year, but the urge and inspiration and the chance to lend a helping hand appear in the moment for which they have been designed and if neglected are invariably lost.

The eventual stocktaking and balancesheet preparation of human progress will be along the lines of the main principle of how much of what was good has been acquired and remains.

Opportunity is the priceless gift of the moment at which it comes and unintelligible waste is the crowning indictment of a career.

It may be well, therefore, to return to one's own Avebury some day to see how the re-building of the Avenue has progressed.



The Salvation Army commenced its career under the title of the Christian Mission. It assumed its present name in 1877, when the Reverend William Booth became a general.

Love someone, in God's name, love someone, for it is the bread of the inner life without which a part of you will starve and die; and though you feel you must be stern, even hard, in your life of affairs, make for yourself a little corner, somewhere in the great world, where you may unbosom and be kind.

### The Sarsen-Stones at Avebury.

POSSIBLE PURCHASE OF SITE FOR NATION

It is possible that the site of the ancient avenue of sarsen-stones at Avebury, Wiltshire, may be purchased and handed over to the nation in consequence of discoveries made during excavations in the avenue during the past five months, says a correspondent of "The Times."

The excavations have been carried out under the direction of Mr. Alexander Keiller, F.G.S., F.S.A., assisted by Mr. Stuart Piggott and a carefully selected staff. H.M. Office of Works gave valuable co-operation, particularly when the time came to re-erect stones which had fallen or been buried in the past. Mr. W. Ormsby-Gore, First Commissioner of Works, has more than once visited the excavations.

The presence of carved circles and cup marks artificially cut on three of the sarsenstones is regarded as very important, since this is the first time that the markings indicated have been found on stones anywhere in the South of England. Remains of two "beaker" burials have been uncovered, and a third, also undoubtedly of early Bronze Age. The first consisted of shards of a beaker, together with the small bones of a human skeleton which had been disturbed or damaged when the stone was buried, probably by a farmer to facilitate ploughing. The discovery of the second burial was made beside a similarly buried stone, but actually in the remains of the stone-hole itself, the farmer's digging having cut right through the grave. Fortunately, it was not completely destroyed, and the excavations proved an important point—that the socket for the stone and the grave were one and the same. and there can be no doubt that the burial took place when the stone was erect, but still supported artificially, before the stone-hole was filled in. The upper part of the skeleton was lying in a crouched attitude, in its original position, and the skull was in a good state of preservation. Also, the excavators discovered fragments of an early Bronze Age beaker. This discovery is considered one of the most important made at Avebury so far as direct dating evidence is concerned in

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Heritage by Calne **Digitised** 

connection with the erection of the sarsenstones in their original scheme.

When the third burial was opened it was found to be absolutely intact in a large oval grave, situated as usual on the east side of the spot where a stone, since destroyed. had originally stood. This was also a crouched burial, and behind the shoulder of the skeleton was standing a pot, complete but somewhat crushed, of a type not hitherto. known, though also belonging to the early Bronze Age. After application of preservative it was taken up complete. The skeleton will be sent to the Royal College of Surgeons

Six more buried stones have been found recently, and these, with others lying on the ground surface, are being re-erected in their proper position in the avenue, and two broken. ones are to be repaired. The site of stoneholes from which stones have in the past been removed or destroyed are to be indicated on the ground by suitable markings, and the site of the avenue is being fenced in.

The excavations will be continued southwards from the present excavations next year. (Re-printed from the "Wiltshire Times,"

by courtesy of the Editor).

### Whither?

Whilst recently on the way to the coast had the opportunity of breaking my journey at the Airport Hotel, Crovdon.

I arrived there well into the evening and dusk had already fallen.

Part of the hotel dining-room is formed by a glass-covered balcony which overlooks the landing and taking off ground of the airport, and I spent here a most interesting and instructive hour.

It was a very beautiful evening with a clear sky and really thrilling to see the planes come out of the night and make a perfect landing.

The Air Ministry have a fine set of buildings there, manned by a very efficient staff, and with the wireless instruments now at their disposal they are able to ascertain long before the airplane comes into sight, or even ear-shot, exactly when it is due to land.

Within a few moments of the 'plane's arrival the ground is lit up by searchlights, arranged in such a way that the light only penetrates a few feet from the ground. I believe that this is done by forming

a kind of slight ground smoke screen.

The 'planes, of course, always land against the wind, with their engines throttled down, and it was almost uncanny to see these terrific air liners glide to earth with hardly a sound and taxi across the ground, finally arranging themselves alongside one another with the ease of skilled motorists parking

themselves in given spaces.

'Planes of all nationalities were arriving every few moments from all parts of the world, and the officials of the different companies would meet them. The disembarkation of passengers and luggage would then take place just as though it were an ordinary railway station and a main line train just arrived. There was no hurry, confusion, or even excitement, which one might associate with such an event. Everything seemed to be taken just for granted and the passengers would alight, separate, and depart to their various destinations with as little concern as though they had just come a journey by tramcar, and, as was the case with some of them, had not done in a few hours journeys which a comparatively few years ago would have taken practically as many days.

When one has not been actively in touch with the air developments which have taken place it really comes as a revelation when such an opportunity presents itself to see the enormous strides that have come

about within the last few years.

You see an airplane in the sky and almost take it for granted, so that when one is able to observe the landing and taking off. especially at night-time, of machines of almost impossible size, it is forcibly brought home just what advancement has been made in this direction alone.

So one wonders to what untold adventures we are bound and what marvels we shall be privileged to see in our lifetime.

Scientists claim that we have hardly touched the possibilities in almost every walk of life, and just as our ancestors were staggered to see the first steam engine, so may we be just as amazed at the inventions which may be brought about in the near future. We are living in an amazing age, but if what we are told is true we have by no means reached the limit, and it is perhaps as well that human nature is able to adapt itself and take for granted, after a time, all the wonderful creations that take place.

A.G.

### By Pleasant Paths.

LUE skies overhead, brilliant sunshine. and a fortnight's holiday just commencing. The best of company, and a well-behaved engine. Good roads, and English scenery in July. What more could the heart of man desire?

Thus it was that my wife and I and our daughter set out on our annual jaunt in this present year of grace. Through Stowmarket we went, and Bury St. Edmunds, with its famous old Abbey, and the great Arch built in Norman days. Through Newmarket, and over the Heath, saluting the Ditch as we passed the July course. Onwards through the wide lands of Cambridgeshire, until, at Royston, we were in the County of Herts. At Baldock we met, for a short space, with the stream of traffic outward bound along the Great North Road, and then, leaving that thronged highway, we went on to Letchworth Garden City, where we staved the night.

The morning came, hotter than ever, and we took the road again. Hitchen, Luton, and at Dunstable we crossed another great road, the Holyhead, and shortly after turned to climb up and over the Dunstable Downs, skirting the Whipsnade Zoo.

Gee, but it was hot, on those chalk hills. and we were quite grateful when, on the further side, our road gained some shade from the trees. At Berkhamstead we somehow managed to go wrong, and found ourselves amongst the narrow lanes, winding and hilly. of Buckinghamshire. Not that we cared! The lanes were cooler, the views lovely, and all time was ours. Presently, emerging at the top of a long climb, we ran into a lovely little wood, exquisitely cool and peaceful, and my wife suggested lunch amongst the trees. Accordingly I drove off the road and we proceeded gaily to picnic, rounding off the meal with some cherries, freshly gathered, that we had purchased shortly before. At length we decided to make a move, and it was just as we were backing out on to the road that I happened to look up. . There, on the tree under which we had been seated, was a notice, stating portentously that these woods were private property, and that trespassers would be prosecuted!!! We fled, feeling like three public enemies. . . .

At Amersham we regained our proper

route, and, feeling fairly safe from pursuit continued on our way. A hilly country this all over the Chiltern Hills, but with views that made it more than worth while. At High Wycombe we crossed the London-Oxford road, and then, at Marlow, we crossed Old Father Thames, and some miles further on came out on to the Bath road. Here we bowled along merrily for a while, making up a little on our time-schedule, but the beauty of the Floral Mile checked us-as well it might-and not long after we were passing through Reading.

For a few miles beyond the biscuit town we followed the Bath road, and then, bearing left, plunged into another little crosscountry trip.

What pleasant little places there are in this England of ours! Quiet, old-world towns, pretty villages, winding roads bounded by grassy banks, and high hedges, wide open spaces, and everywhere the green of sunlit fields, and the grateful shade of noble trees.

We passed through Aldermaston, and Fair Oak, Kingsclere (lovely view from White Hill), Overton, and Hurstbourne Priors, and presently came into Andover. Thence, passing through the quaintly-named Middle Wallop, we came to Lobscombe Corner, where we joined the main road to Salisbury. This latter stretch of road is one great switchback, seemingly interminable, and it was with joy that we sighted the spires of the

At Salisbury we washed, tea'd, and then spent a wonderful hour in the Cathedralall too short a time—before setting out upon the final stage of our journey. We left by Harnam Bridge, and thence by Coombe Bissett, Tarrant Hinton (delightful names). Pimperne, and so to Blandford. A fairly easy road now, undulating, and typically English country—Hardy's Wessex—led us, through Puddletown, to Dorchester, and thence, via Winterborne Monkton, and down Ridgeway Hill to our destination, Weymouth.

What befell us there, the sights we saw, and the times we had, may be written of later, as the Editor so wills.

Let this record stand of one glorious July day in England.

A. H. MACKENZIE.

It's easy to shout when everyone is shouting, but who will shout by himself?

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

# Centre Heritage Calne **Digitised**

### Duke of York's Camp, 1934.

We had the privilege of nominating two lads as visitors and by a vote of all boys who were, by age, qualified to attend, R. V. Goddard and K. Cousins were elected.

The camp consisted of 400 boys, of whom one half came from the great Public Schools and the other from Factory and similar organisations.

We congratulate Cousins upon winning the cross-country race, and print a letter from Captain J. G. Paterson, the Camp Chief. Well done. Calne.

J.F.B.

J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P., Messrs. C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd., Calne, Wilts.

DEAR MR. BODINNAR,

I am writing to tell you what a great pleasure it was to us all that Cousins won the camp cross-country race this year. It is only the second time in the history of the camp that an industrial boy has won, and, curiously enough, the second year in succession

It has a fine effect on the attitude of the public school boy, who naturally thinks that in matters of this sort he has something to teach the industrial boy.

Kind regards,
Yours sincerely,
J. G. PATERSON.

### DUKE OF YORK'S CAMP, AUGUST, 1934.

Our train left Calne at 7.35 a.m. and arrived at Paddington at 10.20. We went to Victoria Station by electric railway and deposited our luggage at the Royal Mews. As we still had three hours before assembling we went for a short tour of the West End. After having lunch at Quebec House, near the Marble Arch, we returned by bus to the Mews. The Duke of York came and said that owing to a poisoned hand his doctor had forbidden him to go to the camp this year. He said that it was a great disappointment to him as it was the first year he had missed since its inauguration. After wishing us fine weather and an enjoyable holiday his Royal Highness drove off,

accompanied by loud cheering. Of course, we were all in our sections and we were shown round the Mews, one section at a time. This proved to be very interesting, and amongst other things we saw the Royal Coach and the horse named Arabian Night. which the King himself rides. We left the Mews at three o'clock and proceeded to Liverpool Street Station by bus. Our train, a special, left at four p.m., and after stopping once on the way, arrived at Halesworth just before seven o'clock. From Halesworth to Southwold, a distance of nine miles, we went by double-decked buses. We had supper at once and afterwards a concert in the big concert marquee. Went to bed just before eleven o'clock. Sunday morning we had a short service in the concert marquee at ten a.m. Later we went for a swim in the sea; our camp being only seven minutes' walk away from the sea. During the afternoon and early evening we explored Southwold and found it a very nice place. After tea we went for another swim; most of the boys came down, and it was an exciting affair. At eight o'clock Lieut.-Commander M. B. Sherwood gave an illustrated lecture on a voyage from "Hong Kong to Dartmouth in a home-made sailing boat." This proved to be very interesting, and we had as visitors Sir C. H. Collet and Lady Collet, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London. They were spending a month's holiday in their house at Southwold.

Monday morning dawned rather cloudy, but we had only a few spots of rain. Section C, our section, contested with Section D, both sections winning two events each. After tournament we went for a swim and found the sea very rough, owing to the wind. Later the wind dropped and the sea was comparatively calm again. After supper we saw a jolly good concert, chiefly composed of a variety of acts by the fellows themselves. For the last hour we had "talkies."

Tuesday our Section won three events and drew the fourth with Section A. Afterwards we went for a swim and found the sea very rough. One fellow had to be rescued and artificial respiration applied. After dinner the camp photographer took a photograph of the assembled camp. During the afternoon we went for a walk round the town. After tea we went for a swim and then joined in the games that were in progress on the common. In the evening we had another very good entertainment.

Wednesday morning was bright and sunny. We played Section B later in the morning and we each won two events. After dinner several of us hired a bus and went for a trip to Lowestoft, a distance of eighteen miles. We had a very enjoyable time there and the weather was glorious. When we returned we went to have a look round the Southwold Lighthouse, and later went for the evening swim. Again the entertainment was of a very high order, and we had the Mayor of Southwold with us to enjoy it.

Thursday morning was dull, but fine. During the tournaments the Pathe Movietone news van came and took pictures of various events. They also took pictures of the whole camp joining in a sing-song. In the afternoon we joined in the games that were almost continually in progress on the spacious common. Later we saw another very enjoyable entertainment.

Friday the weather was dull, and we had a few spots of rain, but not enough to make things unpleasant. Friday afternoon was the big event of the week, the crosscountry race of just over two miles. Everybody had to take part unless the doctor said ctherwise. The first man home won 400 points for his Section, the second 399, and so on. I managed to win the race by about fifty yards, the second time it has been won by a factory lad since the camp started in 1921. Usually one of the college chaps manages to win it. In the evening we saw an extra long show, and we had a big bonfire on the marshes afterwards, about mid night. On returning everyone turned out with their pillows and we had an organised pillow fight, which was great fun. Finally we retired just before one a.m.

Saturday we went down for an early morning swim, in bright sunshine, and we were all very sorry our last day at camp had arrived. We went to Halesworth by bus and left by train for London at 12.15. We arrived in London at four p.m., and decided to remain until the last train home. Having eight hours to enjoy ourselves, we went to see two shows and left Paddington at 12.30.

K. COUSINS.

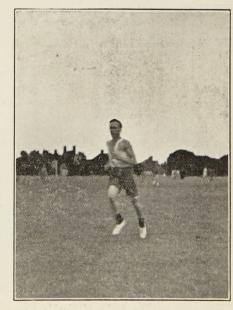
At approximately 7.35 a.m. on Saturday, August 4th, we steamed out of Calne station on our long journey to Southwold, 110 miles N.E. of London. Those invited to camp were requested to be outside the Royal Mews not

later than 1.45 p.m. Arriving at Paddington about 10.20 a.m., we went straight to the Mews, deposited our trunks, and spent the rest of our time seeing as much of London as we possibly could.

Once again at the Mews, we lost no time in getting in touch with the others. The entire camp consisted of 400 boys from every part of the British Isles. It was divided into twenty sections, with twenty in a section, each of which was headed by a leader. His Royal Highness the Duke of York then came forward and told us some sad news. Acting upon doctor's advice with regard to his poisoned hand, he would not be at camp this year. His Royal Highness wished us one and all a very enjoyable holiday, and he finally left with three rousing cheers ringing in his ears.

Immediately after this we were shown round the Mews, one section at a time. We saw the Royal carriages, horses, and harness, and afterwards the riding school where the young members of the Royal family are taught to ride and the horses themselves trained. Directly this was over we proceeded to Liverpool Street station, and by 4.15 we were leaving London well behind, and entering parts of the country we had never seen before.

On and on we travelled until at length we arrived at a small town called Halesworth, nine miles from our destination. From here we completed the journey by bus, during



K. Cousins, winning the cross-country race.



The Duke of York's Camp.—Pictures which speak for themselves.

which our section leader pointed out to us where certain tents were situated so that we should experience no difficulty in finding our way about. We arrived about eight o'clock and straightway had supper in the huge dining marquee. Entertainments were then held in the entertainment marquee, where a stage and film screen had been erected. These were followed by the first half of the film. "The Cuckoo in the Nest," starring Ralph Lynn. By 10.45 p.m. we were all in bed. some of us experiencing our first night under canvas. It proved to be a little restless for the majority of us, with the result that by 6.30 the next morning we were all up and about.

Breakfast was not until eight o'clock. and so we spent most of our time writing home to our friends and reading the daily paper, which was on sale at the tuck shop every morning. Rather a different programme was followed Sunday, tournaments being displaced by services in the entertainment marquee. After the morning service we assembled on the beach for bathing, which lasted until dinner time, at one o'clock. There was nothing official for the afternoons, most of them being spent in reading, writing, visiting the town, and taking snaps. Tea was held at 4.30, the official camp bathe at 6.15, supper at 7.30, and after that a lecture was given in place of the usual entertainments, entitled "From Hong Kong to Dartmouth by sailing boat," and it was read by the commander of the trip, who had kindly consented to be present. Our guests that evening were the Lord and Lady Mayoress of London, who were staying at Southwold on holiday.

The next day, Monday, we really began to step into our stride, for in the morning, from 10 to 11.45, and every morning after, tournaments were held. These games were fairly strenuous, and became more and more so as the week passed by. Monday morning we (Section C) had as our opponents Section D, who slept in the same tent as ourselves. The tournaments consisted of a three-legged race, tug-of-war, a game called hop, step, and jump, in which the greater the distance you cleared the more points you obtained, and finally a game similar to Rugby, known as foot and mouth. This was taking place all over the extensive common, and as it was impossible for one section to play the remaining 19 in the time allotted, most of the events were timed. These games were followed by the camp bathe, and during the afternoon and early evening there was always some friendly encounter taking place between sections. Sharp at eight o'clock the entertainments began, and these consisted of songs, instrumental solos, and sketches by members of the camp. This was followed by the remainder of "The Cuckoo in the Nest."

Tournaments the next morning consisted of tug-of-war, foot and mouth, and a game similar to darts, except that we aimed at the target with tennis balls. This was followed by a game called the ball and the bucket. The latter proved to be a very thrilling affair, the winner being the person who collected and dropped into the bucket all the tennis balls in turn and reached home first. During the entertainment period that evening a fresh film, "Up for the Derby," was started.

So far we had not experienced any really hot weather, nor had we seen much of the sun, and apart from a slight drizzle one morning, we had had no rain. Meal times were becoming extremely exciting, for fresh tournament results were always appearing.

Our next tournaments were throwing a 7lb. sandbag, land-boats, tug-of-war, and foot and mouth. In the first, the farther the bag was thrown without shifting your feet or raising your heels the more points you gained for your section, while land-boats was a race in which each section sat astride a long scaffold pole. That afternoon about twenty of us went by bus to Lowestoft, where we spent an exceedingly interesting afternoon. Bathing followed at 6.15, supper at 7.30, and finally entertainment at eight o'clock, followed by the latter part of "Up for the Derby."

Thursday was an important day, for the movie men came and filmed us playing games, and also as a whole singing "Under the Greenwood Tree." Tournaments that morning were something of the same, except that we had a fairly long hurdle race. At the end of the entertainments that evening we saw the first part of "Soldiers of the King."

Friday, being our last day, was naturally the most strenuous as far as tournaments were concerned. In one race we had to wriggle under 20 forms placed 2ft. apart, turn round, and leap over them, touching the ground between each one, and finally back again under and over. That afternoon a cross-country run of about 2½ miles was held

# by Calne Heritage igitised

and the winner, who incidentally was more surprised than anyone else, was K. C. Cousins, of Calne, Wilts. Well that really ended all the tournaments, and at tea-time all the final results were up and our section was about tenth out of twenty. That night we had a real wind-up; entertainments, with the completion of the film, lasted nearly twice as long. Midnight found the entire camp down on the moors, having a rare old sing-song round a huge, blazing hot bonfire. Once back at camp we had a really fierce pillow-fight, lasting half-an-hour, and by the time we were in bed it was 2.30 a.m.

We left camp the next morning at 9.45 and arrived at Liverpool Street station, London, at 3.45. Here we dispersed, after spending one of the best holidays we have ever had.

R. V. GODDARD.

One of our friends in the Calne Office has shown us some interesting figures. We feel they will in turn interest our readers :-The Zulu War broke out in ........... 1880 And the number of years it lasted was 1881 Add 1881 perpendicularly, we get ... The date of the Boer War ..... And the number of years it lasted was 1902 Add 1902 perpendicularly and we get The date of the Great War ...... 1914 And the number of years it lasted was 1918 Add 1918 perpendicularly and we get 1937

Interesting figures—what do they portend?

The majority of people are just as eager to do the right thing as you are.

### A Trip to the French Riviera.

(Continued—PART VII).

On the morning of July 17th, we went to another part of Nice, which we had not seen previously, on our way to the market. Wherever we passed we noticed how beautifully white were the houses, and admired the lovely hotels.

The market was a great sight. We had never seen such a display of fruit of all kinds-peaches, juicy green figs, melons, plums, &c., &c., &c., all fresh and appetising. There was also a profusion of vegetables.

The flower market was a gorgeous sight! Such a quantity and variety of flowers. We noticed some mimosa in the market and also saw some growing wild.

After our turn round the market we went to the shore to have our last bathe in the Mediterranean before leaving, and we thoroughly enjoyed it. The beach is very nice at Nice, but it is a pebbly shore, whereas Cannes has a sandy beach.

After lunch we took the tram to the port of Villefranche, in the beautiful harbour of which the French Mediterranean fleet takes shelter, protected by Mont Boron and Cape Ferrat. We had a lovely view of the town and sea from a height and admired the lemon, date, and banana trees. As there was a tram leaving for Monaco at 3.30 we decided to take it.

We passed Beaulieu, so well named, as it means beautiful place. This is pronounced Bo-lee-er, and not Bee-ooly, like the Beaulieu in the New Forest.

The tram conductor told us about the various places we passed as we went on. which made it even more interesting. He pointed out several banana trees carrying green bananas, and showed us in the distance the village of Eze at a very high altitude. where we had been two days before. He also gave us the names of the gulfs and capes which we passed and showed us a place where the Mediterranean gets specially rough when the "Mistral," the terrible southern wind, blows.

D.G.T.B.

(To be continued). \* \* \*

Some men grow under responsibility others merely swell.

### AWAITING HARVEST.

When the earth shows forth its increase On the hill, in vale, on plain. There stand glorious gifts for harvest Where the fruitful seed has lain.

The Creator is exalted. Yea! by every gift He gave. For the seed the Sower buried Sprang so beautious from its grave.

From its place within the furrow Where the ploughing team had trod. Brought to fulness for the harvest By the graceful hand of God.

Each good seed the Sower soweth. In the garden or the field. Is to God a supplication, Thenceforth manifold its yield.

Golden grain awaits the Reaper, Many for each seed he cast. For his faith and for his labour He may reap reward at last.

See how true the wealth that floweth. Treasure from His spanless store. Every need and matchless beauty! Who doth pay for labour more?

We are seed the Greater Sower Cast Himself o'er fertile soil. And the crops that He expecteth Are the products of our toil.

There shall be a time of harvest. When all things are gathered in, Safety in His Own sure keeping, Ere the threshing shall begin.

THOMAS H. HARVEY.

We call Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and other similar societies of lawyers. Inns of Court, because originally they were held in the Court of the King's Palace, which was the place for dispensing justice and punishing crimes committed against the power of the Sovereign, and the Inns have still retained that title to the present day. We have a very different use of the word Court remaining when we speak of Court plaster. This takes us back to the time of Charles I., when little patches of plaster were applied by the Court ladies to their faces.

### THE MAGAZINE.

We are most appreciative of the efforts that have been made, at my suggestion, by the Branches and Calne to increase the circulation of the Magazine.

We are under a very great debt of gratitude to the Editors and those who have for so long carried on this work quite voluntarily.

I have just set up an Advisory Committee to consider any suggestions that may be made for the improvement and usefulness of this publication, and I invite every member of the staff, everyone, including particularly our outside representatives, to make suggestions, which may be sent to me personally.

J.F.B.

15th September, 1934

Before you forget it :-

Will you please send along that holiday

Our register serves a useful purpose, and the more names we have the wider is the choice.

In addition, you have the satisfaction of knowing that the good "digs" you had this year will be appreciated by someone else next year.

Usually when we bid farewell to our colleagues it is on account of their leaving to be married, but in the case of Miss Celia Bishop we bid her good-bye with our earnest and best wishes for happiness and success in the new career which she is taking up—that of nursing.

Miss Bishop has been with us for a period of ten years, and although of a retiring disposition, she will be very much missed by those associated with her in the office.

### \* \* \* OILED.

A correspondent writes:—The other day one of my junior assistants approached a customer and inquired as to what she wanted. The lady asked the young man for " lb. corned beef."

The assistant, being rather absentminded at the time of serving the customer, very kindly inquired as to whether she required the "corned beef" in "oil or tomato."

# Centre Heritage Calne Digitised

### Cheer Up!

The Editor has asked me to write a cheerful article. Well, he couldn't have come to a better chap. Like that chap, what's his name, in the "Arcadians," "I've gotta Motta—always merry and bright."

I'm always cheerful, I am. Do you know I went to see my old chum, Tim Railings, who was very ill? I don't know if I cheered him up, but I did try. I'm a trier, I am, and remember, "One trial doesn't make Old Bailey"—I expect mine will when the Editor gets this article.

Well, to come back to Tim. I did my best and told him all about the people I knew who had had his complaint and how they suffered before they passed out. It took a long time in the telling—in fact, it wasn't until I had finished his grapes that I noticed how late it was. I'd have finished sooner, but the pips and my upper set kept having arguments. Well, I had to go and as I was going downstairs to finally cheer him up I shouted, "I say, Tim, they won't half have a job to get your coffin down these stairs." His reply did not sound like a sick man.

I always try to live up to the motto, "There's a cloud to every silver lining." Haven't you noticed lately how accommodating the railways are getting? They seem to have compartments for everything, as I have seen carriages labelled "Smoking," "Reading," "Bath," and even "Sandwich." Do you know my wife's a bit of a lad. She went into a dog's trough shop to order a dog's trough. (You may not know it, but it is only in dog trough shops that you can buy dog's troughs). The dog's trough seller said to my wife, "Would you like one with 'Dog' painted on it, madam?" "No. thanks," said my wife, "the dog can't read and my husband doesn't drink water.'

As I was coming away from a flower show the other day I saw a chap that had won a prize with a fine marrow. "That's a main fine 'em,' says I, talking Cockney," I'll give 'ee two bob for im."

"Garn," said he, talking Wiltshire, "I give a'rf a crown fer it meself."

I asked for a rise the other day, but the boss didn't give me one. He said, "If you were half as good as the difference between what you are and what you think you are, you might be worth it." Well, after that I decided to let well alone.

Well, if I didn't get a rise I've risen to the occasion and done something for the Magazine. Perhaps in a month's time I'll be able to read what I have written and have a laugh at myself, any way. Cheer up! this article might have been worse.

### \* \* \* PROSE STYLE.

The question has arisen as to what constitutes prose style. Mr. Dixon rightly points out that style is inevitably bound up with the personality of the writer. He takes the view that a man's style or mode of writing is inextricably linked up with his thoughts and character.

This is, of course, true of any writer with any claim to greatness; we cannot image the explosive hurly burly that went on inside Carlyle's brain transmuted into a calm, limpid, peaceful flow of words; we cannot expect to find that ponderous thinker, Gibbon, expressing himself in witty sallies; what becomes of the magnificent universality of Shakespeare when he is paraphrased?

But by style one can mean more than this, more than the tangible or intangible points of method which correspond to the thought. Not merely the mode of expression, but how far the whole work reaches perfection and unity—this is the essence of good style. The word is used more widely when used colloquially. A library reader who "doesn't care for that sort of thing" is not generally referring to the peculiar diction or to the weighty rhythm of an author; more often it is the setting, the particular interest, the kind of character that does not appeal to him, the basis upon which the whole book is built.

A novel in the style of Dickens is limited to the same kind of purpose and the type of character as those which concerned Dickens. It is because of this that we do not find a great style copied by another great writer (though it can be by a mimic); the grace which is typical of Stevenson's mode of writing resulted from that grace of personality of which we learn from other sources, and the former cannot be naturally and perfectly reproduced without the latter.

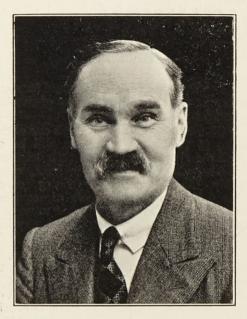
Joan Harris, B.A.Oxon.

\* \* \*

If you can't paint, grind the colours.

### Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. F. E. BILLETT.



The subject of our portrait this month joined the staff at Calne in 1914, and for the greater part of his 20 years' service has been in charge of the postal department.

The very great extension of the business during that period has necessitated many changes in that as in every other branch of office routine, and Mr. Billett has through them all kept his department thoroughly efficient.

Many members of the staff now holding responsible positions began their clerical duties in his department, and would freely acknowledge their indebtedness to his thorough grounding in business habits at the commencement of their career.

Mr. Billett will in a few weeks have qualified for the Firm's Long Service Medal. May his shadow never grow less, and may he still be enjoying undiminished health and vigour when his silver medal is exchanged for a gold one.

Our idle days are Satan's busy days.

Waste not—and a good many folks would go starving.



BELLS

At Calne Parish Church, on Saturday, August 11th, Miss Doris Grainger was married to Mr. J. Harris, of Chippenham.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, wore a pale pink crepe de chine dress adorned with a spray of orange blossom, with which her veil was also trimmed, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The bridesmaid wore a blue floral silk dress.

Miss Grainger was attached to the Kitchen Department for ten years. The wedding present from the factory was an Axminster rug. The honeymoon was spent at Bournemouth.

At the Calne Parish Church, on September 1st, Miss Millicent Fennell was married to Mr. Thomas G. Wakeley, of London.

The bride wore a simply-cut dress of white chiffon velvet, with wreath and veil, and was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss K. Andow (niece) and Miss Wakeley, sister of the bridegroom.

Miss Fennell was for nine years attached to the Ledger Department of the General Office, and for the greater part of that time was a prominent member of the Hockey Club, being captain of her team, in respect of which she received a pair of silver vases and pearl-handled silver butter knife.

She was also the hon. secretary of the Folk Dance Club, and her talent as a pianist and singer was always at the disposal of various organisations connected with the Firm. She leaves us with many regrets on our part, but with our very best wishes for her future happiness.

The presentation from the Office staff took the form of a mahogany chiming clock.

\* \* \*

Friendship, like gold, needs the acid test of adversity to determine its purity.

Some folks have to wait until they see everybody do a thing before they screw up courage enough to try it—then everybody else is generally doing something better.

### THE BROAD HICHWAY.

By the time this issue appears the London Grocers' Exhibition will once again be past and gone.

Our stand this year will be much on the same lines, as we have found from experience that this enables us to make the best display and is the most convenient for the purpose of interviewing customers.

There has been a good deal of controversy from time to time as to whether the venue of the Exhibition, which for so long has been at the Agricultural Hall, should not be altered to Olympia. This, however, would be a very big undertaking in view of the great difference in the rents which would apply. It is also argued that the Agricultural Hall is rather out of the way in relation to the West End of London, but it is very convenient for the many hundreds of grocers who visit the show from the North of England, as it is very near to Euston, St. Pancras, and King's Cross.

We are very sorry to say that Mr. Lammiman, of Hull, is suffering from illness which will necessitate his being away from business for some months. We feel sure that all his colleagues will wish Mr. Lammiman a speedy recovery.

Van Salesman Rivers, of Bristol, has had to undergo a minor operation. We are glad to say that he is now out of hospital and making good progress.

We take this opportunity of welcoming Relief-Salesman Gale, who has recently made a start in Calne.

Mr. Cartwright, of Cardiff, is a little better and we hope that in due time he will be restored to health and strength once again.

It's a young man's ambition to get on, a young woman's to get off.

READING.

In view of the probable demand for more leisure in the future this matter of reading assumes a great importance.

Gladstone once said, "I think one of the duties of the future statesmen will be to teach the people how to use their leisure." I think he must have had in mind, quite clearly, the importance of reading sound, healthy books for the purpose of acquiring knowledge, and so create a sound mind in a sound body, making mental and physical culture co-ordinate.

A library of a public character must, of course, contain a great variety of books to meet the demands of its readers, but I presume you are anxious to get some idea of the extent and character of those demands whether educational or amusing. The opportunities for the cultivation of the mind were never greater than now, and it has been said "the pleasure and delight of knowledge far surpasseth all other in nature. We see in all other pleasures there is satiety, but of knowledge there is no satiety."

Although the wise men of old were ignorant of many facts which modern science has revealed, and which to-day, even to children, are commonplace, they managed to bequeath to us a legacy which is imperishable.

The educational power of the Press is, of course, immense, and business enterprise supports it, by advertising. Without the latter it would be impossible to produce the paper and magazine at the price we pay for them.

The philosopher of ancient days who said, "My mind unto me a kingdom is," knew the pleasure and advantage of having something he could explore with unlimited gratification.

J. F. KINGTON.

Many a man looking for sympathy needs really two swift kicks properly placed.



CRICKET	
1st XI. v. Marlborough College S.C.C., of August 4th, at Lickhill. Lost by 19 run	ns ns
B. Gough run out	36 33
J. Archard b Jennings F. Flay lbw b Peck F. I. Nash lbw b Jennings	2 13 3
P. Carter b Peck	2 6 0
W. Butler not out	11 3
W. F. Angell b Peck	0 4
Marlborough College S.C.C. :—162 for wickets.	
F. Flay, 3 wickets for 32 runs; P. Carte 2 for 25; I. J. Taylor, 1 for 44.	r,
1st XI. v. Old Colstonians (Bristol), of August 6th, at Lickhill. Lost by 7 runs.  1st Innings.	n
B. Gough c Stott b Treeby 1	2
	1 4
A. Bennett b Treeby 1	4
P. Carter c Cockram b Cole 2	25
I. J. Taylor c Pratt b Cole	9
W. Butler lbw b Sims	9
A. McLean b Treeby 1 R. B. Swaffield not out Extras	3 2 9
12	22
2ND INNINGS. B. Gough c Pratt b Treeby	3

COLCKET

R. Parkhouse c Stott b Treeby	9
D. Dolman c Cockram b Stott	9
A. Bennett run out	14
J. Gough ht wkt b Stott	5
I. J. Taylor b Stott W. Butler b Stott	1
A. McLean c Pratt b Treeby	1 0
R. B. Swaffield st. Sims b Treeby	0
J. Lewis, not out	16
Extras	6
	_
	75
Old Colstonians, 1st Innings:—122.	
P. Carter, 3 wickets for 28 runs;	R.
Parkhouse, 3 for 15; R. B. Swaffield, 1: 17; B. Gough, 1 for 29.	for
2nd Innings :—82.	
B. Gough, 5 wickets for 34 runs;	J.
Gough, 3 for 3; R. Parkhouse, 1 for 18.	J.
1st XI. v. Marlborough College S.C.	C
on August 18th, at Marlborough. Lost	by
5 runs.	~ y
K. Haines c Roger b R. Trowbridge	4
I. Archard Ibw b Austin	12
R. Swaffield b R. Trowbridge	0
B. Gough not out	22
P. Carter b Austin	13
S. L. Drewell run out H. J. Cleverly b Austin	1
1. J. Taylor b Austin	9 5
R. Heath b Austin	0
S. Toogood b Austin	0
W. Butler c Rogers b Peck	0
Extras	13
	_
	79
Marlborough College S.C.C.:—84.	1
I. J. Taylor, 4 wickets for 25 runs;	P.
Carter, 4 for 19; H. Cleverly, 1 for 1; S. Drewell, 1 for 8.	L.
* * *	
LADIES' HOCKEY.	
MINITED HOUSE I.	

The prospect for the coming season is

We have lost three of our most prominent

players-hon. secretary, captain, and vice-

one of pleasing uncertainty.

HARRIS MAGAZINE

Centre igitised by Calne Heritage captain—all three having entered into matrimonial bonds. These vacancies will give scope and opportunities for new players to come along to fill the gaps and others to take on the responsibilities which our late players have so worthily handled during the past years.

A full list of fixtures has been arranged, and we hope we shall be able to place in the field teams which will, by consistency, keenness, and enthusiasm, maintain the standard of play that has recently been acquired.

acquired.		
1934.		
Sep. 29.—Old Euclidians (Swindon)	Away	
Oct. 6.—Helt	Home	
,, 20.—Wills (Swindon)	Home	
., 27.—Tetbury	Away	
Nev. 3.—Swindon	Home	
,, 10.—Shrivenham	Away	
,, 17.—Purton	Home	
,, 24.—Terriers (Bath)	Away	
Dec. 1.—Stotherts & Pitts (Bath)	Home	
" 8.—Christchurch (Swindon)	Away	
,, 15.—Avon Rubber Co	Home	
,, 22.—Devizes	Away	
,, 29.—Bradford	Away	
1935.		
Jan. 5.—Oldfield Park (Bath)	Away	
,, 12.—Christchurch (Swindon)	Home	
,, 19.—Stotherts & Pitts (Bath)	Away	
,, 26.—Devizes	Home	
Feb. 2.—Wills (Swindon)	Away	
,, 9.—Bradford	Home	
,, 16.—Purton	Away	
99 Tothum		
,, 23.—Tetbury	Home	
Mar. 2.—Swindon	Home Away	
Mar. 2.—Swindon ,, 9.—Terriers (Bath)		
Mar. 2.—Swindon  , 9.—Terriers (Bath)  , 16.—Avon Rubber Co.	Away	
Mar. 2.—Swindon  ,, 9.—Terriers (Bath)  ,, 16.—Avon Rubber Co  ,, 23.—Shrivenham	Away Home	
Mar. 2.—Swindon ,, 9.—Terriers (Bath) ,, 16.—Avon Rubber Co. ,, 23.—Shrivenham ,, 30.—Melksham	Away Home Away	
Mar. 2.—Swindon  ,, 9.—Terriers (Bath)  ,, 16.—Avon Rubber Co  ,, 23.—Shrivenham	Away Home Away Home	

### MEN'S HOCKEY.

The following list of fixtures has been arranged in the hope that the game of hockey will appeal to many of our youngsters who would rather play a game than watch one. It is an accepted fact in modern industry that a man's earning capacity depends to a great extent on his being fit, and nothing is more conducive to acquiring fitness than athletic games.

The ability to perform movements with ease and certainty, using no more and no less than the required amount of energy, effects a tremendous economy of effort and consequent saving of fatigue and proneness to accident.

Thus, in playing a game rather than watching a game a youngster is creating for

himself an asset of the highest social value and industrial significance.

1934.		
Sep. 29.—Warminster	Home	
Oct. 6.—Garrards	Away	
,, 13.—Swindon	Home	
,, 20.—Swindon (G.W.R.)	Away	
,, 27.—R.A.F., Netheravon	Home	
Nov. 3.—Trowbridge	Away	
,, 10.—Devizes	Home	
,, 17.—Earlstoke	Away	
., 24.—Marlborough	Away	
Dec. 1.—R.A.F., Netheravon	Away	
,, 8.—Christchurch (Swindon)	Home	
,, 29.—Shrivenham	Away	
1935.		
Jan. 5.—Garrards	Home	
,, 12.—Christchurch (Swindon)	Away	
,, 19.—Swindon (G.W.R.)	Home	
,, 26.—Warminster	Away	
Feb. 2.—Earlestoke	Home	
., 9.—Wootten Bassett	Away	
,, 16.—Bath 2nd XI	Home	
,, 23.—Bath 2nd XI	Away	
Mar. 2.—Trowbridge	Home	
,, 9.—Devizes	Away	
,, 16.—Marlborough	Home	
,, 23.—Swindon	Away	
,, 30.—Wootton Bassett	Home	
April 6.—Shrivenham	Home	
,, 13.—Holt	Away	
,, 20.—Oldfield Park (Bath)	Home	
,, 27.—Melksham	Home	
* * *		

### LIBRARY SECTION.

### BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"The Shape of Things to Come," by H. G. Wells.

Mr. Wells wrote this book from notes left by his friend, Dr. Philip Raven, of the League of Nations, who claimed that as a result of deep concentration he could see into the future.

The book covers a long period of time—up to the year 2106—so that we shall never know if all these prophesies are correct. It is a fact, however, that a good many of the things mentioned in the early chapters have actually occurred, and although any intelligent and well-informed man could probably have predicted the political and economic situations, it would have been impossible to obtain advance information of the other events.

The head of opportunity has hair in front, but it is bald behind. Seize her by the forelock, for Jove himself cannot catch her if once let slip.

### Friends Elsewhere.



The Calne Flower Show and Sports proved to be as popular as ever, and we must congratulate those responsible for providing such a splendid afternoon and evening's entertainment. We at Chippenham returned very pleased with our day's outing. Unfortunately we were not successful in winning the tug-of-war, but I think all will admit that we gave our Calne friends the best fight they have had for some years. We should like to take this opportunity of extending to the Calne men our appreciation of the very sporting manner in which they allowed us to field a fresh man after one of our team fell out after the first pull.

The inter-factory relay race proved to be most interesting, and Chippenham is proud to have won this event. We took the lead in the first lap and maintained it to the finish. We certainly have some promising runners and no doubt more will be seen of them on future occasions.

Chippenham was also conspicuous in the sports, Yeates winning the 440 yards race and the long jump, and also getting a place in the half-mile and 100 yards races.

Our members who exhibited in the Flower Show also carried a good percentage of prizes, and our lady friends did very well in the section provided for them.

It is encouraging to us at Chippenham that our people take an interest in this section of the H.W.A. activities and are also capable of carrying away some of the prizes.

\* \* \* W.H.W.

### EASTLEIGH AND BISHOPSTOKE.

Having now just arrived at the settling down stage when we can take a "breather" so to speak, we thought that probably our readers may like to have a few notes about

Eastleigh. We are sometimes amused to have such remarks as this fired at us. "Are there any shops at Eastleigh? You must find it quiet there." All of which goes to prove that no reference has been made to a guide or encyclopaedia. Eastleigh is an important junction on the Southern Railway, 4-5 miles north of Southampton, the outskirts of the two places practically adjoining. The population of the enlarged urban district is about 24,000. Industrially it is a very busy town. The Southern Railway carriage works and locomotive works are situated here and the "Works," as they are called in Eastleigh, occupy an area of over 70 acres, and employ nearly 4,000 people. The station always presents a busy scene as it is a junction for Portsmouth and Southsea, and also for Hornsey and Salisbury. It is also one of the largest goods marshalling yards in the south of England.

A second very large industrial concern is that of Pirellis, the cable firm, who have a finely-equipped factory here occupying 20 acres and employ 1,400 hands. They have, adjoining the factory, a marvellously-equipped sports ground, containing a swimming pool, four football and hockey pitches, eight tennis courts, a small golf course, and

two or three spacious pavilions. There is also a large brickworks, so that as far as employment is concerned Eastleigh is fortunately situated. The town, which is governed by a Labour Council, is well laid out. Most of the roads are wide with avenues of trees, and there are two very nice parks, apart from various playing fields for the children. At Fleming Park there are 5 football pitches, 5 cricket, 2 hockey, 2 netball, 6 tennis courts, putting green, clock midget golf courses, children's playground, bowling green, and a running track. In Victoria Park there are free band concerts each Wednesday and Sunday evening. Adjoining this is the town hall and public libraries. While Eastleigh itself is fairly modern, Bishopstoke is rich in historical record. One hundred and fifty years before Domesday we see King Edred blessing Thegn Aelfric with lands there and his successor, King Edgar, gave to Winchester Cathedral other lands and a small plot to his kinsman, Oswald. A mill and a church existed there in Edward the Confessor's reign, whilst King John, of evil fame, stayed there in 1206.

Otterbourne, another suburb, has in

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

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Magdalen College, Oxford, a manorial Lord more than four centuries old.

Socially Eastleigh is well provided for. There are two picture houses, dramatic societies, an orchestral society, and many clubs. In the sporting world Eastleigh is well to the front with Tommy Green, the champion long-distance walker, and familiar to our bowling friends is George Wright, the English captain at the Empire games. Within easy reach of Portsmouth, Southampton, and Winchester, Eastleigh makes an ideal centre. It also contains the Southampton aerodrome, one of the best equipped in the country, and is the headquarters of the Hampshire Flying Club.

In conclusion we might also point out that there is a junior member of the Harris family, called the Four Counties Bacon Co., the employees of whom send their initial greetings by means of the Magazine to their colleagues in various branches, some of whom they were delighted to have the privilege of meeting at the Flower Show at Calne this year, where, owing to the kindness of our Chief, we were enabled to spend a happy day at the factory and on the sports ground.

EASTLEIGHAN.

HICHRRIDGE

This month has been notable with the usual flower shows and fetes, and on the 11th August a party from Highbridge accepted the invitation and journeyed to Calne for the annual event there. The improvements and additions being made in the factory impressed everyone, and the hospitality in again providing a very excellent lunch was much appreciated.

We were sorry once again not to be successful in pulling off the President's Cup for the Inter-factory Tug-of-war, but better luck next time!

The afternoon and evening having been spent in watching the various events and

renewing old acquaintances, the party reached Highbridge after having spent a very enjoyable day.

The Football Club recently formed is now well under way, and the League fixtures have all been arranged, and a suitable field near the factory obtained. The club officials have shown extraordinary zeal in making the necessary arrangements, and it now remains for the playing members for whom the club is formed to show their appreciation by rallying round and doing everything possible to further its interests.

We are glad to welcome back to work after illness Messrs. Cecil Turner and Fred Parham. Our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Young is extended in the illness of their son Jack, who has again had to undergo an operation. We are glad to hear, however, that he is progressing.

We have had the pleasure of visits from Messrs. Ambrose (Chippenham), McFaull and Gingell (Calne), and Mr. and Mrs. Grainger, of Calne, during the month.

The annual Flower Show and Fete was held in the factory grounds on Saturday, the 25th August. This year we had the very great pleasure of a visit from our President and Mrs. Bodinnar, and also Mr. P. T. Knowles, with Miss Fellows and Master Tony Knowles. The visit was very much appreciated by all at Highbridge, as we feel our efforts are very insignificant compared with what is possible at Calne, and it is encouraging to think that our President takes so much interest as to favour us with a visit.

The afternoon proved ideal so far as the weather was concerned, and the attendance was good. A capital show of 128 entries of flowers, vegetables, and produce was staged, and were very ably judged by Mr. T. Day in the flower, fruit, and vegetable section, and Mrs. J. W. Templeman in the ladies' section. The entries this year showed a very gratifying increase over last year, and the quality of the exhibits, taking into consideration the very dry summer, was a distinct advance on last year.

Mr. E. Cann again won the cup for the highest number of points obtained, he having a total 25, with Mr. T. Burchall 21, and Mr. W. J. Young 17.

Various events had been fixed up by the

committee and were enjoyed by the company, but in the men's events one in particular stood out, B. W. F. Young, a lad of not yet eighteen years, putting the weight 20ft. 10in.

The tug-of-war cup was won by the Highbridge section of the factory after a strenuous final with the Huntspill section.

The prizes were kindly presented in the evening by Mrs. A. G. Kidley, in the absence of Mrs. Bodinnar, who had to leave before the programme was completed.

The thanks of all are given to Mesdames W. J. Young, R. Gibbs, and J. Norris, for the hard work they have again undertaken in regard to the refreshment department, a most important factor in the success of any social event. These ladies repeatedly give their services voluntarily and they are deserving of the highest praise for the efficient and genial manner in which they carry on.

R.C.L.



But a few more hours and August will be sped. Summer days are shortening, it is cooler now at dusk of eve, and the morning air has decidedly a "nip" in it. Indeed, some of those fair but tender damsels who grace our office are already pleading for the "heat" to be turned on.

A somewhat patchy sort of month, from the weather point of view. The Bankholiday was, in East Anglia, disappointing, and all through the month there have been some doubtful as well as some fine days. It takes a lot to discourage the earnest British holidaymaker, however, and returning members of our staff bring tales of many happy days, to which their bronzed faces bear testimony. "Never rained enough to keep us in," seems to be the slogan.

For those who were "carrying on" there has been plenty to do. Ipswich is a regular little hive—minus the drones—and work goes with a swing.

One order recently received caused a

slight coruscation in the domes of the Sales Department. "Please send I  $\frac{3}{4}$  Rainbow," ran the note. A momentary pause, a faint creaking noise above the collar stud, and then, "Oh, yes, send a  $\frac{3}{4}$  side of Sunset." (Elementary, my dear Watson!)

A party of Ipswichians travelled to Calne for the Flower Show, and were royally entertained, having, in fact, the time of their lives.

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. Slade, to whom a son has been born. Mr. Slade was one of the original band of settlers who migrated here from Calne in 1921 and assumed domestic responsibilities shortly after.

We were pleased to have Mr. Rackham (Slaughter Department) back at work once more after his accident. Mr. Markwell (Office) is, happily, convalescent and hopes shortly to resume work.

### \* \* \* KIDLINGTON,

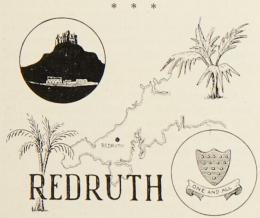
That we had a day well spent and most enjoyable was the unanimous verdict of all our party when we arrived back at Kidlington, very happy, on Saturday, 11th August, after having spent a great day at Calne. 7.30 a.m. had seen the party away from the factory, and Calne was reached about 10 a.m. That all but two were able to make the journey was due to the fact that voluntary labour the evening before had freed Saturday morning and enabled us to make an early start.

To most of us this was our first visit, and we were anxious to see and hear Mr. Bodinnar as well as to look around the factory, and last, but not least, to see the results of many hours work and planning in the tent in the Recreation Ground.

We wish to thank all who made it possible for us to go to Calne, and for the warm welcome given to us and to our friends at Eastleigh, many of whom were also newcomers to the Harris family. We certainly feel now that we are a part of a great concern, and not a little proud to belong to the leading bacon curers in England.

We feel we cannot close without thanking all at Calne who contributed in any way towards our happiness. Everything was well organised and we were glad that the rain ceased so that the programme of sports could be completed.

Next year we hope to be able to participate in some of these events, and we also hope to bring back some of the prizes given in the produce section.



This month sees the end of the cricket season, and, as in previous seasons, one of the local clubs has had playing, as well as committee support, of several members from this factory. The East End Club have for several seasons carried off the Cricket Cup, but this year they have a sadly different tale to tell. The commencement of the season showed good promise, but this was not maintained. The first four matches were easily won, but the fifth showed the beginning of the fall of the mighty. Since then four matches have been won, three lost, and one drawn.

The captain of the club (one of our factory stalwarts) has played in sixteen matches and has had the doubtful honour of collecting ten "ducks." Whether he is rearing these for the Christmas festivities remains to be seen, but we hear that his team mates are awaiting an invitation. We hear it rumoured, too, that he is thinking of retiring from cricket—maybe he will become a member of the newly-formed Redruth Bowling Club.

LOOKER-ON.

There is an economy that is wasteful and an expenditure that works for thrift.

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### YACHT RACING AT HAVRE.

Extract from the "Havre Crusader" of July, 1934, by kind permission of the Editor:—

The visit of our large "J" class yachts to Havre greatly helped to make the Regatta more interesting this year. A surprisingly large number of people appeared to take an interest in the yacht racing, and especially in His Majesty's yacht, "Britannia," whose advent, naturally, attracted other yachts

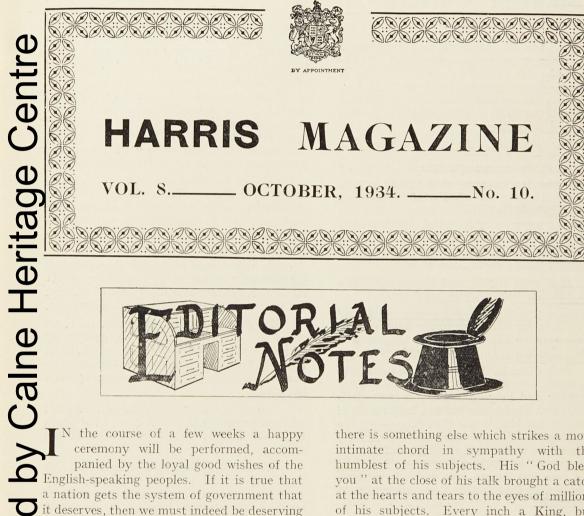
and yachtsmen to the port.

During the visit of these yachts, and also of H.M.S. "Tiverton" (which accompanied H.M. the King's vacht to Havre), the Sailors' Rest was well used, and some nights the men were playing billiards, and otherwise enjoying themselves until after midnight. The acting Chaplain, accompanied by the Superintendent of the Sailors' Rest, visited some of the vachts and also H.M.S. "Tiverton," and thus got into touch with the officers and men. The Superintendent and Port Missionary, Mr. Clarke, arranged a football match between a team from H.M.S. "Tiverton" and one from the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique M.S. "Lafavette," and was fortunate in securing the use of the beautiful ground of the Havre Athletic Club, through the kindness of Mr. Schadegg, and this was much appreciated by the men themselves. He also succeeded in obtaining a motor omnibus to convey the players to the ground. and in driving them to the match the chauffeur very kindly took them for an interesting ride round the docks and the town, and on the return journey after the match, brought them by a different route and through the centre of the town, thus giving them a fairly comprehensive view of it. The game was very keenly contested by both teams, and in a very sporting spirit, and some good football was enjoyed by the onlookers. Although the British team lost by one goal to nil, they were by no means downhearted, and this they proved by their hearty singing on their way back through the town to the ship. They all felt that the evening was a very pleasant souvenir of their visit to Havre.

(Communicated by D.G.T.B.)

\* \* \*

Old Salt (to inquiring visitor): "Do you want the 'istoric castle, sir, or the one opposite, where visitors sometimes treat me to a glass of beer?"—Humorist.





a nation gets the system of government that it deserves, then we must indeed be deserving of great things. It seems as if destiny, determined to maintain the continuity of the British People raises up the exact type of sovereignty suitable for the needs of the nation at each period of its existence.

The benificent influence which His · Majesty exercises on the life of the nation is not only due to his position as King but also to his ability and tact as a man.

Those of us who have listened on the last two Christmas days to the King's fireside talk to his people have been definitely aware that in addition to the enthusiasm which, as Head of the British Commonwealth of Nations, he naturally commands, there is something else which strikes a more intimate chord in sympathy with the humblest of his subjects. His "God bless you" at the close of his talk brought a catch at the hearts and tears to the eyes of millions of his subjects. Every inch a King, but still close to the hearts of his subjects, is the real secret of the loyalty which his Kingship inspires.

His Majesty in this great task as head of a mighty people is supported by the Princes of the Reigning House, who are ever to the front in furthering every good cause which makes for the elevation of the status of the British People. For this reason, we hasten, together with the rest of the nation. to wish with that whole-heartedness which is typical of the national character every loyal good wish to Prince George and his charming consort, Princess Marina, on the occasion of their forthcoming marriage.

# Heritage Calne Digitised

### Between Ourselves.

It is the inconvenient and unpleasant which most impress the mind. Probably it is correct to say that sorrow is more deeply and consciously felt than joy. This may be the reason why certain periods of life appear to have concentrated in them a series of calamities.

For example, the old notion that accidents run in a series of three still obtains in many a mind. At any rate, on the day I write, the 1st October, many daily papers are referring to the fact that September seemed peculiarly full of disasters. And it is indeed a sorry story that the month has to tell of its train wreckages, floods, volcanoes, sudden deaths, accidents to aeroplanes, the Gresford mine disaster, and so on.

It is even argued that the month's tale was predicted by astrological portent.

One professor of the science certainly seemed, in his references to the failure of the Endeavour to lift the America Cup, and in other directions, to have foretold events.

It is often in the moments of seemingly repeated overwhelming losses that clear thinking and long-sightedness become difficult. But September did not only speak of disaster and loss, it saw the launching of the shipping world's hope when the Queen Mary took to the water at Clydesdale, and the tale has yet to be told of bounteous harvests, and new and human joys which in many a direction in that month found their highest expression.

Life cannot be successfully run by a peep through a needle's eye or defective vision. The art of looking ahead and of preparing for eventuality, whatever form it may take, is the secret of success in every direction of human activity.

It would be a mistake to merely judge by the loss of to-day which would be wiped out by the gain of to-morrow. Taken as a long term proposition there is rather more than the law of average in the profit and loss of human progress. When rightly and wisely planned the game of life results in an overwhelming balance on the right side.

The trouble is that so many of us have to plead guilty to the accusation of being unable "to see beyond one's nose." For those of us who have that limited outlook a demonstration before a mirror will reveal that one has to squint even to see one's nose! That in a feeble way is, perhaps, an illustration of the wrong view which accompanies limited thinking, resulting in distorted or incomplete vision.

That invaluable companion for forgetful minds, "The Little Oxford Dictionary," defines perspective as the art of drawing so as to give the effect of solidity and relative distance and size, and as being the relation or proportion between the parts of the subject.

Life, its vocation and its need, must be taken as a whole. The incident of to-day will contribute to or detract from the main objective, but all the interests which go to make it up must at some time or another be planned and viewed as a whole.

We hear much to-day of the necessity for planning in industry. In other words no section of the community can be catered for to the disregard of the remaining parts.

Eventually our economic structure will stand or fall together as one completely planned unit. To carry out this planning in industry long term policies are referred to so much that they are almost becoming mere platitudes.

The panacea for one social ill, if applied without regard to the remainder, may prove to be detrimental to the movement of the whole.

On the other hand, it is true that the social health and progress of a community must depend on the individual well being of every subject; and the art of balancing between various industries and social needs is the object of government.

How wise, therefore, that every thinking mind should so order itself as to be able to take its true perspective in the individual way that lies ahead, so that this nation, as a whole, will move to complete balance and prosperity.



### Southward Ho!

PERHAPS many of us at some time or another have been the victims of an ardent desire to travel: a wanderlust, as it is often called, but opportunities have not come our way and we have had to content ourselves with hearing or reading about the experiences of others more fortunate.

Hearsay is a poor substitute for experience, but it helps us to know a little more about this wonderful world of ours, and for that reason the writer hopes to take those who read further on an imaginary trip to the Caribbean Sea, and more especially to one of the earth's most beautiful islands, Trinidad, the land of the humming bird.

On a bleak January day our voyage begins, and we bid farewell to England. The Channel is kind to us, but after a day or two afloat we run into a fierce gale, and our ship is tossed about continuously by the angry waves. For several days the storm lasts, and it is too cold to venture on deck, and not until we are well south of the Azores does the sea calm down and the sun's warmth allow us to enjoy the deck games.

When we have journeyed southward, or, to be more correct, in a south-westerly direction, for some three thousand miles, we see shoals of flying fish shimmering in the sunlight as they skim the waves, many remaining in the air for considerable distances, but always within a few feet of the surface.

The nights are now so warm that some of us sleep on deck under a sky brilliant with stars, which seem twice as big and bright as those at home; and early one morning we awake to find ourselves off Barbados just as the sun is about to rise from behind its hilly coast

When breakfast is over we go ashore by tender and explore Bridgetown, the capital, accompanied by a negro who offers to act as our guide. The picturesque harbour is filled with all manner of sailing craft, and once we are away from the native dwellings we find that the island has brilliantly-coloured flowers as well as stately palm trees.

On our return to the ship there are several natives around her in rowing boats clamouring for coins to be thrown into the water so that they may dive in and retrieve them. So soon as they see the glint of silver in they go, and seldom rise to the surface without a coin between their teeth.

In the evening we sail from Barbados, and later on, when bedtime comes, take our pillows and mattresses on deck to enjoy our sleep once more under the tropical starlit sky

At dawn the following morning we pass through some very narrow straits, known as the Bocas, into the Gulf of Paria, and then sail along the hilly coast of Trinidad until we come within sight of Port of Spain.

The water is so shallow that ships have to anchor two or three miles out at sea and it is quite a long distance to the landing stage, which is reached by tender.

The sea here is very muddy owing to the effluence of that mighty South American river, the Orinoco, and floating on the surface are millions of small marine creatures, a species of jelly fish, known as Portuguese men-of-war.

Port of Spain has some fine streets and good shops, but the hotels are not one of the best features of the place, although we manage to find one which is quite comfortable and has a lovely garden overlooking the Queen's Park Savannah and the hills beyond. Here, if we are on the alert, and keep very quiet, we occasionally see humming birds darting from flower to flower, and then hover before the various blossoms whilst partaking of the honey.

In the evenings, when we take a walk, myriads of fire flies are to be seen, purple with phosphorescence, flitting among the palm trees.

Trinidad has an area considerably greater than that of Wiltshire, and during our stay we visit many beauty spots. The Saddle Drive takes us up hill and down dale, through Indian villages, and amid plantations of coffee, banana, and cacao.

When we go to San Fernando, in the South, we find that this part of the island is almost entirely devoted to the growing of sugar cane, and the largest sugar factory in the British Empire is situated a short distance away.

Within a few miles of San Fernando there is also the Pitch Lake, which seemingly provides an inexhaustible supply of raw material for road paving.

Another day is spent visiting the Blue Basin, where a slender waterfall throws itself over a precipice into a pool of crystal clear









water, running off in the form of a rivulet over huge rocks and boulders.

Later on we go to Macqueripe Bay, which possesses a lovely beach and good bathing, provided we are not afraid of sting rays, shark or barracuda.

At Port of Spain there are some magnificent specimens of tropical trees in the Botanical Gardens surrounding Government House, and perhaps the most admired are a clump of five Cabbage Palms, planted by the Prince of Wales, who called there some years ago whilst on the way from Australia to England in H.M.S. Renown.

In the centre of the clump of Cabbage Palms there is a small memorial plaque which marks the spot where "Digger," a pet wallaby belonging to His Royal Highness, has found his last resting place.

From Port of Spain a pleasure steamer takes us to a little island called Gasparee, where we disembark at a spot known as Pointe Baleine. There are no roads on the island; only tortuous and stony paths; neither is there anything resembling a beach, but a tiny inlet which provides excellent bathing in very clear water.

The local hotel has a small pool built out of rocks in such a way that sea water continually passes through the crevices.

Live fish are placed in this pool so that they may be caught easily and served up fresh as required. A negro servant uses a harpoon, which he thrusts at the head of his victim, and although the pool cannot be more than ten feet in diameter, he has to be very quick with his movements. Occasionally he misses his objective altogether and then we see dozens of frightened fish darting in all directions. Fish of brilliant hues, crimson, bright yellow, blue, green, all doing their utmost to evade the cruel harpoon. The pool also boasts turtles and crayfish, but these are probably kept for special occasions.

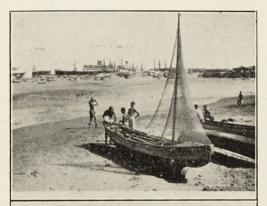
Rain is not infrequent in Trinidad; that is why the vegetation is also beautifully

### THE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE-

- 1. La Guaira, Venezuela.
- 2. Government House, Trinidad, showing Cabbage Palms planted by the Prince of Wales.
- 3. Caracas, capital of Venezuela.
- 4. Mules drawing S.S. "Cortona" through Gaturn Locks, Panama Canal.

green. Tropical showers, however, are often of short duration and the sunshine soon dries up streets that were wet a few minutes before.

So far we have not seen any boa constrictors, or alligators, which are said to abound in certain parts, but unless we go hunting them out we are not likely to find them. Mosquitos also are rare, and it seems







- 1. The Harbour, La Guaira.
- 2. Ocho Rios, Jamaica.
- 3. Hindu Children, Trinidad,

rather unnecessary to sleep under a net at night. However, most of us prefer to take no chances.

Let us now leave Trinidad, where we have spent rather a long time, so that we may sail along the mountainous coast of Venezuela to La Guaira.

La Guaira is the port for Caracas, which is situated at an altitude of 3,000 feet above sea level. The railway takes us through the mountains in zig-zag fashion and traverses about twenty miles before Caracas is reached, although, as the crow flies, the distance is not more than six miles. Caracas is a modern city with many fine buildings. It is particularly clean and well kept, and we can understand any Venezuelan being proud of the capital.

After La Guaira we spend a few days at Curacao in the Dutch West Indies, and the port of Willemstad looks very picturesque with its gabled houses as we enter in the twilight.

There is a constant flow of shipping in and out of the port, and this is mainly due to the numerous tankers bringing crude oil from the South American oilfields to the Shell refineries.

The entrance to the port separates the town into two parts, and we have to use a toll bridge, constructed upon pontoons, in order to pass from one part to the other.

The next place of interest on our itinerary, Cartagena, in Colombia, has an immense and very beautiful natural harbour where shark abound.

The city has some very old buildings, and the cathedral and the market are full of interest. It is very hot here, and among the young native children clothes are conspicuous by their absence.

All the white population appear to be of Spanish origin, and their great pastime is horse riding. Colombia is noted for its horses and possesses more per capita than any other country in the world.

From Cartagena we proceed to Cristobal, at the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal. Our ship docks alongside a very modern quay, and there are many other vessels to keep us company, including the Cunard liner Mauritania, on a cruise from New York.

A short drive from Cristobal brings us to the Gatun Locks, where ships are raised from sea level to the Gatun Lake, a height of 90 feet in three stages. When passing through the locks they are drawn by electric

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locomotives called mules, but immediately on reaching the lake are allowed to proceed under their own power until the Minaflores Locks lower them to the level of the Pacific.

Adjoining Cristobal is Colon. The firstnamed is in what is known as the Canal Zone, and is under the jurisdiction of the U.S.A., whilst the latter is in the Republic of Panama. There is plenty of gaiety at Colon in the form of night clubs and cabaret shows, some of them providing quite good entertainment.

Leaving Cristobal, we set sail for Jamaica. Early one morning we arrive at Kingston and spend a delightful day driving through Spanish Town and along the lovely Bog



A corner of old Cartagena.

Walk River, or Rio Cobre, thence down Fern Gully to Ocho Rios, where cocoanut palms fringe the shore in profusion. After picnicking on the sands at Ocho Rios beside an azure sea, we commence our return journey to Kingston, and on the way obtain magnificent views of the Blue Mountains.

The following day we spend in Kingston, and as evening falls we sail away, this time homeward bound, hoping that one day we may return to refresh ourselves anew with the beauty and loveliness of these jewels of the Caribbean.

Finis. G.E.B.

### Sign Posts.

"TO \_\_\_\_\_ 7 MILES."

THERE it stands, stiffly upright, in all winds and weathers, carrying ever its message that all may read, giving guidance to those who travel the road.

To some, it is just a road sign-post, purely utilitarian, conveying a definite piece of information. To me, it is a thing of romance, one of the great brotherhood of road signs, whose members, scattered up and down the land, greet us wheresoever we may be.

Many and varied are the forms they take, from the great signs of the mighty highways to the humble finger-post which tells of some obscure village. How they stir the imagination as one travels the road! "To Biggleswade and the North," says one, and at once conjures up a picture of that grand highway, the Great North Road. On, ever on, it goes, through Stamford, Newark, Grantham, Doncaster, York, and ever North. Note the signs that tell of towns on either side—Bedford, Peterborough, Nottingham. Mark the fork at Bawtry, whence runs the road to Goole and Hull and over the Yorkshire Wolds.

Travel the Holyhead road, in its majestic sweep from London to the Anglesea coast, with its signs that tell of Towcester, of Stony Stratford, Wellington, Shrewsbury. Here one points the way to Birmingham, yet another to Coventry, to Leicester, Cannock Chase, Chester, as the road goes grandly on through friendly England, and into the lovely land of North Wales.

Come to Land's End, by way of the Great West Road, through Basingstoke, and Salisbury and Exeter; over Dartmoor and through the rugged lands of Cornwall. Travel the old Bath Road, through the Forest, and over the Wiltshire Downs. Thread the many roads of Kent, of Hampshire, Surrey, and Sussex; over the South Downs; the Brighton and Portsmouth Roads; the Dover Road; the long, straight roads of Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire. North, south, east, and west, go where you will, there is a sign to guide and direct you.

It chances on occasion that, wandering through the country lanes, one comes to a T road or fork where no sign stands, and it is then that their value is recognised. Even worse happened to us once. We were wandering, my wife and I, in Devon, and chanced to come into Ashburton for lunch. Whilst there we learned that the famous beauty spot, Dartmeet, was only a few miles away, so off we set in search of it. Coming up a steep little hill, we passed on its crest a narrow road on our left. My wife called to me that she believed that there was a signpost at this turning, and perhaps that was our right road. Back we went to where stood a post, but the arm was broken off. However, the arm lay at the foot of the post, pointing up this road to the left, and it said, "To Dartmeet." Accordingly we went "up along" this road, and presently came out upon Dartmoor. A few miles further on the road dipped sharply before us, and swung round by the side of a big sheet of water. "Hurrah, Dartmeet," we cried, and down the hill we went. Arrived at the bottom, by the water, we were confronted by a big notice board which blandly informed us that we were gazing upon the reservoir of the Paignton Urban District Council waterworks!! We learned, subsequently, that the sign-post arm had been thoughtfully placed pointing in the wrong direction, probably by some local humorist. An incident such as this, however, merely serves to emphasise the value of our road signs.

It is worthy of note, as one makes a long journey, to realise the effect of the different signs as one goes along. First come the familiar signs in one's home county, pointing to places one knows. Then for a long while the names are of places either unknown or only known by hearsay, with perhaps occasionally a name that recalls old memories. Suddenly, and with a thrill, one sees, for the first time, the sign telling of one's destination and the end of one's journey draws near.

In the names of these signs may be read the history of our land—names that have come down to us from the dawn of our civilisation. Towns where once the Romans made an armed camp; towns and places where Norseman and Dane ravaged and fought and Phoenicians bartered; where the flower of England's chivalry jousted and feasted; where, in fratricidal war, brother met brother in mortal combat.

In the quiet beauty of our country lanes, far from the great cities, still one finds

the signs telling of little towns, of quiet villages, and tiny hamlets.

Each one reads "Home" and child-hood's memories to someone.

So when you travel the road take heed of these sentient sign-posts, note what they say, think what each one may mean to someone, and give thanks to their Brotherhood.

A.H.M.



The Editor, "Harris Magazine,"

October 4th, 1934.

DEAR SIR,

The figures shown on page 174 of the September number of the "Harris Magazine" in connection with various wars are very interesting, but not quite correct, since the Zulu War broke out in the year 1878. This rather upsets the rest of this ingenious piece of reckoning.

G.E.B.

### CURIOUS.

Have you ever seen a ship—an ocean liner—in a field?

This phenomenon is not at all unusual in some parts of Cheshire.

The ships are making their way from various foreign parts to and from Manchester, via the Ship Canal.

Cheshire is a flat agricultural county. The road and the canal cutting are on the same level, while the water in the cutting is several feet below. When the road is 200 to 300 yards from the canal the cutting cannot be seen, so you see what is apparently a steamer sailing through meadows.

Should the ship be travelling light, then the spectacle is more pronounced, because the keel of the vessel is almost level with the top of the cutting.

A.E.K.

Centre

Heritage

Calne

Digitised

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

To the Editor, " Harris Magazine," Calne. 22nd September, 1934. DEAR SIR.

I wonder if the enclosed would be of any use for publication in our Magazine. Having tried silent driving, I am sure it would help in cutting down the terrible daily casualty list of deaths on the road, and should prove of interest even if of controversy to our many readers. Yours faithfully,

G. WARD WILLIS.

### TO HOOT, OR NOT TO HOOT.

By mistake the other week I switched on to a talk on the Radio. I found that the speaker was a motorist of 37 years' experience, and that he was deploring the fact that motor horns had ever been invented. He stated that originally he had a large foot-bell on his car, and eventually a bulb horn, which the Road Act obliged him to have fixed.

In the many years that he had driven he had never used either and, incidentally, although he motored every day, and frequently all day, he had never had an accident or been concerned in one. He was convinced that the only excuse which might be made for using a horn was when overtaking.

The speaker closed his talk with the request that his listeners should give the 'No-horn method' of driving a trial.

This I decided to do, and having done so for a week, in which I have covered some 300 miles of town and country driving, thought it might interest the many readers of the Magazine who use the roads either with mechanically or self-propelled vehicles.

At first I had to exercise a good deal of restraint to keep my finger off the button. but as time went on I almost forgot I had a horn. This showed me the numberless times I hooted when it was entirely unnecessary. It was an absolute eye-opener.

When approaching a turning or crossroad it meant that I must not travel at a greater speed than that at which I could comfortably stop dead if required. This needs no consideration as to its desirability. By doing this I found that I could nearly always hear if any motor traffic was near but out of range of vision. This also surprised me.

When driving in traffic I found that I

could not pull out and overtake unless there was a very considerable margin of safety. Again to the good. Regarding pedestrians crossing the road, a much sharper look-out had to be kept than when I was in the habit of using the horn, and at times I had to stop dead to allow jay-walkers to get out of my road, but mostly I found that the noise of the car and the engine were sufficient to make them realise that they were not the only people using the road. Here is a point that should lead to safer walking in traffic. Many pedestrians used to being hooted out of the way wait for the blast. Should horns be abolished the pedestrian would have to be much more careful and many accidents would be avoided. How many times has a pedestrian heard a hooter, jumped back



from the on-coming vehicle right into another one coming in the opposite direction?

Regarding sounding the horn when overtaking. This is largely unnecessary, as most drivers, like myself, prefer the crown of the road, but whilst driving they continually glance in the driving mirror to see if anything faster is coming which will wish to pass. Without hooting I found that about 75 per cent. of drivers immediately waved me on and drew in to let me by.

To sum up, I have for some twelve years considered myself a safe and considerate driver. I now know that I drive far more carefully without the use of the horn, and, like the speaker on the Radio, should be interested to hear the opinion of other drivers should they give this a trial.

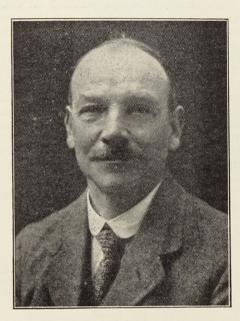
I should think that the extra time involved over the 300 miles through not hooting would be less than fifteen minutes.

G. WARD WILLIS.

Getting into debt is as easy as falling out of a balloon, and getting out of debt as easy as falling into the balloon again.

### Our Portrait Gallery.

Mr. S. H. JONES.



Our photograph this month is of Mr. S. H. Jones, our Van Salesman at Swansea.

Mr. Jones' connection with C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd. goes back to about 35 years ago, when, in connection with a Devonshire Pig Agency, he was responsible for collecting, marking, and despatching bacon pigs to Calne.

Mr. Jones actually started in Calne in January, 1914. After the war, when the van delivery system was introduced, Mr. Jones was the first relief salesman to be sent to London, and afterwards to South Wales. Eventually Mr. Jones settled down in Swansea in 1923, and has been there ever since.

There have been difficult times in Swansea during the past few years, but Mr. Iones has kept the flag flying and has great hopes of the future of the area with the prospects of the development of the carbonisation of coal for oil.

The longest fence in the world is one of wire-netting in Australia, 1,236 miles long. Its object is to keep rabbits from cultivated

### A Trip to the French Riviera.

(Continued—PART VIII.)

We reached Monaco at tea time. The Principality of Monaco has an area of 8 square miles only and a population of 23,000 inhabitants. It is bordered by the French Department of the Alpes Maritimes on the northern, eastern, and western sides, and by the Mediterranean in the south. Its climate is very healthy and the scenery is beautiful. The erigin of Monaco dates back to the Phoenicians, who erected a Temple to Hercules on the rock of Monaco. The Principality goes back to the 10th century. and has always been governed by Princes of the Grimaldi family. The French Government protects the sovereignty of the Principality, which possesses its own Army, magistracy bench, clergy, police, and firemensoldiers. No taxes or customs duties are levied in this country, and there is free access at the frontier.

We had tea on arrival, before climbing up the hill which leads to the Palace of the Prince of Monaco. We could not visit the Chateau as it was not visiting time, but we saw the Prince's soldiers in their smart uniform, mounting guard outside the Palace. We went on the Terrace, which gives on the sea, from where we could see the Prince's lovely white yacht, and in the distance the Casino of Monte Carlo, which has already been described in a previous number of the Magazine. All along the terrace of the Palace were guns and shells artistically piled up.

We then went into the grand byzantine Cathedral of St. Nicholas, and saw the Museum, in the gardens of which geraniums grow wild. We went into the Monaco postoffice to get some Monaco stamps, then passed once more near the Palace and descended the hill to catch the train for Nice.

On returning to Nice we passed Oueen Victoria's Hospital, St. Jean's Peninsula, Cape Ferrat, the lighthouse of which lights up the bay of Villefranche; Beaulieu, Villefranche, Mt. Boron, also a river, which is dried up during the summer. This state of things, however, soon alters when the snow melts on the mountains—then the water comes rushing down.

During the greater part of the journey back to Nice we admired the beautiful blue sea on our left and huge rocky mountains on D.G.T.B. our right.

(To be continued).



The wedding was solemnised at Calne Parish Church on Monday, 17th September, of Miss I. M. Cainey and Mr. H. Strange. The British Red Cross detachment formed a guard of honour.

The bride was charmingly attired in a dress of ivory ring-velvet, with veil and wreath of orange blossom, and carried a sheaf of Madonna lillies. The bride's sister, as bridesmaid, wore a dress of torquoise blue ring-velvet, with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of tea roses. Miss Cainey, who for eight years was attached to the Office staff, was the recipient of an oak clock from her colleagues.

On September 1st, at Calne, London Road Methodist Church, Mr. William Maslen, of the Tin Department, was married to Miss Irene Stokes, of Calne. Mr. Maslen was the recipient of a frameless mirror, The honeymoon was spent at Weston-super-Mare.

At St. Lawrence Church, Hilmarton, on September 8th, Miss Myra Jones was married to Mr. Cecil Slade. The bride, who was dressed in a powder blue ankle-length dress with wreath and veil, and shoes and stockings to tone, carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums and fern. The two bridesmaids were dressed in pink and carried bouquets of pink roses. Miss Jones served for five years in the Kitchen Department. Mr. Slade is also attached to the Kitchen. The combined wedding present was a silver oxidised kerb, fire screen, and companion set, and coal-scuttle. The honeymoon was spent at Weymouth.

At Trowbridge, on September 8th, Miss Dora Brown was married to Mr. D. Gee, of Melksham. The bride was dressed in a duck-egg-blue swagger coat and wore a floral dress to tone, also a felt hat to match. Miss Brown belonged to the Lard Department for almost six years and was Works

Council representative. The wedding present was a frameless mirror.

On Saturday, September 22nd, at Calne Parish Church, Miss Gladys Hitchens was married to Mr. G. Blackford, of the Slaughter Department. The bride wore a pink georgette ankle-length dress and pale pink veil, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. The bridesmaid's dress was pale mauve silk crepe, and she wore a large hat to match, and carried a bouquet of pink and white carnations. Miss Hitchens was attached to the Cardboard Box Stitching Department, in the Warehouse, for seven years, and was the recipient of a Lloyd-loom linen basket from the department. The wedding presents from the factory to the bride and bridegroom were an armchair and an eight-day striking clock.

### CITY vs. COUNTRY.

The oldest good story is the one about the boy who left the farm and got a job in the city. He wrote a letter to his brother, who had elected to stick by the farm, telling of the joys of city life, in which he said:—

"Thursday we autoed out to the country club, where we golfed until dark. Then we trolleyed back to town and danced until dawn. Then we motored to the beach and Fridayed there." The brother on the farm wrote back:—

"Yesterday we buggied to town and baseballed all afternoon. Then we went to Ned's and pokered till morning. To-day we muled out to the cornfield and gee-hawed till sundown. Then we suppered and then we piped for a while. After that we staircased up to our room and bedsteaded until the clock fived."

### \* \* \* AT THE SERVICE STATION.

It was dusk as she stopped at the roadside filling station. "I want a quart of red oil," she said.

The service man gasped and hesitated.

"Give me a quart of red oil," she repeated.

"A q-q-quart of r-r-red oil?" he stuttered.

"Certainly," she said. "My tail light has gone out."



### "UP FROM WILTSHIRE."

The scene was set in the Agricultural Hall, the occasion being the 38th International Grocers' Exhibition, held during the last week in September. There were others, of course; there always are others; but the Exhibit that caught the eve and held the attention was that one which had come "Up from Wiltshire." A large number of those who attended this year's Exhibition came in the first place to hear what we had to tell them, and to place their orders. Again, of course, there were others whose interest was more general than particular, but these others soon joined their fellows in maintaining that the outstanding feature of the exhibits was that one which had come "Up from Wiltshire."

It is part of our business at these Exhibitions to prove that the slogan that appears on our vans carries with it a guarantee of quality. That, of itself, in these days of intensive advertisement is not enough. We have also to attract the eye by brightness and colour, and in that respect the staff who were responsible for the planning and arrangement of our Stand did not let us down.

It has been my lot to share in all but one of the series of exhibits we have given in the Hall. Not infrequently, and it was so this year, the week of the show has come at a time of tension. In thinking along that line my thoughts go back to the Exhibition of 1931. It was at that time that the great decision was made that only a gigantic effort would preserve the fast-dying industry of English agriculture. The fruits of these efforts were visible in this year's display. There have been Exhibitions held when our main product of bacon was in so small supply and so overshadowed in quantity by imported produce that one could only book small orders, and even then with apprehension. This year supplies were abundant, and we traded hugely and with confidence.

Of course, the revival of agriculture is

but part of a scheme to protect the home production and so to increase home employment. It was felt that only so could prosperity be brought back.

Just as it is true that charity begins at home, so it is true that one's outlook on life is coloured by one's environment. So, naturally, I seek evidence from out of the facts which are most near to me. I look then at my home town and county-Watford and Herts. I remember writing to the Magazine about the dire effects of unemployment and depression at Watford and of how great efforts had to be made to bring the season's peace and plenty to Watford homes at Christmas time. That grim shadow has lifted and prosperity has returned in a large measure to our town and to our county. Now this is very interesting, because the county of Herts does not specialise. It is still largely rural and agricultural. But it has also large towns where manufacturing is carried on in large factories. Watford, too. is the home of large numbers of people employed on the railway, and also it has of late become suburban residential. From returns published during September I find that there is still unemployment to a small degree, but that most of it is of a seasonal character. Herts takes second place to Bedfordshire, where unemployment has almost ceased to be. The county of Bedford happens to be beyond my ken, but surely it must be at least as much agricultural as is Herts. We see here then the fruits of a great forward movement.

The 100 per cent. optimists have as yet no good grounds for supposing that we have entered a golden age. There are parts of our land where depression is still rife. We have but set our hand to the plough; the effort to conquer unemployment must go on. But of this I am convinced, the "Up from Wiltshire" movement will add its full quota to the general prosperity of England. It is our first concern to see that the movement once started shall carry on.

R.E.H.

# alne Digitised

## BAGHDAD BACON.

No doubt many of our readers have read J. B. Priestley's "English Journey," in which book the author submits Gateshead-on-Tyne, in the County of Durham, to a scathing indictment, deservedly or otherwise. As many famous towns in the country shared the same fate, we northerners may rightly feel that we are not "so black as we are painted." At any rate, one of the things Mr. Priestley did not know was that certain Britishers out East evidently regard Gateshead in a very different light to himself, in as much as they deem it a fit and proper place from whence to obtain their supplies of breakfast bacon!

Noticing a small crowd at the window of one of our Gateshead friends the other day, the writer paused to enquire the cause, which proved to be the original of the letter which is reproduced below, neatly framed and showing the envelope bearing the air mail post-mark. Under a most tempting pile of choice Crown Brand sides, cut right through the middle, was a tastefully written ticket, informing all and sundry that "This is the bacon we regularly send to our friends in Iraq, Baghdad, &c."

Our customer informed us that he is doing quite a regular business in this manner, and that it has come to him entirely unsolicited—surely a striking tribute to curer and distributor alike!

D.D. (Newcastle).

Kirkuk, Iraq. September 24th, 1934.

DEAR SIRS,

I have been informed by some of my Baghdad friends that they are obtaining a regular supply of Breakfast Bacon from you, which is giving general satisfaction.

I shall be very glad if you will send me a similar supply of bacon, and I leave it to you to send the most suitable quantity at a time that will take the best advantage of the existing parcels post rates in Iraq.

I have pleasure in enclosing cheque on the Eastern Bank, London, for £2 (two pounds), and shall be glad to receive a trial consignment at your earliest opportunity, together with details of cost.

## Bricks and Blossoms.

I have been to Hampton Court Palace. After seeing Korda's "Private Life of Henry VIII." I thought I must go there at the first opportunity, and go by river, as was the custom of former years.

So one fine day I went to Westminster Pier and took boat up-stream. I suppose the bends of the river make the distance somewhat longer. I wondered if I should ever get to Hampton, but after stopping at various bridges and grounding on mudbanks I did get there at last.

Hampton Court is entrancing at first sight. No wonder Henry coveted it and Wolsey had to hand it over a few years after building it. Henry made a Royal residence of it, and such it remained for over two centuries, till George III.'s reign.

Henry added the Great Hall, and then, apparently, it suited all its royal occupants till Dutch William came along. He employed Wren to build new wings, and he had the pleasure grounds altered and extended. The Long Water and Chestnut Avenue of Bushy Park are William's work.

The brickwork of the Tudor building and the Wren additions, both mellowed by time, harmonise fairly well. There is a pleasant restful feeling associated with old brickwork, especially when set as a background to flower borders. To me the flowers of Hampton Court against the brick walls are most enchanting. The view down the lines of clipped yews to the Long Water is another delight.

And so on round, past the tree-shaded alley-way, where the ghost of one of Henry's wives rushes along—the same one that rushes along the Haunted Gallery, I expect—although I can't remember which one it is supposed to be. Past the Knott Gardens, the Dutch Garden—another gem—to the Great Vine, born 1768, "still going strong." Round the other side of the Palace is the wilder part of the grounds and the Maze.

After the outside it is time to see the inside. There is a very long series of State Rooms, with weapons, pictures, tapestries, and furniture. The newer portion has Grinling Gibbons' wood-carving. I wonder who wanted the painted sprawling all over the ceilings? Like most museums the rooms had an "atmosphere"; it may be historical, but causes a headache. Henry's Great Hall,

with its timbered roof, is large, high, and wide—worthy of its name.

If stones, or rather bricks, could speak, what tales could be told here. We know all Henry's life now, but these bricks have seen the brilliant court of Elizabeth, the gloomy Cromwell, the gay Charles, and the Dutch William.

The sun is sinking low, and it is time to leave, with a last backward glance at the stately building holding its memories of past glories.

VERDANT.

## Loyalties.

We have been thinking of books and their writers. Some of us may already have formed the opinion that the literature so lavishly produced to-day brings to us nothing that will stand the test of time. Most of it is of the type to merely beguile an empty hour. Present day novelists fail to maintain the standard set by the Victorians, and even so in the widest region of literature, it is not particularly the writings of the Victorians that are quoted. The still older masters remain supreme, and of them all Shakespeare stands out as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Has this passage from "The Merchant of Venice" ever been excelled:—

The quality of mercy is not strained; It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd:

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

Or again, just for the charming lilt of the words:—

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, Where oxlips and the nodding violets grow.

Just of late we have seen the rise of a new cult. It is not easy to describe in brief. It has grown up around what its adherents are pleased to term the "fetish of the old school tie." They speak—these people of "larger loyalties." They profess a sort of contempt for the old loyalties not only of School but of home ties and Country. This new-found loyalty has in it the seeds of disloyalty—not only or really to Empire but to the world. The news that has come to us

as July passes reminds us vividly of the breaking of the storm in the July and August of 1914. We have got to get together here, and with our own people, or we shall find how right Shakespeare was when he wrote in King Lear:—

How sharper than a serpent's tooth is it to have a thankless child.

The wearers of the Old School Ties and those who think with them are the loyalists—the thankful drawn from those who gave to their Schools service in class-rooms or in the playing fields, or just in the social life. There is a word, "promiscuous," which, of course, means "collected in a body or mass without order." That which is promiscuous is also generally illicit.

The value of old associations such as the continued association of old school-fellows means that throughout the country we have in being bodies of men and women who are together in order, who at a moment's notice are to be found organised and responsible. Mere promiscuousness is, when it comes to the touch, an easy road to the shelving of personal responsibility.

Another thing is that all this applies to our business life. To us it is our Firm that really matters. Our loyalty is a loyalty to something that is quite definite and not promiscuous and is akin to the loyalty which binds men together in associations which are proud to be together and to show, as it were, their colours.

R.E.H.

## IN MEMORIAM.

We regret to record the death of two of our veterans in the persons of Mr. John Salter and Mr. John Carter. A great similarity in their lives is noticeable. Both served the firm for a period of 44 years, both celebrated their golden wedding last year, and both died at the age of 74.

To the widows and families of these worthy friends of the firm we extend our sincere condolences.





## LIBRARY SECTION.

## BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

## "Mixed Pasture," by Evelyn Underhill,

This book consists of twelve essays and addresses dealing with various aspects of Christian spirituality from the most interior to the most practical applications of the life of the spirit.

The first three lay down general principles, the next five show how these must be brought to bear on every detail of common life. The last four deal with great spiritual personalities—St. Francis of Assissi, Richard the Hermit, Walter Hilton, and Baron von Hugel.

## DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Dramatic Society was held at the Woodlands on Friday, September 14th, Mr. H. A. Olsen presiding.

A very satisfactory report was presented by the hon. secretary (Mr. J. E. Bromham), who reported that in the second year of its activity the society had made definite and steady improvement. Three one-act plays and one three-act play were produced, all with conspicuous success.

Miss V. Woodward and Mr. J. E. Bromham were re-elected hon. secretaries, and the following were elected to the Committee:—

Miss K. Angell. Mr. G. R. Ashman. Miss B. Austin. Mr. H. Brittain.

Miss D. Cockram. Mr. C. H. Burch. Miss G. E. Fellows. Mr. H. A. Olsen.

Miss N. Walters. Mr. R. Swaffield.
Mr. R. B. Swaffield was re-appointed

producer, Mr. R. A. Skuse stage manager, and Mr. A. Gates general manager.

It was decided to produce one-act plays as and when required by any section of the H.W.A., and a three-act play on February 26th and 27th, 1935, for which the Cinema had been engaged.

## SKITTLES CLUB.

The annual general meeting of the Skittles Club was held at the Marden House on Wednesday, September 19th, Mr. R. H. Stanley presiding.

In the annual report reference was made to departure from Calne of the hon. secretary, Mr. A. B. Fortune; the interesting matches between Messrs. Wilmot, of Bristol; and the fact that about 200 players used the alley in connection with the Inter-departmental Skittle Tournament.

Mr. R. H. Stanley was appointed hon. secretary, and the Committee elected as follows:—

Mr. A. Boase. Mr. W. Pottow.
Mr. S. Clark. Mr. W. Richens.
Mr. F. Culley. Mr. H. Stephens.
Mr. A. McLean. Mr. J. Wright.
Mr. T. W. Petherick

At a subsequent meeting of the Committee, Mr. A. Boase was elected chairman and Messrs. R. H. Stanley and J. Wright representatives on the General Committee of the H.W.A.

## CRICKET.

## RESULT OF MATCHES.

1st XI.

Sept. 1st.—Chipping Sodbury, at Lickhill. Harris lost by 86 runs. Harris 85. Chipping Sodbury 171.

,, 8th.—Devizes, at Devizes. Match drawn. Harris, 91 for 9 wickets. Devizes, 164 for 9 wickets declared.

by 21 runs. Harris, 121 for 9 declared. Devizes, 142 for 6 wickets.

Reviewing the past season, we cannot confess to an improvement in the standard of play upon the previous season. Of 21 games played only 7 were won, 12 were lost, and 2 drawn. We scored 2,533 runs, with an average of 12.17 per wicket, as against

our opponents 2,664 and average of 14.02 per wicket. Eight of our players obtained an average of ten and over. Again the end of the season saw a close contest between two players for the President's Cup. F. I. Nash and B. Gough were separated by only .02 of a run—the former leading. In bowling P. Carter has premier position with 36 wickets, at an average cost of 9.11. I. J. Taylor 46 wickets, average 11.78, and F. I. Nash 23 wickets, average 14.65, did splendid supporting work during the season. A feature of the season has been the consistent turning out of most of the players.

## 2ND XI.

Aug. 8th.—Compton Bassett, at Lickhill. Harris won by 12 runs. Harris, 59. Compton Bassett, 71.

,, 18th.—Shaw & Whitley, at Lickhill. Harris won by 19 runs. Harris, 98. Shaw & Whitley, 79.

,, 25th.—Garrards, at Swindon. Harris lost by 42 runs. Harris, 102 Garrards, 164.

" 30th.—Heddington, at Lickhill. Match drawn. Harris, 91. Heddington, 26 for 1 wicket.

The 2nd XI, were much handicapped this season and felt very much the absence of two or three of their best players of the year before, and it is to the credit of the youngsters that they carried their programme through. Of 19 matches played 7 were won, 11 lost, and 1 drawn. 1,612 runs were made, with an average of 7.78 per wicket, as against our opponents'1, 748, an average of 9.34. We congratulate the captain, R. Stevens, on his success, both with bat and ball, and he heads the averages in each case. His batting average was 14.14, while with the ball he secured 43 wickets at an average cost of 5.83. B. Webb also had a successful season and was the most regular player of his side. R. Heath did veoman service with the ball, securing 35 wickets at an average of 11.08. A. Bennett, coming into the side somewhat late in the season, made his mark with the bat and had an average of 14.2.

One cannot conclude a review of the season without paying a tribute to those in charge of the ground. In a most difficult and trying season the wickets have played splendidly, and the general condition of the ground has improved wonderfully, indicating constant care and attention.

## Re COPY FOR MAGAZINE.

In response to a generally expressed desire for an earlier publication of the Harris Magazine, an appeal is now made to contributors to submit their copy earlier in the future than they have done in the past. To enable this change to be made without involving unnecessary work, the following dates have been fixed as the time for receiving manuscripts for the next three months:—

November ... October 25th.
December ... November 15th.
January ... December 6th.

We appeal for the co-operation of all contributors in this attempt to publish the Magazine earlier.

## Friends Elsewhere.



On Monday, September 2nd, 1934, the marriage took place at St. Paul's Church, Chippenham, of Miss Madge Hunt and Mr. Sidney George Anderson. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. W. Hookham (rector) and Mr. John Swayne presided at the organ. Several members of our staff were able to make it convenient to witness this happy event.

The bride was the recipient of many presents, including a canteen of cutlery from the Management, Office, and Factory Staff.

Miss Hunt had been a member of our staff for 15 years, and was held in high esteem by everyone. Of a happy disposition she was always ready to help in any way to further the interests of the firm. During recent years the success of our annual social was largely due to the capable way she managed the refreshments.

We feel sure everyone will join with us

Centre Heritage Digitised by Calne

in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Anderson every happiness and success in the future.

What may be described as the first annual meeting of the newly-formed Welfare Association took place at the close of business on Friday, September 14th, 1934.

There was a representative gathering of the entire staffs, including Captain C. H. Smith, Mr. W. V. Long, and Mr. J. G. Hooper.

Mr. Long performed the duties of chairman, and after he had addressed the meeting asked Captain Smith to read the Constitution of the Association, which was unanimously approved by all present. The Chairman then said it gave him much pleasure in proposing that Mr. J. F. Bodinnar be asked to become Life President, and Mr. A. E. Marsh, Mr. R. P. Redman, and Captain C. H. Smith vice-presidents. This proposal was accepted with applause, which naturally conveyed it had been carried unanimously.

Mr. J. G. Hooper and Mr. J. Swayne were then elected to serve as Secretaries.

In accordance with the Rules of the Association the Committee must be elected by ballot.

After a keen election the following were elected to serve during the coming year:—

FACTORY.—Messrs. T. Bullock, J. Baker, W. Heavens, A. Lem, E. Perry, and G. Warne.

Office.—Messrs. A. B. Fortune, C. Helps, and W. H. Weston.

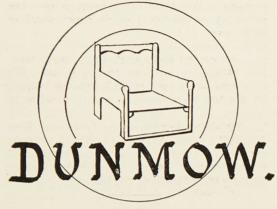
The Directors' nominee is Mr. W. V. Long.

It was pleasing to note the interest shown in the above, and if the same interest is maintained, the Association will prove to be successful.

W.H.W.

The swift stream is not always powerful nor the noisy one deep.





An unsolicited testimonial. An exact copy of a letter received by us :—

To the Manager,

Messrs. Dunmow Flitch Bacon Co., Ltd., Dunmow, Essex.

1st September, 1934.

DEAR SIR,

Buy British Bacon!

Be SURE its DUNMOW FLITCH!

Just a few words of appreciation!

Dunmow Bacon has stood the summer weather well; not a sign of taint or fly!

Quality has been excellent! Selection satisfactory! Despatch prompt!

Many thanks!

Yours faithfully,

The above letter should be good reading for all our workmen. We are proud that they make these things possible.

We should have inserted in last months' Magazine the fact that our old friend, Mr. H. P. Cross, who was our pig buyer for several years, left us on 1st August of this year to take up an appointment with Messrs. Spillers, of London.

Mr. Cross began with us on 10th January, 1927, and from that day to the finish there was continuous trust and harmony.

The inside and outside staffs joined in giving him a very sincere and heartfelt send-off, with genuine good wishes for the future. A fountain pen and a volume, "The Old Inns of England," were our tangible tokens. We are glad that Mr. Cross lives in the district still, and that we are all permitted to share his friendship as of old.

An addition! We welcomed to our Office staff on 13th August, our latest recruit, straight from school, viz., Ronald Douglas

Lungley. We wish our young friend the same joy in service that is experienced in other cases.

We are all sorry that our young friend, R. Harper, is still on the sick list. We expect to see Harper at work very soon again, for his arm now yields to electric treatment.

Holidays are all over. Our staff have not been "stay at homes," but have gone out hundreds of miles in all directions and have, we hope, come back with renewed vigour and broadened minds.

So much for ourselves.

We often wonder, sympathetically, how our Mr. Bodinnar is bearing up in this present time.

The Pig Scheme certainly brings him seasons of excessive strain, and one such season is now on. May his work be well rewarded, as it deserves to be. By the time these lines are printed we expect we shall know all about it! In any case, here's good luck to us in our new contracts!

W.C.

Two of the Dunmow staff, holidaying in Devon for a fortnight, took the opportunity of paying the Totnes factory a visit.

Mr. Powney, who was just going into the town on business when we arrived, kindly invited us to accompany him so that he could point out the various places of interest.

Naturally, we were delighted to have this privilege, and commenced by having a look at the market.

From there we went to the Guildhall, which is a lovely old building; two of its unique features being the wonderful record of Mayors since the 14th century, and the photographs of a goodly number, amongst which, of course, was Mr. Powney's.

Leaving the Guildhall, we were taken to the church, which is very old and beautiful. The chancel screen was a wonderful piece of craftsmanship, and the carving really lovely.

Arriving back, we were introduced to the office staff, and then "toured" the factory.

We eventually bade our adieux, after which we had a look at the famous Dart.

We would like to say "Thank you" to Mr. Powney for his kindness in making our visit such a pleasant one. V.L.



With the arrival of the dark evenings. indoor sports and pastimes return once more to popularity and our skittles team have again started on the trail of League points and cups. In our district this is a very popular indoor game during the winter months, the local League boasting a membership of sixteen clubs. This ensures a match once a week from late September to the end of March, and the competitive spirit induced by League points keeps the interest well alive. We have started the season very auspiciously with major points from both the games so far played, and as we seem to have a stronger team than of recent years, it is hoped that we shall be able to land one of the cups in connection with the competitions.

The Football Club are now well under way with their fixtures, and are beginning to settle down into a workmanlike team, so that with skittles for the veterans and football for the youngsters the sports activities of our employees are provided for.

Reference to these activities, however, is not complete without bringing to mind our Welfare Association. Whilst having no axe to grind on behalf of the Association the fact that the secretaries a few weeks ago were asking all of us to make our subscriptions for the year suggests that a reminder in these columns may not be out of place. The sports sections referred to in the previous paragraphs are given financial support by the Association, and if, individually, we may not be able to be active members of either, the small membership fee of 1s. 6d. helps the Association to foster these and other activities which may suggest themselves. So to all those who have not yet joined we suggest they give the secretaries the necessary "tanners" so that when the trophies are shown at the end of the season we can all feel "we've done our bit" to help win them.

The balance-sheet and accounts of the Flower Show and Sports, held in August, which have recently been issued, make very nice reading, and a goodly sum has been added to the coffers thereby. We expect the Committee are now studying the Stocks and Share Markets for suitable investment of their wealth. However, we suspect that before long their fertile minds will devise a further opportunity for our pleasure (and their profit).

Our sympathies are extended to Mr. Stanley Sandy in the bereavement sustained by the death of his mother, after a painful illness. We are sorry to report that Mr. T. Burchell has sustained injury in a road accident, but are pleased to hear he is progressing satisfactorily. We are sorry that Mr. A. Wyatt is also still unable to return to work, and our sympathies are also extended

Mr. Harold Hardwidge, having decided to "share his fortunes," a presentation of a clock was made to him with the wishes of his colleagues for a happy and successful married

We should like to congratulate Mr. Jack Swaine, one of the junior members of the Office staff, on his success in the book-keeping examination (Senior Second Year) of the Union of Educational Institutions, having obtained second place in the list of candidates for the whole of England.

We have had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Bunston (Calne) during the month.

We have undertaken, in response to special appeals made by Mr. Bodinnar and the Advisory Committee of the Magazine, to fill a certain space monthly, and we should like to specially ask anyone who has, or hears, any matter which they think would be of interest to pass it on to the undersigned at the Office, for inclusion in our monthly notes. From now onwards if our columns are not as interesting as those of other branches it will be the fault of readers, as the invitation is extended, and we hope will be accepted. Written articles will be preferred.

but if any reader feels unable to do this we will endeavour to write the matter up on being supplied with the material.

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

R.C.L.



An uneventful month, September, so far as we of the Ipswich branch are concerned. Nothing very exciting has occurred. Work we have had in plenty, with pigs coming in, and bacon going out-which is as it should

With the passing of September the summer of 1934 made its bow to a grateful audience, and retired, leaving behind a store of happy memories. Nature, despite the gloomy prophecies of the "water shortage" pessimists, has been generous to us, as the countryside bears abundant witness. The fields of corn, but a few weeks since ripened to their golden perfection 'neath the summer's sun, are harvested. Fruit trees are heavily laden, and the burdened branches hang low. Berries, haws, sloes, and all hedge fruit are good and plentiful, as are all the root crops.

Sugar beet factories have started their annual "campaign," and the crop is being harvested and hauled with unremitting energy. Look where we will, our eyes can see evidence of the gracious harvest of the land. Indeed, much have we to be thankful for.

Strengthened by the months of sunshine, inspired by the increasing signs of returning national prosperity, we can face the rigours of winter undismayed.

We were very glad to welcome Mr. Markwell back to the Office, after his long illness, and hope that he will continue to improve in health.

The Commercial Traveller's new song :-"Busy man you've had a little day."

He who stumbles twice over one stone deserves to break his shins.



Waterloo Bridge is being demolished and is no more—until the new bridge is built. If, therefore, a picture of Waterloo Bridge appeared above, I am thinking I may have some excuse for the usual London article not appearing, but the Tower Bridge has carried on with its continual stream of traffic, its picturesque towers, and its bascules lifting for the passing of the larger ships which berth alongside the wharfs around London

I expect many of us have been startled by the many tragic events that have happened during the first few days of October. Japan is visited by a great typhoon striking terror into the hearts of thousands, with great loss of life and enormous damage to property. Then we have the greatest sorrow of all brought to the homes of those 260 miners who perished in that colliery explosion at Gresford. Aeroplane crashes were reported almost daily, and one of the most serious railway accidents for many years occurred at Warrington, involving loss of ten lives and many injured.

That all these calamities should happen within a few days I am sure caused many of us serious thought. Right on the heels of all this we read that Spain is plunged in civil war, again with heavy loss of life, and as I write the papers are reporting the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia. On Tuesday evening, October 9th, I noticed the news, and for the moment I was carried back to the days when that somewhat similar incident took place which is said to have caused the Great War. I realised all Europe now seems to be war-minded, and is piling up her armaments. When I was a child I remember a missionary box I had, and there was something printed on it about Darkest Africa, and now I wonder if it is only Africa that wants missionaries.

G. COLES.

We congratulate Mrs. M. Gramolt, who has this year won the Tennis Championship Cup for ladies singles, in a well-known North London Club—The Ackland. The previous two years it was won by her sister-in-law. It looks like becoming a heirloom.

## KIDLINGTON.

\* \* \*

I suppose all Oxonians look forward with keen anticipation to an enjoyable time at the renowned St. Giles' Fair.

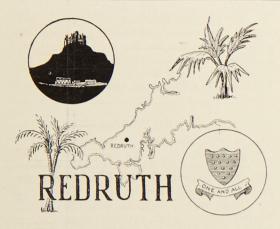
This fair is held in one of Oxford's busiest streets and attracts thousands of visitors. It was held on the 3rd and 4th of September. It seemed that every enticement ever invented for drawing the coppers out of the pockets of the people was being employed, and to good effect. Needless to say our staff was there in force, waging war on the cocoanuts and practising for the dart competition next spring. One member took a fancy to a large red china pig, complete with curled tail (though hardly Grade A). which could be won on the dart stall. Six darts were thrown, and the last three scoring 30, the pig was driven home to the factory. This argues badly for Dunmow's chance of holding the Dart Cup next year.

Our sympathy goes out to the relatives of Mr. R. Merritt, who met his death following an accident whilst motor cycling on Monday morning, 3rd September. He passed away in the Radcliffe Hospital on Friday without having fully recovered consciousness. His cheery voice and willing help will be greatly missed by all his friends here.

That every happiness and prosperity in the future may follow the wedding of Mr. R. Long on 8th September is the wish of us all. Mr. Long joined us from Yorkshire.

The following is a notice which appeared outside a local shop:-"Wet paint on Widow sill." Speculation is rife as to who this good lady may be.

The world is full of willing people—some willing to work and the rest willing to let them.



We have been very pleased during the summer months to have had visits from friends from our other branches, and to know that each year more people are choosing Cornwall for their holidays. This month we were pleased to have a visit from an old friend, Mr. Bunston, and it was very difficult to realise that it is ten years since Mr. Bunston was at this branch.

On September 12th W. J. Trudgen, one of our esteemed employees at this factory, passed away. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, September 16th, at which twelve of his workmates carried the coffin the short distance through the fields to Treleigh Church. Over thirty of the deceased's workmates walked in front, each man carrying a wreath. They formed in two ranks at the church doors, as a mark of their respect. The service was impressively conducted by the Vicar, but such a large number attended to pay their last tribute to a highly-respected neighbour and friend that many were unable to enter the crowded church. He came to this factory in 1914. for twenty years has been a trusted and valued worker, and was one of the first members of the Redruth Works' Council. He bore much suffering with patience and fortitude, and he possessed such an experience of things that matter that he was able to minister to those who went to minister to him. Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. and Miss Trudgen in their bereavement.

W.B.F.

The chestnut is for the man who takes its shell off.

## WHAT A BRAIN!

Here is a little game of "Round the Mulberry Bush," and it can be played by any number of persons. The writer will claim no royalties from those who indulge in this pastime.

The idea is to start with a subject, and from that subject to suggest another, and then another from that, and so on. The object is to make as big a circle as possible before coming back to the original subject.

We will take as an illustration the "Harris Magazine."

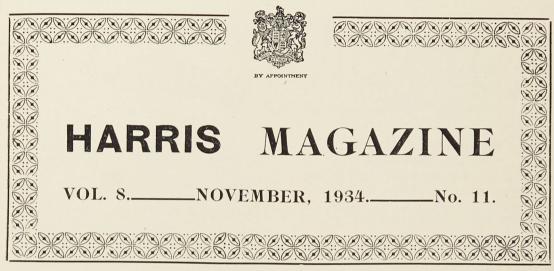
"Harris Magazine" naturally calls to mind other Magazines, and we will adopt the magazine of a rifle. This term suggests a powder magazine, which travels on to the Nelsonian powder monkey. Now monkeys do not use powder—they leave that to their human counterparts. Still, they have tails (except Isle of Man ones), and we immediately think of short stories. It is but a step from these tales to serials. Other cereals are wheat and oats. Oats conjure up the picture of horses. Some horses are backed, but the safest backing is into the stable. Then, of course, we bolt the door, and if we are in a hurry, bolt our food. Food brings meals to our mind, and the first meal is breakfast. Breakfast—well, naturally, bacon comes up. It must, however, be Harris Bacon. We naturally, and finally conclude, that the other commodity Harris is famous for is " Harris Magazine."

We have completed a circle and we are all square.

B. RAYNEY.

## BUSINESS FIRST!

A wedding was about to commence recently at a chapel in Cornwall, but the bridegroom had not put in an appearance. The bride was becoming anxious, and so was the parson. The minutes flew by and still the man did not come. "I think you had better go and look for him," the parson suggested at length. The bride went. She met her intended at the foot of the hill, just crossing the bridge on his way to church. "Come on, Garge," the woman shouted, "Late again! Why, you're always late!" "Well," was the reply, "I had to mait (feed) the pig. Business 'fore pleasure!"





A T this period of the year two very interesting reports relating to the social life of the House of Harris make their appearance.

The Harris (Calne) Employees' Benefit Society is now completing the twelfth year of its existence, and the visible record has been one of complete success. Its membership has grown year by year, and its financial soundness has been assured by skilful and careful management.

Hidden beneath annual reports and balance sheets, however, there is the story of real help in time of need, administered with sympathy and understanding. A very inconsiderable minority still remain outside this scheme, and we appeal for a 100 per cent. membership, that the helping hand of the society may be able to further increase its benefits to those who, through sickness or similar misfortune, need material help.

It is a matter of great encouragement to all who have the work of Harris Welfare Association at heart that several of our branches have felt inspired to initiate similar organisations. May their efforts result in a similar success to that which has resulted from the work of the Welfare Association at the parent factories in Calne.

An interesting experiment is being carried out this autumn in the form of a series of lectures on social and industrial history, so far with complete success, and we hope that it will form a solid foundation for a forward move in an intellectual direction by the Association.

Modern industry does not claim to have initiated the Welfare movement. It knows perfectly well that over a century ago some of the West Country cloth manufacturers had primitive schemes for the welfare of their employees, but it does claim to have placed this system to make life happier and pleasanter on a more extensive basis.

The life of any organisation is determined not by what it gives out, but by what is put into it. If the members of the H.W.A. act upon this very simple principle the Association is certain of a virile and perpetual youthfulness.



## MR. BODINNAR'S LECTURE ON "SOCIAL PROGRESS."

(Given at the Woodlands, on Friday, 19th October, 1934).

(Reported by the kindness of Mrs. Black, and re-printed by request).

HAVE done very many things in my life, but I have never before faced the ordeal of preparing and trying to deliver what is called a lecture.

What you are expecting of me I am not at all sure; whether it will be a lecture or merely, as I think myself, a stringing together of a few thoughts about a great subject, you will have to decide when I have finished.

This idea of a series of lectures which are to serve the purpose of making people think a little more and read a great deal more appeals to me very greatly indeed, and I felt sure that, although I have no sort of qualification to deliver a lecture to you on such a great and far-reaching subject as "Social Progress," I would do my best to make a few remarks on the matter as it appeals to me.

May I say straight away that I intend to provoke a little dissension between ourselves and, as I understand that there are to be questions and arguments put by you afterwards, we shall understand from the beginning that I shall welcome complete disagreement with anything I say, complete criticism of all I say, and a proper statement of the problem from those of you who will be putting questions and ideas of your own.

May I also say that if I touch at all upon politics I am not going to be political. It must not be understood that in any way I am being political if I refer in any way to movements of the times or of the past.

Now, our consideration to-night, therefore, is merely general and introductory to those who are to follow in these lectures, and who are going to speak upon definite steps and definite periods of progressive work.

As usual, I had resource to the dictionary as to the meaning of the words "social" and "progress," and I hope you will bear with me if I tell you what I found.

"Social" infers the act of living together in communities. "Man is a social animal"; he does not live alone. Men are inter-dependent the one upon the other; they are co-operative by nature and in that particular sense of the word I will ask you to consider the social part of the progress that has been made.

"Progress," quite apart from the individual movement that may go on, seems to denote general forward advances, improvements, i.e., advance in morality or in civilisation.

I want to make it clear, therefore, that when we talk about social progress to-night we are not considering the social-climber or the gate-crasher, or the newly-rich who forgets his friends or the place from which he sprang. We are thinking of the wider movement, the mass movement of social progress in relation to communities, their ideals, their aims, and the goal they hope to reach.

Now I suggest to you in the first place that the past can reveal the meaning of the present. "By what road came you?" will be the test I suggest that all communities will have to pass at some time or other; "by what road and by what method came you to the state in which you are at present?"

I am, therefore, going to make an attempt that we shall get the atmosphere of 50 or 60 years ago, which I think is the period to be covered by these lectures; an atmosphere so that we may understand eventually, when the course is finished, the conditions that then appertained and the progress which may or may not have been made since that time.

Fifty years ago Queen Victoria was on

the throne, and the advent of Queen Victoria, especially when she became a married woman, denoted a change in the morals of English life. As one cynical writer has put it, "at that time crinolines were on the women and morals were in the Royal palaces," and I am not so sure that that note of cynicism has not a great deal of truth in it. Whether we like it or not English history is not too clean and too good in regard to the methods and the history of other days.

But Queen Victoria, in her austere life and her belief in things that matter, set a new standard in the moral life of this nation, and I suggest that in reviewing the social progress of the last 50 or 60 years we shall not be able to eliminate the influence of the woman on the throne who set a standard which had previously been lacking.

At the time that she wielded her great and beneficent power there were other outstanding figures of whom, I think, we might for a moment think.

Karl Marx was alive with his newlyfound theory of Socialism. He dominated a school of thought which, at that time, was small but which has coloured political thought, and although his theories have in many respects been discarded in the light of latter day happenings and interests, Karl Marx denotes a movement of thought towards social things which I have ventured to say have coloured social policies.

Charles Kingsley was alive, whose "Two Years Ago" I hope you will make your own. His tirades about loose living that had been born of bad social surroundings struck a key note which had not been dominant in the thoughts and policies of many minds.

Matthew Arnold stood by himself in those days, with his gentle scepticism of sacred things, but his intense passion for reform.

Huxley and Darwin were working together on their theories of evolution, and were upsetting the orthodox in their preconceived ideas about the beginning of creation; while Henry Drummond, at Oxford, was doing his great work among the students in his "Natural Law of the Spritual World," which I strongly suggest, although in many respects it is out of date now, is a book that is still well worth reading.

Burne Jones was alive and he had commenced a school of mystic painting in which he has never been excelled.

Thomas Carlyle had not finished his railings against insincerity, and the discussions about his great book on the French Revolution were still going on, while, in his "Sartor Resartus," he revealed the skeleton of social life, although that skeleton was gladly clothed.

Robert Louis Stevenson was still waiting for death to come, as he put it, "with pleasant fingers," in his far-away home in Samoa. Of all the outstanding figures of literature of that period he, at any rate, appeals to me as one of the most striking, because he does appear in nearly all his writings to be just a stark and naked soul at prayer.

Disraeli was still in the heart of the Councils of the nation, countered by his great opponent Gladstone, and I always like to think of the opposite qualities of those two men who were both burnt out with love of country and who, in diverse ways, did what they could for the betterment of England. I like to think of Disraeli, a great Prime Minister of this country, as being a Jew, a race to whom we owe and shall always owe much for their practical efforts towards the alleviation of poverty and the betterment of social conditions

Tennyson was still alive, and to some his "Idylls of the King" and the brave heroism of "In Memoriam" will always live.

Thomas Hardy, with his realisms and tragedies and cold naked truths about life, was still writing in Dorsetshire, and Dickens, the most popular, the most humorous, and the best, I think, of all our writers on social things (writings that had the greatest urge in them towards social action and social importance), was still doing his work, while Cecil Rhodes had not yet seen the fulfilment of his Empire dream, but had set the pace still further towards Empire development.

I suggest to you that if you analyse people like these and the qualities they represented (an entirely incomplete list of those who at that time were influencing the thoughts of our nation) you will find an extraordinary combination of qualities which, taken as a whole, with a gentle, pure Queen in command, formed a background for the beginnings of real social progress such as took place 50 or 60 years ago.

Well, those were some leaders at that time. Now I want to turn your minds, if I may, for a moment to the elements which

alne **Digitised**  make up social life in the sense that we are thinking of it here to-night.

A very fascinating subject is the primitive man, whether he be of the Bronze Age, or the Iron Age, or the Stone Age, or whether he be personified as we popularly do it as the "cave man." Our minds are being turned very much to this sort of thing just now with Sir James Jean's wonderful articles in a Sunday newspaper about what might have happened 90 million years ago on the face of this earth, and the lectures which he is giving just at present on the wireless.

But primitive man did not live alone, whether he were cave man or whatever he may have been. The evidences are that pre-historic men lived in groups. They came together for protection, for warmth, for security. Primitive men made their habitation the one with the other, and out of that growing together and living together there grew the necessity of a leader, of one man who should direct and should finally decide and finally control. I am not sure that even poor old Adam did not require some lead, but unfortunately he seemed to take the wrong one when he chose the wrong

Out of this primitive living together the idea of the chief of a tribe grew, and the chief of a tribe was the fittest and the ablest man. From the practice of chiefdom evolved the sort of person that was called a King, and later with a Kingship there came the evolution of the idea of the Divine right of a King, the exclusiveness of the throne, and the hereditary power behind the throne. In some cases these ideas were excessive and led to despotism, but in the true Kingship there was encouragement of the growth of a real community spirit, and out of that spirit grew Parliament, and out of Parliament grew local Government, and out of local Government grew the Calne Town Council, and so on. I suggest that in the build-up of human relationships we are faced with the necessity for leadership and the machinery that will give the right expression to the true democracy of the common people.

Just at the moment perhaps our vision may be impaired because we have seen on the one hand mob rule, such as accounted for the Russian Revolution, and on the other hand we see the growth of Dictatorship, for good or ill, I don't know at the moment, such as we have seen in Italy working satisfactorily to a large extent, and more recently in another form in Germany and elsewhere.

Now neither mob rule or Dictatorship is wholly right. The elements which are expressing themselves in both these things are both right, but the form in which the expression takes place, whether it be mob rule or hard, cruel, unthinkable Dictatorship, is wrong. The best atmosphere, I suggest to you, for the truest social progress, is the blending of both these things in a method by which the common people can move freely and by which the leaders of those people will exert a right and proper influence. For true social progress will eventually be found only among rightly-informed and convinced individuals who collectively make mass movements; in strong, fit people, and, above all, disinterested and unselfish leaders.

Individualism as such in the march of the world to the final goal of good or ill is wrong. It means freedom for self ends, the undue and unthinking mastery of others; it leads to the defiance of law, to extravagance, to looseness and to lawlessness, but a sense of realised individuality means a greater consciousness of the right to be which belongs to all, and I suggest to you that therein lies the urge for the improved conditions which our birthright demands. "The right to be" and the right to live, and the right to enjoy. The citadels of the world's evil may only be won and then re-built by well-led common action. A consciousness of the power and the effectiveness of common action, based upon unselfish principles, must be a condition precedent to effective attack and achievement.

You will then, in this course of lectures, consider Movements, Men, and Books that have led onwards to a fuller and better life. I am going to suggest to myself that before I should be fully able to appreciate a course of lectures like that it would be necessary for me to determine for myself what should be the dominant factor in social progress, and in considering the march of 50 or 60 years to examine the position, and from my own conclusions decide whether the chosen ideals are indeed those we can allow as we try to push the world on to better things.

So I shall ask myself, and I hope through myself I may ask you, "Is social progress to be merely material or of the spirit?" I am going to suggest that mere materialism, the satisfaction that merely comes by bathing in the sun without a thought of the source of the sun and of the

Giver of light, or materialism, which merely minds the earning of money for the provision of foods that will tickle the palate or drinks that will make the brain alive or dead as the case may be, and the procuring of clothes which may be the embodiment of vanity; materialism that only looks upon opportunity as a means of bodily comfort and ease and enjoyment and even excess, is not of itself and alone the spirit in which social progress should, or may, safely be made by a com-

munity.

I suggest that it is a combination of the material and the things of the spirit which is the basis for true movement. One would classify conviction and purpose as things of the spirit, and we shall see to it if we have conviction and purpose that the adjustment of physical and mental conditions are necessary essentials to the life of the spirit. The adjustment of physical conditions in the provision of proper homes, suitable work and conditions of work, and the provisions necessary to ensure the freedom of the ageing man from the spectre of fear and want. These things are all necessary to the true vision which must operate in the minds of the would-be social reformer. For surroundings often make a life. The eagle may be a very good eagle, but if the eagle is in a cage he will never reach his mountain top. I say to you very deliberately that life in a slum or in a badly-lit and badly-aired house can never really allow the soul to reach the fulness of development, and I want to suggest to you that along our path of social reform an enormous amount of acceleration is needed to-day in our slum clearance, and other measures that are necessary to allow souls to see the sky and to see that the world has a view which is good to look at.

(To be concluded in our next issue).

On behalf of our many readers, both in Calne and at the Branches, we extend heartiest congratulations and good wishes for a happy term of office to Mr. W. C. Stanley, upon his election to the office of Mayor of the Borough of Calne.

## GRESFORD COLLIERY DISASTER FUND

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Readers of the Magazine will be interested to learn that £33 17s. has been forwarded to the Mayor of Calne as the result of the collection made at our Calne Factories.

## Cricket.

In England we had a current phrase which was peculiar to England, but which gradually caught on and was taken up as a standard throughout the British Empire. The phrase is "It's cricket," or negatively, "It's not cricket."

Now that the Australians have finished their tour it may be of some interest to go into the origin of the phrase, and further to enquire as to whether the phrase still holds good, for really the words, "It's cricket," connote good form as applied to life in general and good sportsmanship as applied to the world of sport in particular.

Cricket has a considerable literature. I think the standard works of the pre-War period are the Badminton Library "Cricket," published in 1888, and "Cricket," by Dr. W. G. Grace, published in 1891. Both books give reproductions of the well-known pictures by Lucien Davis, "The Champion" and "W. G. Grace ready to receive the ball." These photographs show that Grace's stance at the wicket is different to the stance of the more modern batsmen, and shows, too, that the "old man's" pads were sufficient in height just to cover his knee caps. It will be seen that Grace's stance left the wicket protected only by the bat, and the Hon. R. H. Lyttleton, who writes the "Batting' chapter of the Badminton book, lays down two rules, "Keep the left shoulder and elbow well forward when playing the ball" and "Never move the right foot when playing fast bowling, except to cut."

Dr. Grace's advice in his chapter on batting is :- "Whatever you do, do not get in front of the wicket when you play the ball. There is no need to give that bit of advice as long as you keep the right foot firm." This technique of batting may best be described

as the "one-eved stance."

I have referred to the pads worn by Grace. He writes of "Cricketers I have met," and this is what he says of I. D. Walker, some time captain of Middlesex:-"A peculiarity of his was batting without pads. . . and I daresay he thinks with one or two other players I know, that if a player cannot protect his legs with his bat he does not know how to use it." Of another great amateur, C. A. Absolom, of Kent, Grace wrote:-"He always played bareheaded, and without pads or gloves." Of course,

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when Absolom and Walker were playing in the big matches the wickets played on would be considered too rough now. They were natural grass wickets simply prepared by rolling. The bowling served up at the time was on the average faster than present day bowling. Of course, Absolom and Walker were exceptions to the general rule, but of more modern batsmen we have the record of Ranjitsinhji. Of him it is recorded that when he went up to Cambridge he had no reputation as a cricketer. He was discovered by F. S. Jackson, then captain of the Cambridge XI., playing on the public ground, Parker's Piece. It is said the local bowlers tried in a rough sort of way to scare Ranji by bowling at his legs. Ranji, in protecting his legs with his bat, discovered the stroke for which he became celebrated—the leg glide. Later on in his career it is recorded of him that after making a huge score on the Hove ground he returned to the pavilion amidst salvos of applause but looking quite dejected. On being asked, "Why so sad?" he said, "A poor innings, on three occasions the ball hit my pads.'

Some people may say that I write of the great performers, but at all times and seasons these are the people who set up standards. My cricket days ended in August, 1914. I learnt my cricket on the rough Ealing Common. At that time the phrase, "bodyline bowling," had not been coined, but the players of the time knew all about "bowling at a fellow's legs." Our pads were rudimentary affairs, and we experienced bumps and bruises galore, but we were aware of the dictum laid down by the I Zangari Club, that one must not rub a bruise. Other times other manners, and the time of my school days followed shortly on the days when Lord Kinnard was a leading light in Association Football and a great exponent of what was known as the "hack." Body-line bowling is as old as cricket, only the phrase of description is new. In first-class cricket of my time we had a series of bowlers who exploited this ball. Two outstanding examples were Haigh, of Yorkshire, and F. R. Foster, and as to sheer pace and venom there is no modern bowler as fast as either Kortright or Knox, and no modern bowler with quite the venom of Lockwood, of Surrey, or the great Australian demon, F. R. Spofforth.

No attempt was ever made during the pre-War cricket period to legislate against a bowler of exceptional merit, neither can I see how it can be done without lowering the standard of the game. The modern batsman is nowadays protected by the preparation of pitches as true and perfect as a high-class billiard table, and is still further protected by the great extension of padding. The recent controversy rages round the Nottingham bowler, Larwood. Larwood is not a man of great physical build or strength—not by any means comparable to such giants of the past as Richardson, Mold, or Ulyett.

Next month I shall hope to deal with the causes that have given rise to the present unfortunate controversy and to attempt a reply to the question that is being asked as to whether or no it is still possible for the phrase, "It's cricket," to remain.

There are those who are saying that to-day it would be more realistic to substitute the word Rugger for the word Cricket.

R.E.H.



October 29th, 1934.

DEAR SIR,

According to Pear's Cyclopaedia, war in Zululand commenced on January 22nd, 1879, and not 1878 as corrected in last Magazine.

Perhaps your war prophet was thinking of the war which took place in 1880, when the Transvaal was declared a Republic. Peace was arranged on March 22nd, 1881. This, of course, makes the dates in order.

My view is that if we add 1 and 1 perpendicularly we get 2, and if we add 1 and 1 horizontally we get 11. Now 2 plus 11 equals 13, and 1 plus 3 equals 4. Now 13 and 4 added perpendicularly equals 17, and horizontally equals 134.

My reading of these intricate figures, after consulting the stars, is that the war predicted by your correspondent will last 17 years and involve 134 countries. If not, then it must mean a 134 year war, involving 17 countries.

Yours faithfully, DICK YULUSS

## Many thoughts on Reading.

Conclude the interesting articles on reading, which have been appearing monthly in the Magazine since April, it may be opportune to review a few of the words of wisdom which the writers have so clearly brought before our readers.

Our President, in opening the series, wrote, "Love, life, and laughter, may always exist in the inner consciousness of those who have taken into their own circle of intimate friendship and knowledge the characters that will always live through our best English Literature." Another way of saying what Isaac Borrow says, "He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself as in all weathers so in all fortunes." Again, this time quoting Sir George Herchel,

"If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it and you can hardly fail of making a happy man. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters which have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him." Emphasising Mr. Bodinnar's "Life may not be properly and fully lived without regard to the past," one may quote Alonza, of Aragon, who said, "Age is a recommendation in four thingsold wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old books to read.'

A passage in Mr. Haddon's article in May, wherein he says, "Whatever his tastes, reading should stimulate the mind," reminds me of Byron's—

Words are things, and a small drop of ink Falling like dew upon a thought produces That which makes thousands, perhaps

millions, think.

Lord Avebury says, "There is a certain art in reading. Passive reading is of little use. We must try and realise what we read. It is

not enough to run our eve listlessly or mechanically along the lines and turn over the leaves; we must endeavour to realise the scenes described and the persons who are mentioned, to picture them in the 'Gallery of the Imagination." Mr. Haddon's remark that "a book is many-valued" reminds me again of a passage by Lord Avebury, "Books are to mankind what memory is to the individual. They contain the history of our race, the discoveries we have made, the accumulated knowledge and experience of ages; they picture for us the marvels and beauties of nature; help us in our difficulties. comfort us in our sorrows and in suffering change our hours of ennui into moments of delight; store our minds with ideas, fill them with good and happy thoughts which lift us out and above ourselves.'

Mr. Harris' article in June is rather provocative, but he strongly supports Mr. Bodinnar in advising the reading of Dickens. His point is that we must be careful what we read, and not like the sailors of Ulysses, "take bags of wind for sacks of treasure." There are, indeed, books and books, and there are books which, as Lamb said, are not books at all, or in Mr. Harris' words, "as ugly and repellant as is much that is modern in art and architecture." This conjures up the ambiguous remark which Lord Beaconsfield made to an unfortunate author, "I will lose no time in reading your book."

Mr. Dixon's article in July goes a little beyond ordinary reading; his is one to encourage writing after reading. But his reference to Macaulay reminds one of that great author's love of reading. Macaulay, who had all that wealth of fame, rank, and talents could give, yet, we are told, derived his greatest happiness from books. Sir G. Trevelyan, in his biography, says that, "Great as was the honours and possessions which Macaulay acquired by his pen, all who knew him were well aware that the titles and rewards which ne gained by his own works were as nothing in the balance compared with the pleasure he derived from the works of others." Macaulay himself has told us how his debt to the great minds of by-gone ages was incalculable; how they guided him to truth; how they filled his mind with noble and graceful images; how they stood by him in all vicissitudes—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude, the old friends who are never seen with new faces; who are the same in wealth

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

**Digitised** 

and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity.

In Mr. Petherick's contribution we are urged that the method of reading is a serious duty, even part of our intellectual and industrial life. "Get a general knowledge as well as a special knowledge of some subject." To get the greatest amount, not merely of benefit, but even of enjoyment, we must read for improvement rather than amusement, "Drink as deeply as possible," as Mr. Petherick says. Light and entertaining books are valuable, just as sugar is an important article of food, but we cannot live upon it. Nevertheless, whatever purpose we have in reading, be it for profit or amusement, no-one can read a good and interesting book for an hour without being the better and happier for it. Quoting Lord Avebury again, "The best books elevate us into a region of disinterested thought where personal objects fade into insignificance and the troubles and the anxieties of life are almost forgotten. English literature is the birthright and inheritance of the English race. We have produced and are producing some of the greatest of poets, of philosophers, of men of science. No race can boast a brighter, purer, or nobler literature, richer than our commerce, more powerful than our arms. It is the true pride and glory of our country, and for it we cannot be too thankful.'

Thus we conclude our articles on reading which have been written with a view of arousing interest in the study of good books—for a library presents "infinite riches in a little room" to anyone who shall "bring the golden key that unlocks its silent door."

## A Trip to the French Riviera.

(Continued—PART IX.)

The next day, Sunday, was our last one at Nice. We left the hotel fairly early in the morning, proceeded down the Avenue de la Victoire, and went into the Church of Notre Dame, but could not visit it as Mass was being celebrated. We then passed the American Episcopal Church, which was closed for repairs during the summer. We attended Matins at the Church of England (Holy Trinity). There was a good congregation, considering that it was the month of July, when there are not nearly so many English people at Nice as in the winter.

This Church is of quite a good size for a continental C. of E., and we enjoyed the service very much.

We went back to the hotel, going up the Avenue de la Victoire for the last time, and saw a crowd assembled outside the newspaper office of "L'Eclaireur de Nice." We stopped and read the news, which was put up in big letters so that everyone could see them, and were shocked and anxious to read that the rate of exchange had risen to nearly Frs.250 to the f. Consternation and anxiety were seen on all faces. This was in 1926. Fortunately for France things have improved since then.

After lunch we bought some provisions for the railway journey, as there was no dining-car on the train we were taking, and we regretfully left Nice at 2.30 p.m.

The first part of the journey was most enjoyable, as the scenery was beautiful, and we did not want to miss any of it. We admired the lovely blue sea, sumptuous villas with fine gardens containing not only beautiful flowers, but palm trees, eucalyptus, bamboos, cocoanut trees, yuccas, banana and orange trees.

We passed Cagnes, Antibes, a very pretty spot with nice bathing, where many vachts spend the winter. Juan les Pins, where we saw a lot of bathers, the Gulf Jouan between Cape Croisette and Cape Antibes, separating Antibes from Juan les Pins, and Cannes, which we should have loved to see again. After passing Cannes station we could see in the distance the Promenade des Anglais, the Casino, and palm trees. After Cannes we passed La Bocca, La Napoule, Le Trayas, Agay, St. Raphael (the renowned winter resort), the Bay of Freius, Tropez and its azure gulf, Hyeres-les-Palmiers, another winter resort, which is reckoned to be an earthly paradise, and is specially recommended on account of its mild climate; it is also noted for its beautiful palm trees, olive, fig, and mulberry trees. The garden of one of the small stations which we passed contained beautiful oleanders in full bloom.

D.G.T.B.

(To be continued),

It is better to wear out than to rust out.

Never swop horses while crossing a stream.

## FROM A DIRECTORY PUBLISHED 80 YEARS AGO.

Calne, a small and very ancient parliamentary and municipal borough, market town, and large parish, governed by a mayor. four aldermen, and twelve councillors, in the Union of the same, and division of Calne. The town (petty sessional) is most delightfully situated, surrounded by hill and dale, upon the old road to Bath and Bristol, 88 miles west of London by road and 100 by railway. 19 east of Bath, 30 north of Salisbury, 8 from Devizes, and 6 west from the Chippenham station of the Great Western Railway. The town consists principally of one long street, with a few smaller ones branching from it. It is lighted with gas and partially paved. The houses are well built of stone and have generally a modern appearance. In the vicinity of Calne a spot is pointed out as having been a Roman station, and in the neighbourhood a number of springs gush forth sufficient in their united strength to turn several corn mills, which, with other streams, constitute the head of the Calne or Marden, which flows through the centre of this town on its way to join the Avon, near Chippenham. The church of St. Mary is a handsome and noble structure with square embattled tower, in the mixed Norman and Gothic style, in the patronage and diocese of the Bishop of Salisbury, and archdeaconry of Wilts. The incumbent is the Rev. John Guthrie, M.A., Prebendary of Sarum. Here is also a chapel of ease, lately erected, partly at the expense of the vicar, the Rev. J. Guthrie, and partly by a rate made for that purpose. It is dedicated to the Holy Trinity.

Calne formerly sent two members to Parliament under the Reform Act, now it sends one only. The Wesleyan Methodists and Baptists have places of worship here, and there is a Friends' meeting-house. In the town there is a literary institution and a Friendly Society, under the patronage of the Marquis of Lansdowne. Here is a Free School, endowed by John Bentley, which has been re-built very recently. Also Infant, National, and Sunday Schools. Here is a Savings' bank, open on Tuesday mornings from 11 till 12, in Church Street. A new Union House has been built at Northfield, for Calne, and ten additional parishes at a cost of about \$\if5,000\$. Meetings of the county magistrates are held at the Town Hall every third Monday in the month. Here is also a school, which has been lately erected for the education of poor children at the expense of Mrs. Guthrie. Formerly, the manufacture of cloth was very extensively carried on here. There are a woollen mill, a paper mill, and a bacon factory. A branch navigation from Calne unites the Wiltshire and Berkshire canal with that of the Kennet and Avon, opening a convenient and extensive water-carriage, not only to every part of the country, but to the ports of London and Bristol. The market is on Wednesday, and the annual fairs are held May 6th, in the High Street, and the last Wednesday in September, on the Green. Population, in 1851, was 5,117; acres, about 8,000. Calne borough includes the parish of Calne and parts of Blackland and Calstone.

## LITTLE MAN YOU'VE HAD . . . . . . .

By "Southward Ho" I went many miles, Watching "Sign Posts" in between whiles, Then Cheshire, with its fields and ships, Was 'rupted by B.B.C. "pips."

\* \* \*

The to toot or not to toot tutor, Took me for a ride—nothing cuter. A change was the Riveira, in France, Through Monaco, and so on did I prance.

Then I autoed and buggied amidst wedding bells,

On to Watford and Herts and other shady dells.

Then I took up my musket, the best 'un I had, And went on the trail and tried to Baghdad.

To Hampton Court, with its bees and its hives,

But I saw not Henry, or his umpteen wives. With my old school tie to the branches I went, No wonder by then my strength was all spent.

Such a distance I've covered—well, I declare, I've not moved an inch out of my chair.

The best way to make a razor last a long time is to buy the wife a pencil-sharpener.

Success is merely a matter of buying your experience cheap and selling it at a profit.

## Centre Heritage Calne Digitised by

## The Birth of the Manchester Ship Canal.

For many years the Lancashire manufacturers felt the need of some means of reaching the sea in a quicker and cheaper way for the outlet of manufactured articles and the inlet of raw materials.

The importance of the city began to be felt in 1714, when legislation was passed for the Rivers Mersey and Irwell to be kept navigable for barges and lighters from Liverpool to Hunts Bank, Manchester (Victoria Station).

For a time this was satisfactory, but as the town grew in importance it was felt that something more was required.

Fifty years ago Daniel Adamson, an ironfounder, invited a number of important Manchester merchants to dine with him and discuss the problems. It was unanimously agreed that a canal capable of carrying oceangoing steamers was a solution. The sea was 36 miles away, and ships would have to be raised sixty feet.

They prepared a scheme and asked for subscriptions. Strangely enough it was not the merchants who subscribed, but the poorer classes. Shopkeepers, mill-workers, artisans, they came forward handsomely with their shillings, &c.

As was expected, the Parliamentary

Bill was fiercely contested by Liverpool and the railway companies.

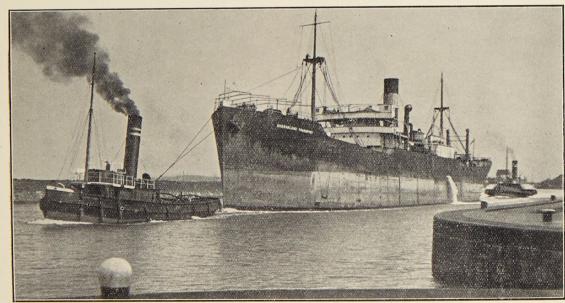
The Bill was presented and passed by the House of Commons, but it was thrown out by the House of Lords. Another Bill was presented, and this was turned down by the House of Commons. Such a reception would have daunted the stoutest. But no, the promoters were more determined than ever to go on.

A third Bill was presented in 1884; this eventually led to success. It was an empty sort of victory. There was no financial support forthcoming from the Government and all the funds had been used in litigation.

For a solid month the consideration of the Bill is said to have cost £5 per minute. The answers to the questions in the House of Lords filled a book of 1,360 pages.

An issue of shares was made, but there was no great response and it had to be withdrawn. A re-organisation followed and the Government placed a time limit of two years to raise the necessary funds. The raising of the capital forms one of the most dramatic stories in great undertakings. One year 364 days expired before the last shilling was raised with only one day to go.

The first turf was cut on November 11th, 1887, by Lord Egerton, of Tatton. The work had not been in progress long before it was found that the cost had been under-estimated. This was followed by the death of the engineer, Mr. T. A. Walker, and



"An Australian Freighter in the Ship Canal."

other difficulties followed in quick succession. Floods swept away a great part of the work and much plant was submerged.

The Manchester Corporation came forward with five million pounds. Difficult engineering problems had to be overcome, particularly the elevation of 60ft. which is overcome by a series of locks. Railways and other obstacles had to be negotiated. At Barton a small island was built and five railways carried over.

Eventually, at the end of six years, all difficulties were overcome and there is now a waterway 35½ miles long, 28ft. deep, and from 200ft. to 370ft. wide at the top and 120ft. to 170ft. wide at the bottom.

The canal was opened by her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, on May 1st, 1894. A. E. Kay.

## Harris Welfare Association.

ANNUAL REPORT.

THE General Committee have pleasure in submitting their Annual Report.

The total Membership is 637, as against 635 in 1933 and 623 in 1932. There has been a falling off in full-subscription members, which is to be deplored. In 1932 we had 185 full members, in 1933 155, and for the year just ended 138.

We cannot too often urge the desire of more all-in subscribers. The working of the Association would be much simplified were 100 per cent. of the members recorded on the books as full members. Sections would be relieved of the necessity of assuring themselves of the yalidity of players, &c., and the financial situation would be easier.

The Annual Meetings of the Sections have been held and the following points have been extracted from their reports:—

Carnival and Flower Show Section.

The Children's Carnival, held in January, was one of the best successes of recent years. As was said in the Magazine at the beginning of the year, "It is really remarkable how this social event contrives not to grow old, but manages to maintain its freshness as surely and certainly as in the early days when the idea which it represents was being carefully and solidly founded by our Chief." The introduction of the Crowning of the Carnival Queen and the Jazz Band contest

were new features, proving most attractive.

The Flower Show and Sports Day, despite previous dry weather, which it was anticipated would seriously interfere with the entries, and wet weather which at the start threatened to mar the proceedings, proved a record day for entries in both the Flower Show and Sports. A large number of Branch visitors attended and were entertained to lunch by the President.

Cricket Club. An improvement on last year has not been seen. The first XI. during the season played 21 games, of which 7 were won, 12 lost, and 2 drawn. A pleasing feature has been the regularity of turning out by the 1st XI. players, a feature, if consistent, will eventually build up a strong team. The 2nd XI. were very much handicapped by the absence of two or three of the best players of the year before. This is not to be deplored. for it shows that they are forming a good nursery for the 1st XI. Of 19 matches played 7 were won, 11 lost, and 1 drawn. Again it is reported that further improvement in the ground condition has been seen. In a most difficult and trying season the wickets

Tennis Club.

It is pleasing to report that the past year has seen a revival in tennis, particularly at Lickhill, where the grass courts have proved a boon to the younger members of the staff. At the Woodlands the hard courts have been in good condition the year through, and we are proud to possess such excellent facilities. The Tennis Team have held their own again. Of 14 matches played the first string won 8 and lost 6. The second string played 7, won 2, and lost 5.

have played splendidly.

Again the members of the Dramatic Society are to be congratulated upon their successful season. A definite and steady improvement has been maintained, and it looks fair that the scope and influence of the Society will become very wide and develop accordingly. Three one-act plays were performed—all on behalf of other Sections—but the culminating performance was their first three-act play, which was produced at the Calne Cinema in April last. This effort, experimental as it was, justifies the hope that each year will see one or more such performances.

Folk Dance Club.

This club has been working quietly and

enthusiastically, even if small in number. Under Miss Bodinnar's conductorship the Classes have been held weekly, and the season was brought to a close on May 5th, when, again, teams were sent to compete in the annual Folk Dance Festival, at Devizes. In the competition for Clubs and Institutes our team was third, but secured more marks than the winners did last year, thus showing some improvement. In the senior class, out of an entry of 14, we were placed eighth with 82 marks, compared with 85 marks last year, when we were only one point behind the winners. It was evident that the standard of dancing was higher. Gratitude goes out to Miss Bodinnar for so regularly and so efficiently conducting the class. At the end of the season Miss Matthews and the staff of St. Mary's School kindly entertanied the class at St. Mary's.

## Ladies' Hockey Club.

The Ladies' Hockey Club had an even better season than 1932-3, playing 26 games, 16 were won, 9 lost, and 1 drawn. They have suffered the loss of three or four of their most consistent players, but it is pleasing to record that others have come along and taken their places.

## Men's Hockey Club.

Business requirements and other reasons kept many of our players out of the side, and seldom was a full team fielded of our own players. Of the 20 games played only 5 were won, 11 being lost, and 4 drawn. The prospect of the future is more hopeful. This is encouraging, and it would be a pity for the Club not to advance in view of the splendid organisation we possess, the good playing field we have, and that we are now recognised as a club of standing by opponents, all of whom seem anxious to engage us.

## Orchestral Section.

The Orchestral Section, small though it is, has given of its best, and on many occasions during the winter provided the music required for our various social activities. We would feel happier if more support was given to this Section, which deserves our warmest thanks for its perseverance in continuing under the stress of lack of members.

## Skittles Section.

It is recorded that about 200 players used the Skittle Alley during the Inter-Departmental Tournament. This shows that

membership has been maintained. The Kitchen A team won the President's Cup, with a splendid score of 86 points out of a possible 108. The runners-up were the Retort, &c., group. The annual match with Messrs. Wilmot, of Bristol, was played at Bristol on November 11th, 1933, and Mr. Bodinnar's silver cup for competition between Messrs. Wilmot and ourselves was again won by Calne.

## Library Section.

This Section, though not entirely new, is now, for the first year, an organised part of our Association, with a committee and officers functioning. In addition to controlling an excellent Book Club, in connection with Messrs. Boots, the activities of the Section have, during the past few months, been centred upon the encouragement of serious reading. Through the medium of excellent articles in the Magazine the Committee have prepared the way for a series of Lectures, which are being given this winter, of which our President has given the inaugural lecture.

Other efforts of an educational nature are still being carried on. The Evening Classes for Book-keeping and Shorthand were continued, and a number of our members passed the Intermediate Examination of the Royal Society of Arts. Cookery Classes are to be resumed this season, after a lapse of two years.

## Magazine.

The thanks of the General Committee are due to the Editors of the Magazine for their unfailing courtesy in always finding room for the reports of the various activities which, month by month, are a claim on their space and time. Their help serves us well in keeping members informed of the progress of these Sections.

## General.

Few realise the work of the Secretaries of the Sections who bear the brunt of the burden of their particular activity, and how impossible it would be to carry on were they not willing to give of their time and interest. They deserve not only our appreciation, but also our helpful and practical encouragement.

To conclude we wish once more to extend our grateful thanks to our President and his co-Directors for help, guidance, and, not least of all, the financial support which alone permits our Association to continue and flourish.

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November 14th, 1934

## THE BROAD HICHWAY.

Following upon the London Exhibition we have had two Exhibitions in the Provinces—one at Bradford, Yorks, and the other at Bristol.

We have been to Bradford several times before and the Exhibition is always well patronised by the general public. Mr. York put up a very good show before retiring on his laurels, as this was, we are sorry to say, his last Exhibition.

Mr. Campbell, Mr. Wade, and the Bradford, Leeds, and Huddersfield Van Salesmen combined to ensure that the Show went with a swing, and they are now busy following up the new contacts which were established.

We feel sure that all our readers will join in giving Mr. York our very best wishes for a happy retirement, and that he will have many years in which to enjoy his time of leisure with Mrs. York, who has also been of invaluable assistance to us in the past in connection with many Exhibitions.

Mr. York, during his association with the Company during the past 9 years, has endeared himself to all with whom he has come in contact, and has been a real Harris enthusiast and ambassador in many parts of England, Scotland, and Wales, not forgetting Ireland as well. We shall miss his cheery face, which is now nearly as well known in connection with Harris stands as our oftrepeated slogans, "Famous since 1770," and "as good as their famous Bacon," under which he has so often been seen standing on his blue and white stands.

The Bristol Exhibition was this time held in the Coliseum, which is a very much better building than the Colston Hall, where previous Exhibitions have been held. Here we put up a very big stand, which was acknowledged to be the best show in the hall. The Exhibition authorities had shown considerable enterprise in engaging the "Mad Hatters" Band, instead of the usual Military Band. This band gave a great variety of surprise turns, and certainly did attract the crowds. At certain times the

gangways were packed so tight that it took a very long time to move from one end of the hall to the other. We were fortunate in having an open space in front of our stand, which facilitated the handling of customers.

Mr. Cross and his assistants and our Bristol Van Salesmen all threw themselves heart and soul into making a success of the Exhibition, which came at just the right time for securing more business for both Bacon and Small Goods.

Mr. J. Hudson, of Carlisle, took his holiday very late this year, and upon returning to Carlisle for duty, was taken suddenly ill, necessitating an immediate operation for appendicitis. We are glad to say that he is making splendid progress, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. J. P. Cartwright, of Cardiff, and Mr. I. Lammiman, of Hull, are both making progress, and we hope that they will both continue to get stronger.



"W.H.Y."

## Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. F. J. KINGTON.



Our photograph this month is of Mr. F. J. Kington, our well-known representative for the Southampton and Bournemouth districts.

Mr. Kington's association with C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd., commenced in 1912, when he acted as assistant to his father, Mr. J. F. Kington, who covered a big territory from Oxford to the south coast.

His war service took him to Corfu, Salonika, and Constantinople, and upon demobilisation, in January, 1920, he took over the southern part of his father's territory, with headquarters at Southampton.

Mr. Kington is responsible for a very important territory, and is assisted by five van salesmen, to whom he acts as a very efficient leader.

Money calls, but doesn't stay: Being round it rolls away.

Be not too hasty, the last cup of tea is the strongest.

Men can't smoke and whistle at the same time.



At the Baptist Chapel, on September 3rd, Miss Lucy Holley was married to Mr. S. H. Hughes, of Bromham.

Both bride and bridegroom were attached to the Office, the former in the Secretarial Department and the latter in the Export Department.

Miss Holley was a prominent member of the Hockey Club, being not only the enthusiastic hon. secretary, but a brilliant player in the field. Her record has been referred to many times in the columns of the Magazine. Mr. Hughes is also a keen sportsman; his prowess in the football field is well known.

The presentation from the Office Staff took the form of a canteen of cutlery.

Our best wishes to both for future happiness.

We regret that owing to an oversight this announcement was omitted from a previous issue of the Magazine.

At Calne Parish Church on October 20th, Miss Alice Maud Clifford was married to Mr. Thomas G. House, of Chippenham. The bride, who was given away by her brother, was dressed in a powder blue silk crepe dress, ankle length, and blue hat to match, and carried a bouquet of light bronze chrysanthemums. The bridesmaid, her sister, was dressed in saxe blue crepe silk, with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of dark bronze chrysanthemums.

Miss Clifford was for eleven years employed in the Pie Department, and was presented with a clock from her colleagues and stainless cutlery from the Factory.

He who is doing nothing is seldom without helpers.

A grand cage does not make a bird sing.

Why has a pig a knot in its tail? To make a pig's tie for itself.

## Photographic Notes.

## AVOIDING SPOILED PRINTS.

SOME COMMON TROUBLES AND THEIR CAUSES.

Do not blame the manufacturer of the paper when a print does not turn out as well as one expects. Modern gas-light paper is of such uniform quality and is so simple to use that failures are most improbable. Nevertheless a knowledge of some of the causes of bad prints may save time and expense.

The following causes have been compiled for users of Velox, but generally apply equally well to other makes of paper (a good general rule is to use the developing solution recommended by the manufacturer; it is usually sold in packets or ready mixed as a solution).

## If the Prints are Too Dark.

Over-exposure and over-development. Insufficient potassium bromide in the developing solution. Negative too weak or thin. Wrong grade of paper used. Developer too warm (it should be kept at 65-68 degrees Fahr.)

## Prints too Light or Lacking Detail.

Under-exposure. Under-development. Developer too cold.

## Grevish Whites Throughout Print.

Handling in too strong a light. Prolonged development. Old paper. Insufficient potassium bromide in developer.

## Greyish Mottled or Granulated Appearance of Edges or of Entire Print.

Under-exposure and forced development. Old paper, or paper that has been kept in a damp place. The wrong type of developing solution has been used.

## Greenish or Brown Tones and Sometimes Mottled.

Developer too old or too weak. Excess of potassium bromide in developer. Over-exposure and too short development.

## Brown or Red Stains.

Old or oxidised developer (never use developer when it is much discoloured or muddy). Developer too warm. Imperfect fixing. Fixing bath lacks sufficient acid. Prints were not kept moving to allow even fixing.

## Purple Discolourations.

Incomplete fixing.

## Round White Spots.

Air bells on the surface of print. To avoid this develop the prints face upwards, brushing off any air-bells that may form, and use sufficient developer to cover the prints properly.

## Round or irregular Dark Spots.

Prints were allowed to cling together in the fixing bath, forming air-bells, which prevented the proper access of hypo to the prints during fixation.

## White Deposits all over Surface of Prints.

Milky fixing bath. If the print is thoroughly washed and the deposit is sponged off before drying it does no harm.

## Blisters.

Prints have been creased or broken while washing. Too great a difference between the temperatures of solutions and washing water. Fixing bath lacks sufficient hardener.

## Yellowish Whites.

Stain all over the print is result of under-exposure and forcing development.

## \* \* \* PARALLEL PROVERBS.

Too many cooks spoil the broth.

Too many boatmen will run the boat on
to a mountain.

## Accidents will happen in the best of regulated families.

Even a monkey sometimes falls from a tree.

## There is no accounting for tastes. Even a worm likes smartweed.

A fountain cannot rise higher than its source.

From the spawn of frogs there will be nothing but frogs.

## Out of evil good may come.

The lotus springs from the slime in the pond.

## \* \* \* Avoid even the appearance of evil.

Do not stoop to tie your sandal in the melon patch of another.



## LIBRARY SECTION

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

## " Escape," by F. Yeats Brown.

This is a collection of stories of persons who have escaped, often with incredible courage and fortitude, from prison, from shipwreck, from the plague, from a country-side swarming with enemies, from a tryannical father, and so on. It offers to its readers a means of escape from the humdrum of everyday life by allowing them to share in breathless adventures.

Who would not be thrilled to read of how Lady Nithsdale rescued her husband from the Tower on the day before that fixed for his execution? And those who can remember the consternation and horror with which the news of the wreck of the Titanic, on its maiden voyage, was received, will read with interest Lady Duff Gordon's account of that terrible happening.

This ship, believed to be unsinkable through her wonderful construction and watertight compartments, struck an iceberg twice in such a manner that these were rendered useless. The liner California was only 17 miles away and could have saved every soul on board, but her wireless was out of order, and she did not hear the Titanic's appeals for help. It is hard to realise now that the public emotion aroused by this utterly unforeseen disaster directed itself against some of the few passengers who happened to survive, and they were accused in the law courts, in the newspapers, in public, and in private of cowardice.

"Escape" is full of similar exciting stories—many of them make us feel glad we did not live in the bad old days.

## SOCIAL PROGRESS.

The introductory Lecture to this series was given by Mr. Bodinnar to a large and

representative audience, who thoroughly enjoyed his address.

The Committee of the Library Section approached our President and asked him if he would let his address be printed for the benefit of those who were unable to be present. Mr. Bodinnar has kindly consented to this course being taken, and the first part apppears elsewhere in the Magazine as "Between Ourselves."

The second Lecture arranged by the Library Section was held at the Woodlands on the 26th October, when Mr. E. N. Tuck, M.A., of Chippenham, delivered an excellent address entitled, "From Agriculture to Industry."

There was a good attendance and questions were asked at the close of the meeting

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Tuck for his services.

## FOLK DANCE CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Folk Dance Club was held at the Woodlands on Wednesday, October 17th, Mr. R. B. Swaffield presiding over a fairly large attendance of members.

In their annual report the Hon. Secretaries expressed the thanks of the members to Miss Bodinnar for all the interest and help she has shown in the activities of the Club. It was no light task on her part to attend weekly practices throughout the winter, and her coaching has been such as to produce excellent results in competitive dancing. Needless to say, every member fully appreciated Miss Bodinnar's valuable efforts of time and tuition.

Miss D. Cockram and Miss K. Rutty were elected joint hon. secs., and the following form the Committee:—Misses Margaret Angell, J. Ellery, J. Lockyer, F. Smart, and W. Sutton.

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

## Heritag Calne **Digitised**

## TENNIS CLUB.

The annual meeting was held at the Woodlands on Wednesday, Mr. R. B. Swaffield (in the absence of Mr. G. C. Brown, chairman of the Club) presiding over a poor attendance of members.

Mr. E. Cooper, in submitting the annual report, drew attention to the splendid season just closed, particularly mentioning the revival of tennis on the grass courts at Lickhill. It was a good omen for the future to see the younger members of the staff making use of the facilities afforded them, and if they persevere with their practice doubtless they will prove most helpful club match players in the future. The report also referred to the difficulties occasionally experienced last season in putting out the best team to represent the club in matches, many matches being scratched in consequence. The 1st String played 14 matches, of which 8 were won and 6 lost. The 2nd String played 7, winning 2 and losing 5.

The report provoked a lengthy discussion, and many suggestions were made for the consideration of the new Committee.

Mr. A. A. Flav was re-elected hon. secretary, with him Miss K. Angell as a colleague, vice Mr. E. Cooper resigned. The following were elected to form the Committee: - Misses F. Angell, M. Angell, S. McLean, and Messrs. G. C. Brown, E. Cooper, A. Dixon, and H. Watson. Mr. A. E. Bull was elected captain of the 1st String, with Miss F. Angell as vice-captain, and Mr. H. Watson captain of the 2nd String and Miss S. McLean vice-captain.

## CRICKET CLUB.

The annual general meeting was held on October 11th, Mr. P. T. Knowles presiding over a splendid attendance of members. The secretaries' report was received and adopted, and many matters were discussed. including the question of coaching at practices next year.

The hon. secretaries, Messrs. T. Ratcliff and I. J. Taylor, were re-elected. A ballot was taken for membership of the Committee and the following were elected: -Messrs. J. E. Bromham, S. L. Drewell, J. H. Gillett, B. Gough, P. T. Knowles, F. I. Nash, and I. Wiltshire.

Mr. J. E. Bromham was elected captain of the 1st XI. and Mr. I. J. Taylor vicecaptain. The respective positions in the 2nd XI. are to be filled by Messrs. J. Wiltshire and A. E. Bennett.

The Chairman, on behalf of the members. expressed the thanks of the club to the ladies who have so regularly and so efficiently arranged the catering at the pavilion during the season.

The following are the principal averages for the past season: -

> 1ST XI. BATTING.

> > NO. TIMES MOST IN

RUNS. INGS. NT.OT.INGS. AVG.

J. E. Bromham	151	11	2	38	16.77	
F. I. Nash		14	2	38	16.66	
B. Gough	233	17	3	55	16.64	
D. Dolman	. 154	10	0	37	15.40	
R. Swaffield	206	16	0	37	12.87	
K. Haines	199	16	0	66	12.43	
P. Carter	189	18	0	37	10.55	
S. L. Drewell	. 91	9	0	33	10.11	
J. Archard	145	16	1	26	9.66	
I. J. Taylor	131	16	2	28	9.35	
H. J. Cleverly	35	5	0	13	7. 0	
A. Sutton	41	8	0	16	5.12	
BOWLING.						
	ovs.	MDNS.	RUN	S. WKT	S. AVG.	

P. Carter ..... 111 24 328 36 9.11 I. J. Taylor ... 185 28 542 46 11.78 F. I. Nash ... 115 337 23 14.65 21 S. L. Drewell ... 22 86 5 17.20

B. Gough ..... 69 6 274 14 19.56 T. Ratcliff ... 60 9 204 9 22.66

2ND XI.

BATTING.

NO. TIMES MOST IN RIINS INGS NT OT INGS AVG

		HOLD.	III OU.	1,1.	71.1110	D. 11 1 U	
	R. Stevens	. 198	14	0	49	14.14	
	A. Bennett	. 142	10	0	28	14. 2	
	B. Webb	. 193	18	0	42	10.72	
	J. Wiltshire	. 85	9	0	22	9.44	
	E. Witchell	. 58	8	1	17	8.28	
	J. K. Dolman	38	5	0	26	7.60	
	H. Angell	. 27	4	0	15	6.78	
	R. Heath	. 70	13	0	24	5.38	
	W. Butler	10	3	1	8	5. (	
	H. Miller	. 17	5	1	6	4.25	
BOWLING.							

OVRS. MDNS. RNS. WKTS. AVG.

R. Stevens ... 101 13 251 43 5.83 4 116 17 R. B. Swaffield 31 6.82 B. Webb ..... 41 5 182 19 9.57 R. Heath ..... 104 9 388 35 11.08

We opened our season in engaging Warminster at Lickhill, on September 29th. Prior to this splendid evening practice had been indulged in, and it was a real pleasure to see so many players turn out. Doubtless these practice games gave a fitness that served us well in our first match, which we won by the odd goal in seven. R. Swaffield and R. Cobb were our scorers.

We are glad to welcome new players. and their advent has given new life to the club. On October 6th we played at Swindon, versus Garrards, and won by 10 goals to 1. The score suggests a runaway victory, but it was not until the second half of the game that we were able to outplay our opponents. Goals were scored by T. Ratcliff 5, R. Heath 3, and R. Swaffield 2.

On October 15th, Swindon Town 2nd XI. visited us and, after leading at half-time by 3 goals to 1, we just managed to win by 4 goals to 3. Swindon, during the closing period of the game, put on much pressure. and it was with difficulty that we withstood their attack. T. Ratcliff scored 2 goals, R. Cobb and R. Swaffield 1 each.

On October 20th, we again met a Swindon team, this time the G.W.R. After a very close fight the match ended in a draw. the score being 4—4. We looked likely to win, but during the last few minutes of the game, the G.W.R. scored their equalising goal. Our goals were scored by T. Ratcliff 2, R. Cobb 1, R. Heath 1.

Playing at home on October 27th, versus R.A.F., Netheravon, we met with our first defeat of the season. With three of our best players away and only ten men on the field (a bad let down this on the part of the player), our team was a little disorganised. Two surprise goals came soon after the start, and we never recovered from the shock. Half-time came with Netheravon leading by 3 goals to 0. The second half was more even our attack was strengthened, and this relieved pressure on the defence. Two goals

were scored in this half, so Netheravon won by 4 goals to 1. R. Swaffield scored our only goal.

The opening fixture was scratched by Old Eucludians, on September 29th, the weather being unpropitious. On October 6th we entertained Holt, and again the weather was most unkind. However, the players decided the game worth the inconvenience and played with rain heavily falling throughout the afternoon. We had a comfortable win by 7 goals to 0. S. McLean 3, Molly Angell 2, J. Ellery and B. Newis were our scorers.

On October 13th we had a vacant date. and the loss of play undoubtedly largely led to our defeat on October 20th, when we met Wills', Swindon. This club is the strongest team we meet, and it was a pity we met them at a time when we were off form. Their speed was the determining factor of the game —we could not hold them—and their passing was brilliant. Up to half-time we did well to keep them to a two goal lead, but the second half saw us crack up, and 4 more goals were added without any response by us.

On October 27th we visited Tetbury. and were not at our strongest. It is a pity we are not yet able to regularly field our best team. Only by regularly playing together can a team hope to build itself into a strong combination, and it is hoped this point will be borne in mind by our players in their decisions to play or not. At Tetbury we were beaten by 9 goals to 2. Miss D. Holley and Miss Molly Angell were our scorers.

A gentle lie turneth away enquiry.

Wild oats make a bad autumn crop.

Better some of a pudding than none of

Set not everyone's watch by your own

## Sentre Heritage iditised

## Friends Elsewhere.



The advent of October and the signs of approaching autumn have once more made us turn our thoughts to the winter programme, and we have witnessed many activities in this direction during the last week or so.

On October 1st the Games Committee met and discussed the Skittle programme for the coming season, and it was unanimously decided to run a Skittles League Letween the employees. This is now being anged and skittle enthusiasts in our factory are looking forward to many enjoyable games between themselves during the coming months.

The newly-formed Welfare Association is making good progress, and the Committee met for the first time on Tuesday. October 9th, 1934. Mr. W. V. Long was unanimously elected chairman and Mr. T. Bullock vice-chairman. The Chairman, in addressing the members, assured them of his support and help in all their activities and wished the association every success in their efforts. Arrangements were discussed for the opening event, which is to take the form of a Whist Drive and Dance, early in November.

A general meeting of the members of the Welfare Association was held on Friday, October 12th, 1934, to receive the recommendation of the Committee to fix the membership fees as follows:—

Members over 18 years of age—2s. per annum.

Members under 18 years of age—1s. 3d. per annum.

This met with the approval of all present and was carried unanimously.

## MAGAZINE.

Acting upon the suggestion received from the Advisory Committee (set up by J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., to improve the Magazine) to form a local Magazine Committee, the management selected the following to constitute this Committee:—Messrs. W. V. Long, L. A. Ambrose, J. Baker, J. Burchell, J. Cleall, J. G. Hooper, J. Swayne, E. Taylor, and W. H. Weston.

At the first meeting of this Committee, held on Monday, October 8th, 1934, Mr. W. V. Long was elected chairman and branch editor and Mr. W. H. Weston branch correspondent. Through the medium of this committee Chippenham is hoping to do its share to improve our Monthly Journal.

## PRESENTATION.

At the close of the Welfare Meeting, held on Friday, October 12th, before a representative gathering of the factory and office staff, including our manager, Mr. W. V. Long, Mr. J. G. Hooper (works manager), Captain C. H. Smith presented to Mr. F. Blanchard an oak striking clock, being a present from his fellow workers on the occasion of his marriage.

Captain Smith wished Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard every happiness in their future married life; these good wishes being endorsed by all present. Mr. F. Blanchard suitably replied to these sentiments.

## GRESFORD COLLIERY DISASTER.

Expressions of sympathy from the entire staff was extended to the relatives of the victims of this appalling disaster, and a general desire was expressed that some effort be made to convey our sympathies in some practical form.

Mr. Long at once conveyed the employees' expression to Mr. Bodinnar, who immediately sanctioned that a subscription list be opened, and as a result of this we were able to send to the Mayor's Relief Fund the sum of 44 5s. 9d.

May we all more fully realise the ideal conditions and safety under which we work, and be *thankful for same*.

## SKITTLES.

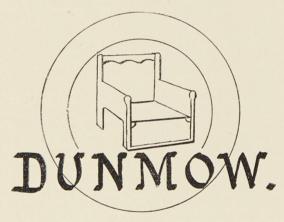
Friday, October 12th, saw the opening of the Skittle season with a match between the Office and Factory Staffs. This was the third occasion on which these teams have met, both teams having a win to their

credit. This factor gave additional interest to the game, and resulted in a very keen game from beginning to end. Both teams made a very poor start, but the Office soon improved and at the eighth man down had secured a lead of 8 pins. This greatly encouraged the Office, who maintained and increased their lead, while the Factory fell to pieces and finished the first leg 31 pins in arrears.

The second leg started in favour of the Factory, and they were able to keep the lead throughout, although the Office on several occasions were very near to passing them. However, they were unable to accomplish this, and the Factory ran out winners of this leg by 15 pins.

Naturally, the last leg proved to be a proper fight, there being very little difference between the two teams. The Factory staff just managed to win by 3 pins, but on the total number of pins the Office ran out winners by 13 pins:—

Factory Staff ... 59, 76, 81—216 Office Staff .... 90, 61, 78—229 W.H.W



We at Dunmow have been "whipped" badly on account of our poor support in the Magazine columns, as well as for the poor circulation locally. Rightly or wrongly, I have promised that we will, by hook or by crook, muster our quota of words and increase our purchases.

I personally hope that these Dunmow news columns will be largely kept going by the Indoor and Outdoor Staffs, and that nothing but the rounding off jobs will be left to me. Will Dunmow please take the hint?

Our latest hope is that all our friends at

every branch, and on every ground, are well and perfectly happy.

A thought has occurred that we might do worse than change our tactics partly. Formerly we have seemed to be so frightfully one-sided. We have talked of killings. curings, smokings, packing, purchases and sales, records here and there, and all sorts of workaday things in such a way as to make the reader wonder, "What are these people at ---- meaning? Don't soand-so know that there are things other than record kills, large white crosses, dry cures and tank cures, crown brand, my department, our branch, &c., &c.?" They call it getting into ruts and tracks. Our hope is that Dunmow will leave these tracks occasionally and give glimpses of things done of an evening, in spare time, by way of hobbies; something of local interest, &c. A thought occurred the other night:-" I wonder what all our men do in their spare time, and would it not be interesting stuff to put into the Magazine?" Should we not know our friends elsewhere much better by getting to know what they do in their spare time, sometimes? And would not this knowledge help us along the road we all profess we are travelling on-towards business efficiency? Quite seriously, a personal opinion is that we cannot know the other man if we only know him in business.

One of my hobbies is gardening. Just now we at home are lingering over the last of the roses. How lovely the colours, sweet the scent, compact of form, is the autumn rose! We wander around noting that the rockeries are in a mess, the shrubberies all leaves, the bulbs just shooting; whilst we still have thousands of tulips to plant! Even dahlias are almost over, chrysanthemums are on their last legs, Michaelmas daisies already gone (though a lovely blue dwarf still persists in flowering).

You who live down West don't know what a pleasure we East Anglians can get out of rose growing. Carrots and parsnips and runner beans we grant you; but you can't grow roses! And so we begin just as it is time to leave off.

Will someone at Dunmow, with real originality, break right away and give the Magazine something about our own locality or people, which will interest the outer world?

Bridle your tongue and you saddle your temper.



The news from our branch this month is limited, and in order to fill the space now allotted to us, we shall be compelled to ask all our friends to provide some exciting experiences or adventures regularly in order to fulfil our quota.

So far as the personal side is concerned we all congratulate Mr. J. Hooper, a member of the Cellar Staff, on his approaching marriage, and we wish him and the future Mrs. Hooper a long and happy wedded life.

The Skittles Club continue to find their fortunes ebb and flow, but so far as the League team is concerned the side is definitely stronger than last year. We have played the first of the "Anne Kidley" Cup Competition matches, and had a goodly muster for the occasion, and a very pleasant evening. It is peculiar that these evenings are always more happy-go-lucky than the League matches, when points are at stake, and with a little "Zummerzet Zyder" to slake the thirst after the strenuous work of skittling, they generally are merry affairs.

The Football team have also had varying fortune, and while we dare not speak about it we can here record the fact that one match was lost by fourteen goals to two. It was a good thing that the match was not like some cricket tests, no time limit, or we might have had cricket scores. On the other hand, of course, our team may have regained their second breath and won. However, they enjoy their football just the same, which is good sport.

## GUY FAWKES CARNIVAL.

A recent communication by a reader of a London daily newspaper to the Editor, suggesting that Guy Fawkes Carnivals should be abolished on the grounds that they were celebrations of an attempt at murder, &c., suggested itself to us that members of other branches where these celebrations are not carried out in an organised way, might be interested to hear how the attempt several centuries ago to blow up the Houses of Parliament is commemorated in this district.

At the town of Bridgwater, a few miles from Highbridge, the Carnival is the one high spot of the winter entertainments. Early each year gangs (as they are called) are formed, mostly of frequenters of the different hostelries in the town, and groups of employees of the various trading concerns. These gangs then decide on the feature they will represent at the Carnival, and a system of payments, weekly, are made towards the cost of staging their particular item. As the cost of the hire of the different uniforms, dresses, &c., is often considerable, the amount contributed individually is no small item. Several months before November the gangs decide on songs and scenes which they will present on the stage of the local Town Hall, and which are known as the Carnival Concerts. This entertainment is given on several evenings a week or fortnight before the actual Carnival takes place, the proceeds going to the Carnival Committee.

The day of the Carnival having arrived, the windows of shops and premises in the main thoroughfares are boarded up for the great event of the evening. The gangs, some mounted on horseback, others on foot, and some on lorries, together with innumerable bands, trade exhibits, and individual masqueraders, assemble at the East end of the town, and form into a huge procession, which parades the streets to the accompaniment of bursts of fireworks among the crowds assembled. After the procession follows the squibbing display, in the High Street, when the gangs form up and let off the huge squibs which are specially prepared for the occasion. In days gone by these squibs were made by the gangs themselves, but this is now abolished.

The Carnival attracts thousands of visitors, excursions being run by the railway company from as far afield as London, Birmingham, and many from South Wales.

Until recent years a huge bonfire was staged in the central thoroughfare of the town, the Cornhill, but this has now been stopped by the authorities. This bonfire consisted of tar barrels, old boats, and other lumber, and was sufficiently large to burn for hours, and the cessation of this feature, no doubt, lost the carnival one of its attractions.

Various silver cups are awarded for the best gang and individual features, and for the best squibbing displays, and there are also valuable money prizes. But to those who take part year after year it is a matter of love of the Carnival, as the prizes are never sufficient, if won, to cover the expenses of the gang.

During recent years several other towns in the district have staged these Guy Fawkes Carnivals, but for the West of England Bridgwater still holds pride of place.

R.C.L.



We have very little to report from Ipswich this month. Pigs come in, and bacon goes out, with a volume that keeps us all very busy.

The weather has been very mild, exceptionally so for the time of the year, and local horticulturists have been quite excited.

Situated as we are quite near to one great aerodrome, and within fairly easy reach of Mildenhall, we have felt a special interest in the great England—Australia race. A wonderful achievement, indeed, and one that but a few years ago would have seemed impossible.

Our annual competition for the "Ludgate Cup" has started, and a keen tussle is assured amongst the departmental Darts teams before the destination of the cup is decided.

Congratulations to Mr. P. Mullett (Factory), who is now the proud father of a little son.

As is the garden, so is the gardener.

Never grudge a penny for a penny's-worth.



When you think of London, do not think only of busy thoroughfares, big shops, underground railways, for there are many wonderful open spaces, much larger than can be found in other towns, and real beauty spots as well. Only three miles from my home is that beauty spot of Hampstead Heath, which covers something like 500 acres and can be said to be the playground of Londoners, especially on Bank-holidays. There are several large ponds, and bathing is indulged in all the year round. Whitestone Pond, which is on the main road, is a delight to children for sailing their vachts. and you will see, on summer evenings, many cars parked alongside and the occupants enjoying the fun with their children. You will also see horses being driven through the pond as a cooler during the hot weather. Close by the pond is a flagstaff marking the highest point in the county of London.

There are three well-known Inns on the Heath—Jack Straw's Castle, an ancient inn: Bull and Bush, you will remember the old song; and also the Spaniard's Inn. This is a romantic-looking inn, and has derived its name as a result of the house being originally kept by a Spaniard. The place itself looks full of history, and once there was a toll gate here, and the toll house is still standing and is now a bottle-neck for traffic. At this spot there came the "No Popery" rioters in June, 1780, intending to burn down Lord Mansfield's house, at Caen Wood. The then landlord, pretending to sympathise with them, retained the furious crowd by the toll gate, by giving them free drinks until the military arrived and dispersed them. Readers of Dickens will remember that this was the scene of the arrest of Mrs. Bardell (Mr. Pickwick's landlady) while taking tea in one of the arbours in the garden. "The Spaniard's" was also one of the haunts of Dick Turpin, who might have been described in his day as Public Enemy No. 1. Relics of

Digitised

old knives, &c., alleged to have been used by this highwayman are still to be seen, and there is a tower-like old building in the garden said to be very much associated with him. Writers have almost made him a hero, but he was the most paltry and unheroic of highwaymen. He never had a Black Bess, and did not ride that famous ride to York. He was, undoubtedly, a frequenter here, and no doubt he made it worth while for the landlord of that day to keep a quiet tongue. If you want a cool breeze you will be sure to find one on the Heath, and there are Calne Heritage several wonderful viewpoints. On a clear day it is interesting to pick out certain points in the City, St. Paul's Cathedral standing out most prominent of all. G.C. LONDON LIFE. STREET ENTERTAINMENT.

One of the most interesting sidelights of many London thoroughfares is the ingenuity of the Street Entertainers in the variety of ways and means they have of extracting the

In Praed Street, Paddington, this week

coppers from the pockets of passers by.

there was a novel show that I had not observed before. Two very poor but very enterprising men had hit upon the idea of livening up the familiar barrel organ. They had roped in the services of about a dozen mice of different colours and sizes, and as the man turned the handle with one hand he

took the mice from a box and put them on a rope. This was fixed to an arm projecting from his organ. The mice then climbed up the rope and along the arm back to their box. All the time lively tunes were being played, and thus the performance was kept going

until they moved off to another pitch.

I noticed the police were keeping an eve on this show as it had attracted more than the usual interest, and the coppers were dropping freely into the collector's grimy hat.

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

I always thought women had a characteristic in that their pet aversion was mice, but they were the very ones who appeared most interested and fascinated, and they certainly formed the larger portion of the crowd. However, it might be that their silk stockings are too silky for the poor little mice to get a

## TO MY OLD SPORTS COAT.

Torn and creased, ragged and stretched, stained and bleached by the sun and the weather of two adventurous holidays, who would imagine that once you were one of a pile of equally-elegant sports coats of whose very qualities of appearance and style you now so lamentably lack.

But with all the buffeting you have received you still possess some of that air of distinction and personality which was given you by those peasants of the Tweed who wove your threads.

A week in a quiet seaside resort did nothing to harm you, but the next week you went on the Norfolk Broads, and there a spot of tar on the elbow seemed to start your downfall. Then a burning sun by day, and all the rigours of being "under canvas by night gave you a more serviceable air.

But it was a year later that you had your first really glorious experience of hiking in Devon. Starting the morning's walk, you were always securely buttoned up. but as the day grew hotter, or the climb more steep, off you would come to be stuffed ruthlessly into a rucksack, and not until lunch would you again see the light of day.

As we rambled the byways, crags, and moors of Devon, its airs and scents penetrated your texture, and the old sea-sprayed stones of Watcombe lent perhaps something of their antiquity as you leaned against them in the cool, blue-black evenings of September.

Even old done jacket that you are, brought out on wet Saturday afternoon excursions, I am proud of your well-worn look, for you bring back memories of richlywooded combes, high-flung red cliffs, thatched cottages in picturesque villages, and the ever changing majesty of the hills of Dartmoor.

T.G.

IN TOWN TO-NIGHT.

FASHIONS: MILLINERY EN MENU-



The Pork Pie hat is the latest from Paris. It is sold in the salons as "Dernier Cri." They pinched the idea from the House of Harris after buying a famous 1lb. P . . . P . .

We hope to bring you something new and interesting each month.

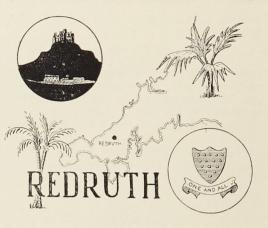
> CARRY ON, LONDON! \* \* \*

We have heard of many different cleansing preparations, but one of the ladies in No. 2 Factory found quite a new one recently.

She had ordered some soda ash for cleansing purposes, and during the boiling of some cloths went to the bag for a handful or two of soda ash.

On adding it to the water she was very surprised to find it turn into a thick, milky liquid.

Further investigations revealed the fact that a bag of whitening, used by the cooper, had been mislaid; and what the young lady said when her soda ash was proved to be whitening was not revealed.



Reggie Cook is back with us again after a prolonged illness. We are glad to see his recovery is complete, and hope he will continue keeping fit for a long time to come.

Rugby Football followers probably read in the Press of the defeat of the well-known Coventry XV., at Redruth, a week or two ago by 5 points to 3 points. They brought their strongest side, and the game was a real thriller

Since then Redruth have won matches with Devonport Services, 15 points to 6 at home, and St. Bart's Hospital, 5 points to nil in town. The latter was a typical Hospital Rugby. But the Winchmore Hill supporters were able to witness the finer points of the game, as well as plenty of vigour, which was very praiseworthy, considering the long train journey from Redruth to London all through the previous night.

Francis Gregory, the Redruth and Cornwall Rugby forward, who is also champion heavy-weight wrestler of Cornwall and Brittany (where they wrestle Cornish style), is making a big name for himself, both in London and the Provinces, as an "All-in Wrestler." He has recently won encounters with the Champion of Sweden and the Champion of Holland, who weigh 17st. and 16st. respectively. The last match was held at Camborne on Friday, October 19th, and those of us who were able to gain admission saw three-quarters of an hour of real "rough stuff." Immediately he won Gregory changed and caught the train which was taking the Redruth Rugby team and sup-

Calne Digitised

porters to London to play a great game against St. Barts.

On paying our morning visit to the pig pens last week unfamiliar sounds were heard at the far end. Investigations proved that Pen No. 21 had been turned into a maternity ward during the night. Little mother and family of four (all doing well) were immediately sent to the farmer, who is quite pleased to tell his neighbours and friends that he sent four pigs to the West of England Bacon Co., Redruth, received a cheque for three, and had five pigs sent back.

## \* \* \* TOTNES.

## THE RIVER DART.

In the heart of Dartmoor there is a swamp, about three miles square, called Cranmere Pool, and this swamp is the feeding ground for many of the Devonshire rivers.

From the south side a little stream chatters down over the moorlands, unconscious of the beauty it will provide in the serene Dart Valley.

It gurgles along in a playful mood, and laughing streamlets join in the merry throng and dance along through peaceful, quiet moorlands, growing larger and stronger as it meanders through tranquillised woods and daisy-covered meadows, seeming all the time to be pushing everything aside to make room for its swelling waters.

As it bustles down into the valley the open scenery gradually fades and the river becomes more compact with banks of nevertiring beauty.

In parts where the drooping willow spreads her weary branches in the shining waters, the gorgeous kingfisher, with his beautifully-coloured plumage, can occasionally be seen on the low-hanging branches. Such scenes as this fill one through and through with rapture.

The river speeds along towards a little town called Buckfastleigh, and, arriving there, its beauty is somewhat marred, as the water is harnessed to work a mill, and its gorgeous banks now become sullen walls, the water seems to lose its playfulness, and becomes older as it just lazily passes through the town.

When it comes into the fields and pastures again it seems to rejoice to be free and goes bounding along through the vale past Dartington, where it meets the tidal

waters and there, nestling cosily upon its banks, is the quaint old town of Totnes.

The river loses a little of its quiet loneliness as boats and steamers plough their way between Totnes and Dartmouth. but by no means does it lose all its charm for at Sharpham the woods are marvellous, and in places where they are steep, trees seem to grow on top of trees, rising to considerable heights.

When the tide is up it reaches the branches of the lower trees and cuts their foliage off all the way along, and when the tide drops one can walk along the shore under a natural verandah of trees.

In the boats the people gaze at the picturesque surroundings, seemingly to be breathing in the beautiful scenery and building pictures in their memories of this indescribable River Dart.

I.M.

## \* \* \* TIVERTON.

This is the first time we have contributed to the Magazine for some months, the reason for our delinquency being because we have been so busy down this way.

Tiverton is an ancient market town and municipal borough, and our factory is five miles distant. In area the civil parish of Tiverton is the third largest in England— 28 square miles.

It is intersected north and south by the river Exe, which is joined just below the town by its tributory, the Lowman.

It is 165 miles, we believe, from London, and is served by the Great Western Railway Company, with a branch line to Tiverton Tunction. It is the terminus of the Grand Western Canal—now almost derelict, as far as traffic is concerned.

At the time of writing we are very busy with the new contracts, and many thanks to Mr. Mackie, who is assisting this branch, the work is going on very favourably.

The chief objection to the scheme is the insurance being done away with, and we are afraid it is going to make considerable difference to the contracts, especially amongst small feeders, of whom we have many, who consider the risk far too great.

However, we are hoping by the date of closing that we shall have a busy time during



Christmas, the season of gifts and goodwill, is gradually drawing near. Have you made out your list of presents yet?

What a joy it would be if we could give freely to everybody, but such a desire must be stifled when the amount of money to spend is limited. It needs a lot of planning and careful management, more so if you are one of a large family and have a wide circle of friends; also, you wouldn't dream of leaving one out. Oh! dear, no. You have to manipulate that list to the balance of your budget. Some people aim to present gifts of their own handicraft, and the receivers often value them more so. It's surprising how these useful articles can be made at such little expense.

One gift which is always gratefully received is a scarf, and here is a pattern which can be easily and quickly made. Purchase some ordinary curtain net and the required colour wool. Thread wool in and out of the net, and you will produce a warm, sensible article for a few pence. If you are thinking of giving something a little better, why not try a night-attire case? Buy sufficient sateen to cut from it four rounds the size of a large dinner plate. With these make two pads, stuffing them evenly with ordinary wadding. Then sew the two pads together, only half-way round, to allow space to slip night-attire into. With a few yards of satin-faced ribbon pleat or gather round in layers the top pad, and this will complete a rich-looking article.

V.L.D.

Hullo, girls, have you seen those cute little hats a la drummer boy's, with colourful feathers perching so bravely on the side; tricorns, too, are very smart for those who can wear them. I noticed that Harvey Nicholls, Knightsbridge, had some quite smart hats, at very reasonable prices.

And those fur capes, so awfully snug

and warm looking; just what we want for the cold winter days. And talking of fur, if you want to be really smart this winter have your fur dyed to match your coat.

I see diagonal weave is being worn a lot for frocks, and those convenient little day suits, and oh! fie, our grandmothers are influencing us in our evening dresses. But who wants to feel like grandmother, anyhow, even though we do look it! I love the new prune or plum shade that is being shown in all the shops, don't you? And here is a tip if you are rather tired of your old last-year's freck. Why don't you cut the bodice off and wear one of the new lame blouses over your old skirt? It looks very smart nowa-days.

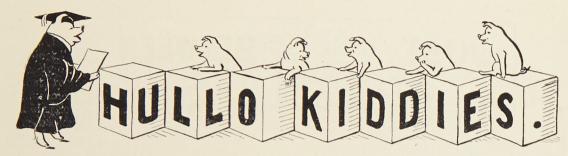
Talking of evening frocks reminds me of a cocktail party we went to where we had chipolatas on sticks, smoked salmon sandwiches, and most marvellous little croutons of fried bread, on which was spread some anchovy.

And, oh! speaking of food, do try this some night when you are in a hurry. Butter a pie dish and place a layer of tomatoes on the bottom, slice up a hard-boiled egg on to the tomatoes, grate some cheese, and then top off with breadcrumbs and nob of butter. Pepper and salt to taste. This baked in a warm oven for about twenty minutes makes a most delightful savoury.

Have you all planted your bulbs for Christmas? Don't forget or else you'll regret when flowers are expensive that you did not, for flowers are so cheery in the house, and bowls of daffodils, hyacinths, &c., about do make such a difference to a room.

With the dark evenings now in books are to the fore. I wender whether you would care to write and tell me what you have been reading lately, and your opinion? This would be awfully useful to everyone as we all like to augment our library list at some time or another.

JANE.



Would you believe it! Here is a corner for your very own, and if you are very good I will tell you a story about it.

Once upon a time—as all real stories begin—some of the people in that big house down the street, which has grown and grown and is now a very big factory, where your Daddy, or perhaps your Mummy or your big brother or sister works, thought it would be very nice to have a Magazine all to themselves. You know what a Magazine is; and you know what the "Harris Magazine" is, don't you? I expect you have seen it come home each month, and perhaps you have asked to have a look at it, and it hasn't been very interesting, has it?—not for important people like girls and boys, I mean!

Well, a little while ago, some of these people put their heads together, and when grown-ups put their heads together something usually happens; and this time something very important happened.

They said, "Let's have a Children's Page," and somebody else said, "What a good idea." After all, it's the children who matter, isn't it? Everybody knows that. Why does Daddy go away all day if not to work hard to bring home enough money to buy good food and nice warm clothes for his little girl or boy—and, of course, something nice for Mummy!

Well, we decided to have a Children's Page, or, as I think we will call it, a "Kiddies' Corner," and now we're going to have such fun, and you will be so anxious to see what's in it that you won't want to bother whether it's a red cover or a blue cover, or a yellow cover, and I shouldn't be surprised if Daddy doesn't have to spend another twopence and get an extra copy, because everybody will be wanting to see it at once. Because, you see, these grown-ups decided to have other interesting pages, too, and Mummie will have her own page, and I

expect you will be getting some very special cakes and things. But as to that we must wait and see; we're just interested in our page at the moment, aren't we?

Now, we want you to help to make this You see, grown-up's don't always know what children like (although they think they do), and don't you think it would be a good idea if you wrote a little letter all by yourself to say what you would like best. Perhaps some of you bigger ones can write poetry, or a short story, or perhaps some of you have some special riddles that you think might be interesting, and we could have a competition sometimes.

We all like to do things, don't we? Great things that need our very best. It is because some people gave and still give of their best that we have such a big factory where our Daddies and brothers and sisters can work all through the year, and where, perhaps, you will work some day. There are those behind it all who think such a lot about everyone who works there, and who do all they can to make them happy in their work and in their home-time, too. And here's your chance to begin; and who knows what great things may come of your beginning!

I shall watch very eagerly for your letters, and should like to know your name and address, and age. Send them to me and let us see what bright ideas you have, and then we will put our heads together and

see what we can do!

With every good wish to every one of you.

"AUNT SUSIE."

One seldom meets a lonely lie.

Don't stop the plough to catch the mouse.

A fool always finds a greater fool to admire him.





THOSE of us who possess a flair for remembering details, and incidentally are old enough, will recollect that on Christmas Eve twenty years ago an almost impenetrable pall of fog settled on the United Kingdom.

It was the first Christmas of the War, and the real seriousness of our position had not yet dawned on us. Whilst there were many homes as yet untouched, there were others less happily placed. The early casualities had already made gaps and many boys were in the training camps making ready to fight.

Those boys who had obtained leave of absence returned through the yellow gloom which enveloped the whole countryside, to homes ready to keep up a traditional Christmas. The hectic gaiety which nature developed during the next four years as an antidote to the horrors of war had hardly raised its head. It was a family Christmas, and the talk, when it was of war, was a declaration that this war, which was to end war, would soon be over.

It is well that normal and optimistic humanity lives from day to day, but there are times when it would be well if it realised that four years or even one generation are as a ray of the sun compared with the thousand ages of which they are an imperceptible part. It would help it to realise that no day or generation can claim a Divine right to material peace and security.

It would realise more fully that the message of Christmas is sent to the individual soul which persists and needs its message, whether nature is smiling on the land or the floodgates of pestilence, war, and famine are open.

Those who are qualified to speak tell us that during the last fourteen or fifteen years great and terrible happenings have been occurring throughout the world, hardly an eddy of which, comparatively speaking, has reached our shores.

Perhaps if we deserve it, we may escape the turmoil and confusion which holds other nations in thrall, but whether good fortune or ill befall us, it would be well for us to realise that we need the message of Christmas and yearn for it as much as the Shepherds or the Magi. Incidentally, we might also realise that we cannot delete yet from the Christmas hymn the following lines:—

O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the angels sing.

# Heritage Centre Digitised by Calne



I wonder if you will agree that Christmas means a much more precious and intimate occasion now that it has been made possible for all parts of the Empire to listen at one moment to the message of the King.

The Christmas spirit in any case is calculated to break down all barriers, whether of social meaning or space: for its message is universal.

It speaks of Peace, and rarely in the history of mankind has the emphasis upon that been so much needed.

It is ghastly to realize that at this moment guns are being built and gases are being prepared for what is called—the next War.

We wish all our friends everywhere a Christmas and a New Year of Peace and Well-being.



## Mr. Bodinnar's Lecture on "Social Progress."

(Continued from last month).
(Given at the Woodlands, on Friday, 19th October, 1934).

(Reported by the kindness of Mrs. Black, and re-printed by request).

So, social progress as you will see it. developed in these lectures has largely been due to leadership, and leadership of a sort that has, at times, been so blinded with the vision of the need that in haste and hurry the action has been what may be called fanatical. I do not think as we look back over the pages of the last fifty or sixty years that we should judge the enthusiast and the fanatic too hastily. The very urgency of the need has led to indiscretions and fanatacisms which many leaders would gladly have overtaken if it had been possible. The greatness of a cause, whether it be good or ill, often thwarts the sense of prudence.

The surest progress is that, I suggest, which is based on the true conception of the goal to be reached eventually, and taken in the long run and over the march of centuries Revolution rarely does what irresistible, sure, well thought out, and determined Evolution will do.

After all how small we really are!

We glory in the scientific achievements of to-day, and then we find that they had their counterpart long ages ago in the revelations that are being made by Egyptologists. We rejoice in the birth of a new sonata and we are inclined to forget the high standard of Grecian culture. We read to-day of the provision (and rightly so) of baths and air and light in houses, and we are a little inclined to forget the almost perfect law of Moses, upon which all the legislation of the world that has been worth while has been based, until a greater revelation came in a certain sermon delivered on the top of a hill.

Roman hygiene still has much to teach us as to how bodies should be treated so that souls may have a chance.

I want to say then that social progress must be such as will be for the well being of the individual, because it is the individual that makes up the State. The cynic may say, "Is real happiness any more secured by central heating, electric light, a well-tuned-in radio, gas cooking, and the modern contraptions of a home than, say, the rural dweller under thatch, with a farthing dip and simple fare?" There is something in the cynic's outlook, but thatch, unfortunately, leaks, and a farthing dip can be most disagreeable, while the simple fare, of which the cynic thought may have had very little in it to build up the physique that is necessary to stand stress and strain of modern times.

Hygiene, baths, light, air, and better conditions, prosaic though they sound, are necessary conditions, I submit to you, to the fuller life that the spirit needs and must form part of the programme of the true social reformer.

So to summarise that point, are we not right in concluding that social progress must not really be material, important as material things are; it must be along the lines of providing the essentials to physical and moral life in the first place, to mental opportunity in the second, and to spiritual freedom and all it means in the third.

Well, you will say, what have we done in this period which Queen Victoria dominated so much? It is a great thing that in 1870 there was an Education Act which commenced one of the most important steps to freeing minds and chained intellects. That was followed in 1875 by the first public consciousness as expressed for many years in legislation in an Act of Parliament which dealt with public health, and in the same year the Open Spaces Act was passed.

A most fruitful year was 1875 in progress towards ideal conditions, as in that year the Public Libraries Act was framed and became law. Three years later saw the commencement of building and housing schemes. In 1878 and 1893 there was an attempt to fasten upon employers by Act of Parliament the necessity for caring for those who, in their employ, were injured and became ill, and the first Employers' Liability Act became law.

1899, if you care to study it, showed marked progress generally in social movement as determined by Acts of Parliament, and since that time, in quite recent years, there have been provisions for National Health Insurance and Unemployment Insurance, Old Age Pensions, State Housing Schemes, and Education. There has been a general disposition by legislative efforts alone to care

for aged people, children, and the sick and ill. These are indications only of the advances that have been made, whilst in the sphere of every-day life the revelations caused by wireless and the social progress which goes on every night to those who care to listen in, to voices which, in the background, are tuned by sweet music, or to some of the greatest minds which expound books and sciences and the possibilities of achievement. Electricity is as common now as gas was uncommon to our forefathers a few years ago.

Mr. George Lansbury will certainly go down to fame for the Lidos he has opened and the gay dresses of bathers and the joys of the water and the freedom of the open air

in some of our parks.

First aid in factories has come within the last fifty years; the hours of work are being adjusted, and probably will have to be adjusted still further, to meet the millions of unemployed we still have in this country.

Rates of pay; the voice of those who are working so that they may be heard in the Councils of Management are signs of

social progress.

The progress of the sciences and the application of the science of medicine and surgery, the discoveries of new anaesthetics which remove the possibilities of death under operation, the almost successful pursuit of consumption, and the near-at-hand victory which I hope and believe is awaiting those who are probing into the mysteries of cancer; radium and all those bodily treatments; the knowledge that child labour is no more possible in chained gangs, and that little girls can no more at 7 or 8 years of age be allowed to do the work of grown men, and that those children instead are being kept at school and are being taught to be good wives, that they are being fed and clothed (often at the expense of the State), are all signs of a growing consciousness somewhere of the burden which our living together and our obligation to each other place upon each of us.

The old penny readings of fifty years ago have gone; the wonders of the cinema take its place; and the penny-farthing bicycle on which I once tried to ride has disappeared and the motor-car is here.

The world is being brought nearer by aviation and wireless and all the rest of it. The nations are waking up to a sense of obligation to each community, and, if the League of Nations has done nothing else

(with which theory I do not agree), it hamade the nations of the world look the White Slave Traffic in the face and the sacredness of womanhood is being cared for. Is that not all indicative of a step towards real social progress?

But all these things are contributions; they are signs, flags, little flags and all too few of them, to denote the march of reason along right lines to the general improvement of the conditions of life. Some of them are not of necessity soul movements, and I want, if I do nothing else, to try to impress upon myself, and I hope I may upon you, that the real progress of communities is based upon the soul movement of the individual. All too often acts of legislation which appear to right the wrong leave the cesspool untouched. The covering of social veneer which is possible, even when legislation is passed, may still leave the source of evil unmoved. National habits degenerate just to the extent that individual habits degenerate, and the nation may not finally be judged in the mass. It will be judged by the individual aspirations of its majority of citizens. Where there is hate and fear and where there is cheap jingoism and bad morals, where a nation can be classified as not keeping its bargains with fellow nations, don't always blame the King or the Parliament, or the County Council or the Town Council; hold a survey, an inquest if you like, on the motives which sway the majority of the individuals.

I once heard a great preacher deliver a sermon to young men, and he spoke with the freedom that the opportunity had given to him. He likened the possibility of evil within a man to the presence of a tiger cub. a tiger cub without teeth and without claws, which had so far not been developed; a playful, gentle thing, a pet, but still a tiger. But, said he, if the tiger cub instinct within the mind of a man, the heart of a man, were dominating the soul of the man it would eventually grow into a full grown animal with teeth, with claws, and with all the instincts of the wild beast. I hope in anything we do to serve our community that we shall, at any rate, be conscious to the point of removing, if it exists, the instincts of the tiger cub within our community life, developing as it may into the full-grown tiger spirit which makes a nation go to war, or makes a nation break its bargains.

You cannot *make* people good by legislation.

I do not know whether there is anybody here who was in America when prohibition was in force, but I was there, and I saw mere children with flasks about their hips, because it was smart to get round the law. You cannot cure the instincts of a child by passing an Act of Parliament, and you cannot make a nation appreciate what should be the real objective of the nation and the true ideals of the nation by merely putting hopes into a Parliamentary Bill and getting His Majesty to give his gracious consent to it.

We have to ask ourselves whether we have really progressed to the extent of the national opportunity given us when reason does fail sometimes in the settlement of international misunderstandings and resort is had to the crude, bestial, and unnecessary method of war.

Well, how are we to reach all this? By religion, by philosophy, or both? A religion is a revelation and an inspiration, and if it be true that philosophy is a plan, then a combination of religion and philosophy would not seem to be a bad starting point with which to awaken the national and local civic consciousness. Anyhow, we have got to settle that each for himself.

Social Progress will not be complete until work has been found for our unemployed, and that after having done his work a man may look forward to an old age devoid of fear.

The times have no use for the bucanneer, or the free-booter, or the rascal, or the footpad on the roads of life. Mankind must inevitably move to its intended goal, led in paths of sure, unfailing hope and faith. Sound progress, without hate or lust, are essentials to make that goal secure.

If along that way an attempt is made to do the job, the social reformer will find, just as he has always found, prejudice, custom, vested interests, apathy, greed, and passion; they will all be there in full force. And the motto (and perhaps the epitaph) of the social reformer well may be:—

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward.

Never doubted clouds would break, Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,

Held, we fall to rise, Are baffled to fight better, Sleep to wake."

## Cricket and the Question— Is it Cricket?

AST month I wrote briefly of Cricket as it was played in the days of Grace. I wish to compare it with the style that has developed in recent years.

Most people are aware that in respect to present day Cricket there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark." I remember seeing a set of drawings in the Tom Webster style, commenting on the cricket audience of to-day. People obviously bored stiff, asleep, reading papers, engaged in conversation at the bar, doing, in fact, almost anything but watching the game. It was a skit, but contained fact.

In my own experience I remember, and it's now years ago, my last visit to the Oval, of leaving my seat to get a drink in the hope that during my absence something might happen to shift at least one of the two batsmen, who for an hour or more had been dawdling at the crease, apparently content to let the bowling fade away on their colossal

This past season we have been told has been critical for county cricket. It is said that many counties are on the verge of bankruptcy, and that the visit of the Australians, and that alone, averted the final smash. The two batsmen I have mentioned above come from a large modern school of cricketers, who are responsible for the present condition of the game. They have forgotten, or never knew, that the object of the batsman is to put the bat against the ball. Instead, they cover up the wicket with their legs and make no effort to force the ball for runs. I know exceptions will at once be made. But exceptions don't make a rule, and batsmen of the type of Frank Woolley are now far to seek. Gone, or almost gone, is the lovely cover drive that was brought to perfection by Lionel Palairet and others contemporary with him. In its place we have an abundance of pad play, of as many as six men in an innings out l.b.w., and the chief stroke a sort of half-hearted shot on the leg side. The field has shifted. There is rarely need nowadays for a deep extra cover to save the boundary. Why the change? I think it due to what is known as the two-eyed stance. Lucien Davis pictures

are evidence of how Dr. Grace put into practice the batting rules he laid down for others :- "Whatever you do, do not get in front of the wicket." Now, apparently, the first thing the modern stylist does is to get right in front of the wicket, feeling secured from ill effects by prodigality of padding. Very well, then, what's sauce for the goose must be sauce for the gander. The bowlers are evidently badly up against it. The old Attewell trap is unworkable for that sort is left to be gathered in by the wicket-keeper. The bowler's free sight of three stumps guarded by a bat is replaced by a highlypadded body crowded over a wicket lost to view. The bowler is left to bowl as best he can on the sort of wicket that is known as a batsman's paradise. Then some people's idea of paradise is a garden of rest. It is the exception now in first-class cricket to come up against the batsman who, like the present day Bradman, Ranji, Trumper, and a host of the old type of batsmen, "go to the ball." The general rule is keep your wicket intact and some old how the runs will come, not, it is true, by the cover drive, but by some sort of strokes on the leg side. Not unnaturally this sort of thing going on for hours and days until we arrive at timeless Test Matches, exasperates the bowlers and bores the spectators.

The wicket is covered up, and yet, if the batsman so obstructing the wicket is hit by the ball, the cry of body bowling is raised. Well, I don't call that cricket, for in its origin cricket is a game of bat v. ball. It is not a game of ball v. bat plus pads; the pads are, or were, only incidental to the game and not as now, a prime feature of it.

This, the question of the right use of pads, seems to me to be the crux upon which the future of cricket depends.

The recent upsets here and in Australia over the bowling of Larwood have engendered a feeling which must kill the game as a game.

Test Matches used to be played to a finish in three days, and no one on this side grumbled because from time to time Australia brought over such bowlers as Spofforth, Jones, Cotter, Gregory, and Macdonald—all fast, very fast, all rather given to inflicting nasty knocks. And so it seems to me if occasional knocks are to arouse bitter feeling, then it would be better to drop cricket Test Matches and concentrate on Test Matches between golfers and bowls players, which are both games where nasty knocks cannot

occur. And if that has to be, then the use of the phrase, "Its Cricket," seems to have become obsolete and a far more suitable word will be Rugger, for the Rugger player can apparently play the game and take the knocks that come along in good part, and really of such is the essence of life, and of such is the Kingdom of Sport.

But much will be lost if cricket goes. To retain it as the once good "Game," it might be restored to its old place by reintroducing these features which are insisted on by great lights of other days and by making definite rules about the excessive preparation given to the pitch. Happily the old sport of the game survives in club cricket, and the real fun is to be had out of it on the commons and village grounds.

R.E.H.

If you stand off by yourself with your dreaming,

All of your dreams will be vain;
No splendour of soul or of structure
Can man by himself attain.
'Tis willed we shall dwell as brothers,

As brothers then we must toil; We must share in a common purpose

As we share in a common soil.

And he who would see accomplished

The dreams he is proud to own,

Must strive for the goal with his fellows,

For he cannot reach it alone.

\* \* \*
PATIENCE.

A woman is stated to have stood absolutely still for fifteen hours. A flapper wants to know whether anybody eventually did kiss her under the mistletoe.

## \* \* \* CALLING HIS BLUFF.

A cheapjack at a Christmas fair was trying to get his audience into a good humour before offering his goods for sale.

"Now ladies and gents," he said, holding up a shilling, "here's a real chance for everyone. A silver shilling—how much will you give me for it?"

As he expected, bids came quickly. Finally, a small boy said: "Elevenpence."

"Very well, my lad," said the cheapjack "the shilling's yours. Hand up your elevenpence."

The boy shook his head.

"Take it out of the shilling and give me the change," he said.

## A Trip to the French Riviera.

(Continued—PART X.)

We passed Toulon and the shipbuilding yard of La Seyne, La Ciotat, Cassis, a charming little white port on the sapphire sea, Aubagne, and Marseilles.

We had a very good train and rarely stopped. We were fortunate in that we had a compartment to ourselves all the way between Nice and Paris—which is a 19½-hour journey—a good part of which was done by night.

As soon as it was daylight we saw clouds in the sky, which told us only too well that we were getting near the end of our holiday and that we had left the Sunny South far behind. It was daylight when we reached Dijon, where we stopped for about ten minutes, but we did not see much of this city in passing.

There was a terrible thunderstorm at La Roche, the last station we stopped at before Paris—thunder, lightning and blinding rain. Breakfast cups and saucers arranged on a table ready for the passengers before the storm came, got the rain pouring into them, which seemed very unfortunate.

We were very glad when we reached Paris, as we were feeling rather tired after our long train journey. We took the bus to St. Lazare station, and could see everywhere that everybody was worrying about the financial and political condition of France, and they were discussing it in an animated way as other people had been doing in Nice the day before. As mentioned before, this was eight years ago. Now the rate of exchange is Frs.74 to the f instead of Frs.250, as was the case then.

We had hoped to see the shops in Paris, but they were closed, being Monday, for their weekly half-day.

We had lunch in Paris and caught the one p.m. train to Havre. We did well to arrive in good time as there were a lot of people travelling. We did not see much of Paris on this occasion, but it could not be helped as we only had about three hours there between the two trains and had been to Paris many times before. It seemed advisable to leave at that time instead of taking a later train, as we were invited out to dinner in Havre that evening, and wanted to get back there in good time.

We only stopped at Rouen and Breaute

Beuzeville (both familiar names to many ex-soldiers) and arrived in Havre at about five p.m., after  $23\frac{1}{2}$  hours railway journey from Nice, which was sufficient to satisfy us for a long time.

We got back to Havre quite safely feeling very thankful for the glorious holiday we had had on the French Riviera.

D.G.T.B.

(The End).

## MON BEAU SAPIN.

Mon beau sapin, roi des forets,
Que j'aime ta verdure!
Quand, par l'hiver, bois et guerets,
Sont depouilles de leurs attraits;
Mon beau sapin, roi des forets,
Tu gardes ta parure!

Toi, que Noel planta chez nous,
Au saint anniversaire,
Joli sapin, comme ils sont doux,
Et tes bonbons et tes joujoux,
Toi, que Noel planta chez nous,
Par les mains de ma mere.

Mon beau sapin, tes verts sommets
Et leur fidele ombrage,
De la foi qui ne ment jamais,
De la constance et de la paix,
Mon beau sapin, tes verts sommets.
M'offrent la douce image.

The above song is sung by French children round the Christmas tree. Mon beau sapin means, "My beautiful fir tree," and the tune is the same as that of the English children's song, "Oh, winter time, cold winter time, have we no song to greet thee?"

D.G.T.B.

Mother: Did you remember to say "Thank you very much for having me, I've enjoyed myself very much"?

Tommy: Yes, only I cut it short and said, "Thanks, I've been had very nicely!"

## \* \* \* SAME OLD THINGS.

I read that Roman household goods are being dug up, the uses of which even experts cannot guess So people had "useful" Christmas presents sent to them even in those far-off times!

## HARRIS MAGAZINE.

# Digitised by Calne Heritage Centre

## Festive Frivolities.

1.—Arrange	12	pennies	as	under	:
	10	9 8		7	

11 6 12 5 1 2 3 4

Each side of the square has four pennies. Now, without adding or taking away any of the coins, move some of them so that there are five each side instead of four.

2.—You all know the answer to the riddle—What is it that has two wheels and flies?—An aeroplane.

Now what has four wheels and flies?

3.—Re-arrange the following to form a proverb:—

AAABEEGGHHHHLLLOSSSSTT UUW

4.—When first the marriage knot was tied Between my wife and me,

My age exceeded her's as much
As three times three does three.

But when the man and wife had been For ten and half ten years,

Her age approached as near to mine As eight is to sixteen.

Query—How old were they when they married?

5.—By altering one letter at a time transpose in seven moves—

Aster to Roses.

6.—Turn back to where you left problem one. Can you now make six on each side?

7.—Can you find—

(a) A geographical place in—

"If a daisy wants to tell, what can a daisy tell?"

(b) A flower in-

"Mother was always known as a stern person."

(c) A tree in-

"She said she would let Bertha shut the door."

(d) A girl's name (spelt backwards)—
"Ah, trams run here," said the
Englishman.

8.—Take from a pack of cards:—

4 aces, 4 twos, 4 threes, 4 fours. Arrange the 16 cards in four rows of four cards each, so that no two of either the same number of the same suit are in any row—down, across, or on either diagonal.

## SOLUTIONS.

1.—Put 6 on 7, 9 on 10, 12 on 1, and 3 on 4.

2.—A dust cart.

3.—He laughs best who laughs last.

4.—She 15, and he 45.

5.—Aster, Ester, Eater, Mater, Mates, Motes, Rotes, Roses.

6.—Put 5 on 6 x 7, 8 on 9 x 10, 11 on 12 x 1, and 2 on 3 x 4.

7.—(a) Canada.

(b) Aster.

(c) Ash.

(d) Martha.

8.—4D 3C 2H AS 2S AH 4C 3D AC 2D 3S 4H

3H 4S AD 2C

## KING'S EPIPHANY GIFTS.

On the day of the Feast of the Epiphany gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh are offered up at the Chapel Royal, St. James', on behalf of the King.

Yeomen of the King's bodyguard in scarlet and gold, Tudor uniforms, with gold tasselled halberds, stand on guard while the Priest-in-Ordinary-in-Waiting receives the gifts from the hands of two members of the Royal Household. Every year the ceremony is held to commemorate the visit of the Magi of the East to Christ, when they brought him gifts.

Originally the festival was held in celebration of the Baptism of Christ, and it was also known as the Festival of the Declaration, the Illumination, the Manifestation, and the Apparition of Christ.

Christmas Week in History.

Christmas Day itself saw the Coronation of Charlemagne and of William the Conqueror. Also Vasca da Gama discovered Natal. On December 22nd, 1715, the Old Pretender landed at Peterhead. On the 23rd, in 1588, Henry of Guise was murdered at Blois, and on the same day a century later James II. of England fled from Rochester. On the 24th, the Treaty of Ghent was signed in 1814 between Britain and the United States. On the 26th, in 1669, the Long Parliament was restored for the last time.

## Cutting the Mistletoe.

By the Druids the mistletoe was called "All-Heal," on account of its supposed medical powers. A special rite which they

performed at Yuletide was that of "Cutting the Mistletoe." A golden axe was used by the Chief Druid, and cloths were held beneath each tree lest the mistletoe fell and touched the ground. It was then distributed and hung up in each house for the coming year as a protection against witch-craft and lightning.

## An Irish Country Custom.

On Christmas Eve in Ireland windows are lit with candles, doors are left open, and milk and bread is spread on tables. Mary was turned away from the inn when she was in distress, so doors are opened and windows lit to welcome and guide any other wanderer and "they in their need," as the old wording runs.

## Charles Dickens' Son.

Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, who died last year, was in the habit of calling together each Christmas a body of friends to listen to the reading of the "Christmas Carol." Only relatives were invited, with the exception of Sir John and Lady Martin-Harvey, for whom the Dickens family had an affectionate regard, not only for their own sake, but because of Sir John's brilliant success in the character of Sidney Carton.

## Holly

Some plants of holly have plenty of berries, others may have none at all. The former carry the female flowers and the latter generally only the male.

## From "Love's Labour Lost."

At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new fangled
mirth.

## \* \* \* \* CAROLS AND CAROLLERS.

(BY THE GAY CAROLIER).

"Carol is from the two Latin words, cantare, to sing, and rola, an interjection of joy." Extract from well-known publication.

This article is meant to be serious, and I hope that amidst the Christmas rolas (excuse my Latin) it will be treated as such. We all have treats at Christmas, and it is to be hoped that these well-written, intellectual words of mine will be treated—not with contempt.

After all we are all entitled to our own opinion, and if my views are not your views—well then, sing your own carols, and I hope you sing flat.

Take the first part of the above text:—

"Cant are to sing." This, I think, explains itself. In case it doesn't I'll enlarge it by informing those who implore us at an unearthly hour to "Salute the Happy Morn," that it means "Those who can't (sing) are to sing."

I was once asked, "Which is the most tuneful Christmas Carol?" Well, after listening to the waits trampling our front garden, I have come to the conclusion that it is the other one.

I once went out with some carollers. I am not quite sure as to what league I sing in. Some say it's a mess o' soprano. Others have said it is heavenly—at least they say it is unearthly. Personally, I think I sing like a bird—and get it.

The night we went out was a typical Christmas one. Under foot was over-heated snow, and the gentle flakes falling had passed through a belt of high pressure that was also over heated. A carol was sung in tune, which led the conductor to rightly assume I was not singing. "What's the matter?" said he to me (or I, which ever is grammar). "I'm a little hoarse," said I (or me). He said, "I don't care if you're a blooming elephant—sing, you ass!" After such compliments I had no option but to sing. I sang a solo about a chap who went hiking in the snow, yelling for flesh and wine. A voice yelled from an upper room, "What do you mean by making that infernal row outside my house?" "I'm a wait," I replied. "A weight are you? Then tie vourself round your neck and drown yourself "-and his aim was true.

We all sang at the next house, and, do you know, I was the only one singing in tune. We were not very successful here as an indignant voice was heard, "Go away. Ve are not Christians, and ve was not asleep."

After singing for over an hour outside a likely-looking residence, we decided to go home, especially as on the brass plate on the door we read, "Deaf and Dumb Institute."

## UNCANNY.

The Scotsman and the Jew were charged with suspicious and hilarious behaviour during the Christmas festivities. The Scotsman was seen throwing pound notes away while the Jew was picking them up and handing them back to him.

## BROAD HIGHWAY

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

The very best of wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all our representatives and van salesmen in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and all our agents beyond the seas.

Upon drawing to the close of another year it is interesting to look back and review the progress which has been made. At the end of 1933 we were just in the middle of the first four months period of the Pigs and Bacon Marketing Scheme. We are now nearly through the second period and anxiously awaiting the results of the contracts for the twelve months of 1935.

The new factory, which was nearing completion at the end of 1933, has now been in full working order for many months, and has been a source of great wonderment to the many parties of visitors who have been to Calne this year. We now want to see a splendid complement of pigs for next year to keep this factory busy and also to enable our friends on the road to maintain the greatly-enlarged connection which has been built up during 1934.

We have made many new friends during this year, and with the continuation of the close co-operation between producer and curer, which has been so noticeable during recent months, we hope to make these new friends old friends during 1935 with the continued improvement in breed and selection which we hope to be able to report.

With all the hurry and bustle in connection with the heavy quantities of bacon which we have had for disposal there may have been a tendency to give a little less attention to products of the Small Goods Factory. But this factory does not grow any smaller, and it will be up to all of us to 'boom'' this in 1935.

Once again, a very Happy Christmas to all our friends on the read, and the very best of good wishes to their families also.

We are glad to say that Mr. J. Hudson, of Carlisle, made a speedy recovery from his operation for appendicitis and is now in excellent health once again.

## SITTIN' DOWN.

Me name is Willy; I am always cheery: I've sot down since the day w'en I was born. Of course, a hobo sometimes does git weary, though never jes' forsaken or forlorn. I shudder w'en I sees some fellers workin'; I git the creeps w'en viewin' toilin' sweat; the 'appiest coon is 'im wot's always shirkin' —'e gits the biggest, ripest plums, vew bet!

Me mem'ry ov me boyhood days is hazy; I only knows I've sot down every day. Me little brother, Billy, too, wos lazy. 'E found this world too fast, an' couldn't stay. Now Billy jes' stood four feet 'igh-no higher; ef 'e 'ad worked it wouldn't 'ave bin so; but no one ever saw thet kid perspire—ve see 'e was too lazy for ter grow. I 'member wunst to horspittle they 'ied me: I sot an' squirmed, an' said I was in pain. They went an' brought a taxi up beside me, an' so I a'd a nice sit-down again! It's great ter spend a life-time always sittin'; the cove wot doesn't do it is a slave, for weariness an' pains 'e's always gittin'—right onward from the cradle ter the grave.

I'm goin' ter sit an' sit all froo the ages, for w'en I dies thev'll ave ter come for me. They'll gimme one o' them nice bonevard cages, an' wunce again vew'll see me ridin' free. An' w'en I gets me nice 'arp up in heaven, an' on me knob they fix a golden crown, an' all me past omishuns is forgiven— I'm goin' ter do me 'arpin' sittin' down!

GEORGE JOHNSTONE.

## \* \* \* ANXIOUS TO PLEASE.

It was at the Christmas treat. Tea was over and amusements were about to commence.

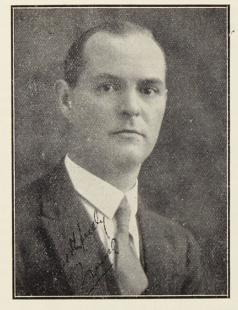
The vicar looked round for talent.

"Now I think we might start the ball rolling with a jolly little song," he said. "Tommy Smith, will you oblige?"

"I can't sing, sir," replied Tommy, "but I'll fight any of the other kids."

## Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. D. J. THOMAS.



Our photograph this month is of Van Salesman D. J. Thomas, of Merthyr.

Mr. Thomas entered our employ on June 16th, 1925, and has been in charge of the Merthyr Van ever since.

Mr. Thomas has been in the grocery and provision trade all his life, and after returning from his four years' Army service, he went into business on his own account until he entered our employ. Since this date Mr. Thomas has been in charge of the Merthyr Van, where there have been many ups and downs during the past nine years. We hope, however, that conditions will soon begin to mend. \* \* \*

## SAFETY FIRST.

"Any man who doesn't fancy his breakfast should see a doctor about it." That is a much safer plan than interviewing the cook. \* \* \*

## WEATHER REPORT.

A householder in North London emptied a bucket of cold water on a party of carolsingers. We understand, however, that they simply put it down to another depression from Iceland and carried on.

## NOW YOU TELL ONE!

An Englishman, a Scotsman, and an Irishman met in a Scottish hotel, and they were discussing the speed of their respective trains.

The Englishman said, "Our trains go so fast down there that when they're rounding a bend the engine nearly collides with the guard's van.

"Oh," said the Irishman, "but our trains go so fast over there that telephone poles along the line appear as one solid wall."

"That's nothing," said the Scot, "Our trains go so fast up here that when they're passing fields of turnips, carrots, onions, and parsley, we think it's broth!"

## \* \* \* THE SOBER TRUTH.

When Mr. Jones consulted his lawyer friend about obtaining a divorce, he was advised to try "honey instead of vinegar," and he agreed to make one last bid for domestic bliss.

Arriving home, he kissed his wife, praised the cooking, and finally offered to wash the supper dishes.

Later, he tripped into the living-room, humming a lively air, to find his wife dissolved in tears.

"What's the matter?" he asked in amazement.

"Matter?" she repeated bitterly. "I've worn myself out washing and cleaning, I burnt the pudding, and scorched a dress I was ironing—and then you have to come home drunk!"

## A READY TONGUE . . !

Manager (sarcastically): I notice there were 35,000 people present on the afternoon that your grandmother was buried.

Office Boy (rising to the occasion): I couldn't swear to that, sir, but grandma was always very popular!

## \* \* \* A REAL ENTHUSIAST.

"Sir," said the astonished landlady to a boarder who had arrived for Christmas and who had sent his cup forward for the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee."

"Yes, I am," he replied, "or I shouldn't drink so much water to get a little."



## LIBRARY SECTION.

## BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"Inheritance," by Phyllis Bentley.

This is a novel about the period when machinery was first introduced into the weaving trade.

Naturally, the weavers, who were very poorly paid, resented the fact that the use of machinery meant that less labour would be required, so that their plight would be even worse than before, and they did all they could—even attempting murder—to prevent the installation of the machines.

"Flush," a Biography, by Virginia Woolf.

"Flush" was the name of Elizabeth
Barrett Browning's dog, and in this book
Miss Woolf has tried to give the reader some
idea of the bond of companionship and
affection which existed between the two.

" Captain Nicholas," by Walpole.

This, one of Walpole's best, is light, gay, and carries one along on the wing of adventure

The third lecture of the series on "Social Progress," was given at the Woodlands on November 7th, by Mrs. Maw, of Bath, the subject being, "Books that helped the people."

There was a good attendance, and at the close of the lecture, which was much enjoyed and appreciated by all present, several questions were asked.

There was a good attendance at the Woodlands on 14th November, when Mr. John Haddon, B.Sc., lectured on "The Aftermath of the Napoleonic Wars."

After the lecture questions were asked, but there was no prolonged discussion, owing to lack of time.

## DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The members of this society are now fully occupied in rehearsals for various entertainments which the season brings with it. At the Annual Meeting of the H.W.A., to be held on December 11th, a short comedy, entitled "The Grey Parrot," by W. W. Jacobs, will be presented.

At the annual Children's Carnival, on Saturday, January 5th next, a new feature will be presented in the form of a Revue. This will occupy the bill at both the afternoon and evening performances. Then, on February 26th and 27th, at the Palace Theatre, Calne, the society will present its second annual three-act play. The play chosen is the well-known drama, by Arnold Ridley, entitled, "The Ghost Train." Our friends are invited to book these dates.

## SKITTLE CLUB.

November 10th was a special day with our Skittle Club, it being the bi-annual visit to Calne of Messrs. Wilmot's Skittle Club, of Bristol.

We have a cup, kindly presented by our President, for annual contest between the skittle clubs of both firms, and the venue of the match alternates between Bristol and Calne.

This year the Bristol team came to Calne. The Marden house was filled to capacity for the match and we were glad to welcome not only Mr. A. M. Wilmot, Mr. H. R. Wilmot, Mr. B. W. Wilmot, Mr. T. Wilmot, and Mr. Greenwood, but Mr. Bodinnar, Mr. Redman, and Mr. North Smith. The game resulted in a win by Calne by 229 pins to 213 pins.

After the match the teams, together with a large number of skittle members and staff, spent the rest of the evening in the Town Hall, where the President, with his usual good nature and thoughtful generosity, had provided a splendid supper.

An admirable musical programme, con-

tributed to by Miss G. E. Fellows, Miss Trixie McFaull, Messrs. H. Brittain, J. Bromham, A. Gates, E. H. Kettle, A. Morgan and H. Webb, was much appreciated.

The toast of the visitors was given by Mr. R. P. Redman and responded to by Mr. A. M. Wilmot.

"The President" was proposed by Mr. A. Boase (chairman of the Calne Skittles Committee) and seconded by Mr. Ashley, of Messrs. Wilmot's. The latter's remarks in regard to the tactics of the winners of the cup caused much amusement.

Besides his many expressions of gratitude to Mr. Bodinnar, Mr. Ashley said he would also like to extend a vote of thanks to the Chairman and Directors of his own firm for the great interest which they took both in the business and social side of their welfare. This remark was received with general approval and applause.

In replying, the President referred to his prophecy made two years ago in regard to the pig and agricultural implements industries, and compared the present conditions. He referred also to the reduced numbers of the unemployed and stated that his belief was that the day was not so far off as one might imagine for these numbers to be brought within normal proportions, especially if those who were employed would help those who were so much less fortunate. A contented, happy, and satisfied people, he said, would bring prosperity back to the nation and would also be a great guarantee of peace.

He maintained that a good understanding and friendly relationship was desperately needed to secure satisfactory results for all.

The Skittle Challenge Cup was presented to the winning captain (Mr. A. Ponting).

The President also presented Mr. George Phelps with a silver medal, won by him at the H.W.A. Flower Show, for the highest aggregate of points obtained by one exhibitor, and congratulated Mr. W. Stanley on the honour he had attained in his election as Mayor of Calne, to which Mr. Stanley suitably responded.

A telegram was received from Mr. P. T. Knowles, who, unfortunately, was absent owing to indisposition, conveying his good wishes for a happy and successful evening. On the suggestion of Mr. Bodinnar, it was unanimously agreed that the skittle captain should thank Mr. Knowles for his kind

thoughts and express the wishes of all present for his speedy recovery.

Before the close a vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Redman for the loan of plants for decorations and to those who had contributed to the musical programme.

## ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY,

The annual general meeting was held on Wednesday, November 7th, Mr. S. J. Rymer presiding. The annual report, presented by the secretary, Mr. E. H. Kettle, drew attention to the help this small society had rendered to larger and more influential sections of the H.W.A. The appreciation shown encouraged them to let it be known that they are at all times most willing to co-operate and to give their services for the furtherment of the work of the H.W.A.

Mr. E. H. Kettle was re-appointed hon. secretary, and the following were elected to form the Committee:—Miss B. M. Ham, Messrs. J. Angell, R. Freeth, S. J. Rymer, and F. Stockdale.

Mr. Rymer was again asked to fill the position of conductor.

## LADIESHOCKEY

November 3rd saw a very good win on the home ground versus Swindon Town. The forward line showed to great advantage, and it is pleasing to note that our newcomers are fitting in well with the more experienced players. Lillian Angell, dropping from the half position to back, and Molly Angell from forward to half, played well in these respective positions, and we now possess seven very good players to fill in the six defence positions. When the forwards play more regularly together they will prove a fine attack. We beat Swindon by 7 goals to 2. An eighth goal was scored, but it was deemed offside. Our scorers were Dorothy Holley 3, J. Ellery 1, S. McLean 1, B. Newis 1, and I. Hunt 1.

Though not at full strength when we visited Shrivenham on November 10th, we put up a very good performance, and we merited at least a draw. A fine shot by I. Hunt deserved a goal, but it was deflected by the top bar and went over. Had this shot found its intended billet the game would

**Digitised** 

have resulted in a two-all draw; as it was we lost by 2-1. G. Barton scored our only goal. Margaret Angell, in goal, played a wonderful game, particularly in the first half of the match.

It is noteworthy that our team consists of five Angells. The other players are evidently "on the side of the Angells."

Purton were our visitors on November 17th, and a robust game unexpectedly ended in a win for us by 4 goals to 3. At half-time we were 3-1 down, but dogged perseverance by the forwards and a determined resistance by the defence saw the game pulled out of the fire in the concluding minutes of the game. Dorothy Holley scored all four goals, and she is proving herself a worthy successor to her sister as centre-forward.

## MENSTHOCKEY

Owing to the Pig Marketing Scheme demanding the close attention of four of our chief players we are handicapped by their absence from our team this month, but are grateful to those who have stood in and helped us to carry on respectably, if not successfully. Against Trowbridge on November 3rd, we lost by 5 goals to nil.; and on November 17th we again lost by 4 goals to 1, Swaffield scoring our only goal. On November 10th our match with Devizes was scratched by the latter. These defeats came after a succession of wins, and we feel sure. once we are again at full strength, a winning vein will be struck and until that time arrives we are manfully carrying on and meeting some of our strongest opponents.

Our record to date is 3 wins 3 losses, 1 draw—24 goals for, 24 goals against.

## \* \* \* SOME MICE!

A Scotsman on a visit to Canada noticed the mounted head of a bull moose hanging in the hall of the house where he was staying. He asked his host what kind of animal it was.

"Oh, that's a moose," said his host.
"A moose!" exclaimed the Scot.
"Goodness me, what are your rats like over here?"

## Friends Elsewhere.



## ELECTION OF WORKS COUNCIL

The annual election was held on Friday, 9th November, and as a result the following were elected as Employees' Representatives to serve on the Council for the ensuing year:

—J. Baker, G. Hazell, E. Holder, P. Rogers, and W. Wiltshire. Of these Messrs. Baker and Rogers are new members and take the place of Messrs. L. Ambrose and J. Dight on the Council.

By the time these lines are in print we shall have Christmas with us once more. As we journey through life the period from one Christmas to another seems to get shorter than ever, and particularly is this the case when we are busy and fully occupied, as (thanks to the Pig and Bacon Marketing Schemes) we have been practically throughout 1934. We are hoping that the Contracts which we are now negotiating will bring us plentiful and regular supplies of pigs each week during 1935, and that the disorganisation caused by shortages at one period of the year and over-abundant supplies at another will be a nightmare of the past which will never occur again.

To our Chief and all who are associated with him in the hive of industry of the parent Company at Calne, to our many friends at the various subsidiaries and branches known to us personally and by correspondence, in fact, to everyone connected with our Firm, whatever their position or job, we extend our hearty greetings and wish them everything they can possibly wish themselves for Christmas and the coming New Year. May 1935 be prosperous and happy for us all.

The Welfare Association is still progressing in its activities. On Friday, October 26th, 1934, the General Committee met the members of the Games Committee, and after a friendly discussion (in which the spirit of good-will towards the future of the association was apparent) it was unanimously decided that the Welfare Association take over the activities of the old Games Committee, and that the four members of this Committee (Messrs. W. V. Long, J. Baker, E. Perry and W. H. Weston), who are now members of the General Committee, form a Games Section to carry on the work previously undertaken by the Games Committee.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the retiring members (Messrs. J. Bullock, J. Cleal, L. A. H. Ambrose, G. Hazell, B. F. Pinfield, E. Taylor) for their services in the past. These gentlemen, in acknowledging, assured the chairman that the Welfare Association would have their support in all its efforts in the future.

Arrangements are now well in hand for the Skittle League, and we are anticipating some keen games between our employees in an effort to win our chairman's (Mr. W. V. Long) prize for the highest average, and Mr. Stanley's prize for the highest individual score.

Christmas Dart and Cribbage Tournament is now being arranged, so most of our spare time will be occupied during the next few weeks.

On Friday, October 26th, 1934, we visited the West End Club and played our first away skittle match of the season. Our opponents appeared to be the superior team soon after the commencement of the game, and although there were times when we made good headway, we were unable to gain a lead. After a very keen game we finished with a deficit of 22 pins, the final score reading:—

West End Club ........ 266
Wiltshire Bacon Co. ... 244
Our thanks are due to the Games Committee
of this Club for the excellent way they
provided for our pleasure that evening.

The members of the Territorial Club entertained us on Friday, November 9th, 1934, when we met them at billiards and skittles. Unfortunately we have to acknowledge defeat at both games. At billiards we were only able to win one game out of three, but each game was well fought and enjoyed by both sides. The skittle match proved to be a very keen game, and was not decided until the last ball was thrown. Our members did not do well during the first leg and finished 12 pins in arrears. The second leg showed an improvement at the start, but towards the end our team fell to pieces and lost the leg by 11 pins. This deficit of 23 pins did not damp the hopes of our players, in fact it must have encouraged them. They started the third and last leg in fine style and continued playing well, scoring 109 pins to their opponents 88, winning the leg by 21 pins, and only losing the match by 2 pins. Total scores:—

On Saturday, the 3rd of November, one who was well known and highly-respected by all at Chippenham factory, Mr. Chas. Goodman, passed away at the Forbes Fraser Hospital, Bath, following an operation.

Mr. Goodman, who had previously been at Calne and Highbridge, came to Chippenham as the first works manager of the Wiltshire Bacon Curing Co., Ltd., when the company was established in July, 1891, a position he occupied for over 25 years until December, 1916, when he retired. Mr. Goodman, who was of a very genial and happy disposition, had reached the ripe age of 86, and up to a week or two ago had enjoyed good health and was remarkably active for a man of his years.

The funeral was on Wednesday, 7th November, at St. Paul's Church, following a service at the Baptist Chapel, Station Hill, of which denomination the deceased had been a member for many years. Amongst the many wreaths there was one, "With deepest sympathy, from the Directors of C. and T. Harris (Calne) Ltd., and Wiltshire Bacon Co., Ltd.," and another from "Old colleagues at Royal Wilts Bacon Factory," who were associated with him during his connection with the company.

## RECOGNITION OF PUBLIC SERVICES.

We are pleased to report that Mr. L. Ambrose, who has been associated with this factory for a period of 37 years, was the recipient of a silver medal, presented by the

Mayor of Chippenham (Mr. W. E. Vince), on October 28th last, in recognition of his 20 years' service as a member of the Chippenham Fire Brigade. Mr. Ambrose is now a proud possessor of four medals for services rendered, and the time will come when these will recall happy memories of the days spent with the Wiltshire Bacon Co., Ltd., the days of 1914-1918, and the days fighting against fire for the benefit of the public

## 'XMAS IN 2034?

Hearing the conversation the other day of what speed the world will travel in a few years hence, I reflected on a few subjects and came to the conclusion that the world will be moving very swiftly. For instance, all long distance parcels and letters in this country will be delivered most promptly in the remotest hamlet or village a few minutes after posting, irrespective of distance. It will be possible to spend Christmas in Australia, America, Canada, or any part of the world, leaving home late on a Christmas Eve and catching a powerful plane, which would be the means of very fast transport. Of course, as regards Mr. Father Christmas, he would be able to do his round in a few seconds, by the aid of super-gadgets and modernistic chimneys.

Trains and all kinds of road transport will be very much out of date, except if the particular vehicle is fitted with wings so that, if necessary, all long hills and corners can be avoided at all times of the day and night.

All means of communication will be wireless for private and business use, while television will be an established force in the land. The Christmas holiday should be very enjoyable, as the new means of transport would enable friends and relatives living in different countries to be re-united at the festive season.

T.W.

## \* \* \* TAKING A RISE.

The grocer's assistant was an ardent lover, but a poor speller. He thought it safer to write to the girl's father, also a grocer, for her hand.

His note ran: "I want your daughter—

the flour of your family.'

"The flour of my family is good," replied the old man; "Are you sure it isn't my dough you're after?"



At last we have our friend Harper back at work, after many months off, due to an accident. We hope he has good luck, with no more accidents for "duration."

Also Mr. J. Walsh, who has been away three weeks with a sprained finger, is back at work again.

Then Mr. C. Wyatt, who has had many weeks of sickness, reports that he will be back at work next Monday. (It is now 14th November).

We rejoice with these three in their taking up work again.

We are in our new offices, and undoubtedly we are all "feeling our feet" just a little! In any case, we are much more comfortable, and work is much easier for all.

Really, the temptation is to talk of the weather, or pig contracts and bacon sales, as these subjects press themselves on us rather more just now than usual.

Dunmow on a very wet November day, at 7 p.m., when one is trying to get his 500 words together against great odds, and many interruptions, is anything but bracing. However, bad as it is, no doubt most other places are worse!

I am wondering at the moment what should be done with a staff who say they cannot write for the Magazine because they have no time? It looks like the old story over again, if you have a job you want to get done, go to someone who has no time and he will do it.

To fill up (and possibly this will provoke an outside thought or two) may we refer to farming?

I note that our Silver End Farm runs at the moment 129 sows, 6 boars, 170 feeding pigs, and hundreds of little pigs. This farm feeds our Dunmow pigs' barn, which holds 300 fattening pigs, which in turn has the last four weeks provided 140 for the factory.

I note also that we have 46 cows in milk, which have this week produced 900½ gallons of milk. Besides these 46 cows we have another 8 cows, 14 calves, and 2 bulls.

Also, we have been threshing this week! Figures of wheat yields at this threshing are not out, but another field threshed earlier gave us  $6\frac{1}{2}$  quarters of best wheat per acre with one sack seconds. How's that Cornwall, or Oxford?

We grow potatoes, too, and we rather expect good things of this crop this year; for we had a good crop.

What with savoys, sprouts, kale, lucerne, &c., we could soon spin out a long article, but—!



This being the last occasion before Christmas we shall have of communicating through the medium of the Magazine with our friends at Calne, the branch factories, and those engaged in other activities of the firm, we at Highbridge extend to them our very hearty greetings for a happy Christmas and a prosperous 1935, with the further wish that the various schemes in connection with our industry, which are all just now in a testing period, may prove successful to our mutual advantage.

November has proved a busy month with us, as no doubt with all other factories, as in addition to a pleasing increase in output, we have had our share of activity in the making of pig contracts for 1935. While we could do with more, there seems to be keener interest on the part of the producers in the Marketing Scheme, and although success will, no doubt, be awhile in coming, we must still hope and work for what appears to be the only solution of the pig producers and curers difficulties of the past years.

The Welfare Association are holding their first Whist Drive and Dance of the season on the 16th November, and it is hoped this will be as pleasant and successful as the series of last year.

The October skittles match for the "Anne Kidley" Cup was played at the end of last month, and there are again over twenty players contesting this year. Several of the younger members of our staff are taking part, which is what the Skittle Committee require to foster young talent, but the old brigade, by their performances at the match, will not easily be put aside, so to the youngsters we say, put your best foot forward and show the old hands they cannot have things all their own way.

We have to express our sympathy with Mr. C. Hancock in the death of his father at an advanced age. Mr. E. Cann has also had an unhappy experience. His son, whilst motor-cycling late at night, has met with a mysterious accident, which at the time of writing is not solved. Apparently the young man had been visiting friends and was on the way to his home, when a policeman found him in the road unconscious. The result is concussion, and so far he has been unable to give any account of the happening. We wish him a speedy recovery and the relief of Mr. and Mrs. Cann from their great anxiety.

One of our football team, Mr. W. J. Hobbs, has also had to be absent from work, through dislocated shoulder caused on the football field, and to him we extend our sympathy and hopes for his speedy recovery.

R.C.L.

## FOOTBALL.

We are pleased to report a win by our team on Saturday, November 10th, when we paid a return visit in a friendly match with the Depot Team P.A. Somerset Light Infantry, at Taunton. The weather was typical for November. It was a nasty, thick rain during the greater part of the match, and the Depot team were one up at half-time. After the interval our team put some spirit into the game and scored three goals, and the Depot adding another to their credit later, and desperately endeavoured to equalise in the last few minutes. The game ended:—Highbridge 3, Depot 2. Well done,

a glimpse of the sea, calm and peaceful, which

seemed to be lighted up by the silvery

reflection from the moon. As I turned off

the main road and along the valley I found

it was necessary to turn on my head-lights,

and even then one had to drive with caution.

The leaves were beginning to fall and my journey up the valley seemed uncanny for

its stillness. The road seemed full of night

moths of all sizes, and as my head-lights lit

them up I could almost see their eyes staring

at the lights as they flew in my direction.

Here and there the road widened and as I

came upon the only part of straight road in

the valley I could see some lights and,

almost immediately, I picked out a figure

standing in the middle of the road, and as I

got nearer I found the lights were those of a

small car with its bonnet open and another

figure bending over the engine. As I arrived

at this spot I drew up on the other side of the

road and asked if I could help. The man

standing in the road said he would be very

glad if I would let him have the loan of a

spanner. I got out my tool bag and I asked

him what kind of spanner he wanted, but he

did not seem to know, and I felt almost like

driving on feeling so annoyed that a motorist

should run about without such a simple tool

as a spanner. Well, I said, "You had better have the set of spanners," and I handed

them to him. He looked a fierce-looking

fellow, and for a moment his eyes looked

straight into mine and he said, "Look 'ere,

guv'nor, it ain't ver spanners we wants, et's

cash, hard cash, so turn it over." I don't

think he realised what a dangerous thing it

was to ask me for money, let alone demand

it, and without waiting for any argument I

managed to find his solar plexis, much to his

discomfort, and for the moment it was

evident he was out of action. His companion

seeing this sudden and unexpected incident.

flung himself at me, and we both rolled in the

road looking for every opportunity of

putting one another out of existence.

Fiercely the fight went on, and presently I

got a firm grip on his throat, and I knew that

if I could stop his breathing I should win the

fight. When he became motionless I released

my grip and stood up perspiring and breath-

less. I looked down at the silent form and

then I felt a grip around my ankle, just as I

was walking away. I found that the other

man had recovered, and I could not move.

He tightened his grip with the other hand and

was pulling at my leg with all his might.

highest order.

Highbridge, you played a good game. Continue the motion, it's worth a little effort and combination to be on the winning side.

C.B.S.

## TO HOOT OR NOT TO HOOT.

Mr. G. Ward Willis interested me with his contribution in the October Magazine, as I, too, have given this "No horn method" a trial. I cannot agree with him, or with the radio speaker, that this would in any way reduce the terrible toll of the road. The method certainly tends to make the careful driver more careful, but it is the careless driver who must be catered for, and I am quite convinced that, as the heavy casualty lists of deaths fail to impress, the suppression of audible warning of approach would make matters considerably worse.

Mr. Willis's point of view is certainly supported by the success of the "No horn campaign" during the hours of darkness, but here the motorist is well able to signal his approach by means of the beam of the headlights, which is proving more effective than the use of the horn.

Only when everyone learns and practices the rules of the road (which need no amendment) and moves with the watchword, "consideration for others," can we hope for an improvement.

R. S. PHILLPOTTS.

Our notes this month would not be complete without special reference to those Ambassadors of the Company, who, by their untiring efforts, have secured pig contracts for us during the past few weeks.

The keenness and devotion to duty which they have shown, often in the face of most inclement weather, has been of the

From early morning, frequently until late at night, they have covered hundreds of miles in their quest for contracts. Theirs has not been by any means an easy task, but they have acquitted themselves most creditably. To most of them it was entirely strange work.

A.G.K.

## FRENZIED FICTION.

Grocer (arriving home late): Can't you guess where I've been?

Wife: I can; but tell your story.



Christmas Greetings to our Chief, and our Best Wishes for good health during the coming year.

A Merry Christmas to all.

Have you ever passed by one of those old cottages with the thatched roof and whitewashed walls, and as clean looking as a new pin, and set in surroundings that seem made for it? It was in such a cottage that I spent my holidays in the autumn a few years ago. The spot actually was in the Sterridge Valley, some distance from the sea and some three miles from Combe Martin. It was a real valley in every sense of the word, and from the sides of the road, which in most places was only wide enough for one vehicle, the tree-clad hills made their ascent, with cows grazing in a meadow here and there.

The front garden was actually on the opposite side of the road, with all its variety of flowers in full bloom made a wonderful blend of colour, and along the side a fastrunning stream which made its way out to the sea. On mornings one wanted to rise with the birds, and I never tired of fetching the morning milk and cream from a farm a little way down the road. Such was the spot where I had decided to spend my annual holidays. One glorious day we were very reluctant to leave the sea and, having returned in the evening a little later than usual, I found a letter waiting for me which it was very important that I should reply to the same evening, and I found it necessary to run in the car to Ilfracombe Post-office. Once on the main road one could make good headway, and I just managed to arrive in time. On my return journey I took the over-cliff road. It was not yet quite dark, and the moon had risen in a cloudless sky, which seemed to lengthen the daylight, and it was casting shadows of many queer shapes across the road. Here and there one caught

The position was again very desperate, but we have a little leg-pulling at Christmas time, and if I have succeeded in pulling your leg as much as this fellow pulled mine, I will be quite content.

G.C.

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## LONDON LIFE.

## STREET ENTERTAINMENT (2).

From our earliest recollections we have associated the festivities of Christmas and the New Year with the ringing of bells. The lovely tones of bells pealing from our town and village churches is one of the ancient customs of life in England, that has existed through the centuries.

Even our London street entertainers find that bells are an invaluable aid to earning a living. One enterprising entertainer is performing in different districts with a peal of common-place bicycle bells of different



sizes fixed on to a horizontal bar, supported by a portable stand. Now that Christmas is approaching we hear the tunes of carols and hymns being played, and the old familiar tunes do not fail to stir the hearts of the passers by, reminding them that it is a time of generosity, and our street entertainer must not be forgotten.

An original form of street entertainment like this appeals particularly to children, and our entertainer is always sure of an appreciative audience, as it looks so simple to play tunes on ordinary bicycle bells.

J.T.

# Calne Heritage Centre igitised

## IN TOWN TO-NIGHT.

FASHIONS-MILLINERY EN MENU.



Here is an Ox Tongue Slipper Hat,
That is always considered de rigueur,
And if you want one of very good taste
Get a "Harris" or "Robert Seager."

## We Hope to Bring you Something New and Interesting Each Month.

"CARRY ON, LONDON!"

"Does Father Christmas really fill my stocking, daddy?"

"Certainly, my son."

"Then what are you and mummy going to give me?"

## FIGURING IT OUT.

"Triplets," announced the nurse to the proud father.

"Really?" he said. "Why I can hardly believe my own census."

## WE ARE SIX !

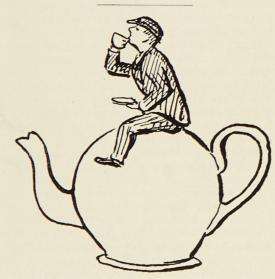
## INTRODUCING THE COWCROSS COCKNEYS.

We have decided to do our little bit towards the Harris Magazine and we should like to know one another better so we take the lead and introduce ourselves as follows:—



1.—BILL JOHNSON (Iodino). Can bale and sew with the best. Has been offered a post with the Egyptian

Government, providing he takes his needle. *Chief Hobby*—Cutting his finger, or somebody else's.



2.—BOB FOOT (Leatherneck).

Another good chap. Not so stout as Dicky. Drinks more tea than a brewer eats bananas.

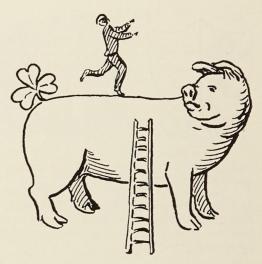
Chief Hobby—Keeping up to his nick-name.



## 3.—BERT BIRD (Dicky).

Baler-in-chief and "Double One" merchant. A stout fellow.

Chief Hobby—Darting from one place to another.



5.—DICK ARTICEL (Lily).

Of Irish descent. Once fell off a ladder in Dublin. What he doesn't know about the Bacon Trade—who knows.

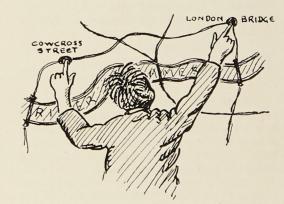
Chief Hobby—Trying to steal Leatherneck's reputation.



## 4.—MICK JOHNSON (Johnse).

An irresponsible person with a piece of chalk. Thinks he knows his A, B, and C's.

Chief Hobby—Selecting selected bacon.



6.-JOHN WRIGHT (Inky).

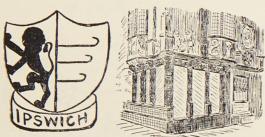
Always "wrighting." Forgotten more about geography than most people have learned.

Chief Hobby—Obtaining carmens' autographs.

Six good fellows, stout and true, are proud to help keep the Harris flag flying in London, and having thus expressed our personalities we offer you our Hearty Christmas Greetings.

THE C.C.'s.

# ritad



When these lines are read, Christmas will be at hand, with all it's happiness, good-will and good cheer.

To our brethren at Calne and all the Branches, we of Ipswich send good wishes that their Christmas may be a happy one, and the New Year bring to them an ever-increasing prosperity.

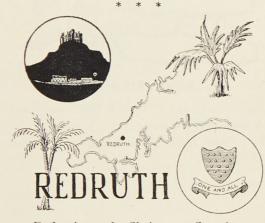
A dull month, damp and dreary—if only we had time to notice it. "Contracts," is the cry, the call to action, and sustained endeavour. Manfully borne, the oriflamme of Ipswich is ever in the thickest of the fight, as, with our brethren, we struggle onward. 1934 is passing, and we are planning for 1935.

Apart from work, we have but little to chronicle. The contest for the "Ludgate" Cup goes well, with the keenest of friendly rivalry between the competing teams.

Our sickness list is, happily, a small one.

Some little excitement was caused one evening by a pig which had managed somehow to get out of the pen where he and several others had been placed. The attendant on duty noticed my lord wandering along the passage, and promptly gave chase. The pig, by superb acceleration, got away with a flying start, charged the door at the end of the passage, and disappeared into the outer darkness. Out shot the pursuer in stern chase, and paused, baffled. A silence fell. Not a grunt, nor sight, nor sound of the errant pig. Moving cautiously round, the search party barked it's shin on a wheelbarrow, and the silence was very much broken. Still no pig. A further grope round, with a tender regard for susceptible shins, and a sound, strangely muffled, was heard. Ha! a clue! The apparently strangled grunts grew in volume as the search narrowed, and suddenly the search

party fell over a barrel, which grunted vigorously. Light and help was by now forthcoming, and the wanderer was discovered head first in the barrel, which was lying on its side on the ground. Nothing would induce that pig to emerge! There he was, and there, apparently, he proposed to remain. Pulling, pushing, rolling, all were in vain. It was a very old barrel, and he seemed to like it. At last, in desperation, the search party knocked off the end of the barrel and master pig, seeing in front of him once more, emerged from the debris and was escorted, profanely, back to his relations.



Redruth sends Christmas Greetings to all our friends connected with the House of Harris. We hope that for everyone this glad season will be one of happiness, and that we shall all have in our hearts that joy which the Christmas bells remind us should be ours.

Whether we look back over 1934 with its joys and sorrows (and we remember those of our friends who have been bereaved), or whether we look forward into the unknown 1935, these Christmas days can be our joy and our encouragement. It is no accident that Christmas comes in the last week of the twelfth month. It is our hope for the year that is past and for the year that is to come.

Those of us who spent our childhood days on the shores of the Atlantic have never forgotten the words of warning continually given us by our elders, "Tide waiteth for no man." Now that we are grown up we can understand the truth of "Time and tide waiteth for no man." When we were young time was very slow in passing, especially when waiting for that eleventh birthday when the promised new bicycle which we had looked at

so often in the cycle agent's window would become our very own. It is not like that now. The period between our first game of Rugby and our first game of Bowls is very brief, but of all years 1934 seems to us the shortest. Perhaps it is because we have been busy, pigs have been plentiful for a long time, and we have also been engaged on getting supplies for 1935. We are fortunate in being placed in the centre of one of the best pig-producing areas in the country, but competition has been keen, so keen indeed that one farmer remarked to us that he should think all the registered curers had agents in this district.

We were pleased to hear that several of our friends from Calne and other branches came to Cornwall for their holidays during the past summer. Newquay seemed to be their favourite spot, and we were wondering whether any were fortunate enough to witness the launching of the Newquay lifeboat. This scene, which has thrilled thousands of visitors, will now be a holiday memory, as this lifeboat station is to be closed. Housed at the top of a 150ft. shipway with a gradient of 1 in  $2\frac{3}{4}$ , the boat, with her crew of 13, would go down at a tremendous speed. This is the steepest shipway around our shores, and was so made to give the necessary speed to enable the boat to clear the rocks at the bottom, and she would ride out to sea hidden in a wall of spray.

Previous to coming to Newquay this lifeboat was at the Lizard station, and in 1907 successfully brought to shore 160 of 480 passengers rescued from the White Star liner Suvic, which went ashore off Lizard Point.

W.B.F.

## TOTNES.

Once again we take the opportunity of wishing our friends at Calne and other factories a very Happy Christmas, and of expressing the hope that 1935 may bring good health and happiness to all.

The past has been a trying year, beset with many difficulties, but the clouds are lifting and we are looking forward to happier and more prosperous times.

J.N.P.

## THE MESSIAH.

Is He a King who helpless lays
A babe in mother's arms?
Is He a monarch Israel sought
Whom Herod did alarm?

Could such a humble one command
Submission from the great,
Or one so helpless bring the strong
Before Him prostrate?

Yea! in His presence kings have bowed And offered presents rare, Whilst humble shepherds round Him knelt And did His worship share.

For it was written, "He shall come, And He shall be a King, A star His place of birth shall show, And Heaven His praises sing."

Shepherds, sages, peasants, kings, Together fall before The great Redeemer of mankind, Then, now, and evermore.

He came the darkness to dispel,
That Heavenly Babe so meek,
The light, and way for every soul,
Who peace through Him may seek.

He taught this world of brotherhood, Of sacrifice, of love, The one sure path for man from birth Until his call above.

He comes again in majesty,
Although none knoweth when;
But all men shall His mercy share
And His compassion then.

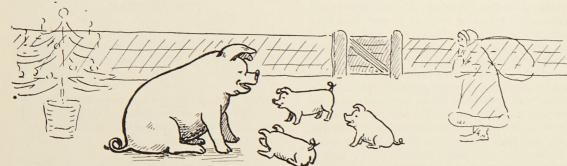
Now may He dwell within our hearts
His purchased kingdom here,
"Till we in person at His Throne
For judgment shall appear."

THOMAS H. HARVEY.

\* \* \*
Fish not with a golden hook, more may be lost than gained.

He that is perfectly idle will be perfectly weary.

Truth and oil always come to the surface at last.



Hello, kiddies!

Here we are again,
Happy as can be.

Well, aren't we? We ought to be, surely. Here's Christmas almost here and we're all looking forward to such a jolly time with such a lot of nice things, and there's such a "mystery" feeling in the air, and we all have our own secrets as to what we are going to give somebody and some of us have something or another hidden away in a drawer or in a corner that we have bought with our very own pennies for either Mummy or Daddy, or brother or sister, or our very best friend, and its-oh, ever so hard not to let them know about it. And right down deep, we are wondering what Father Christmas is going to bring in that great big bag of his, and some of us have written him a letter and put it on the mantelpiece at night. and when we have come down in the morning it has gone—right away to Santa-land. Or else we have shouted up the chimney and told him all about that engine or baby doll. or something that we saw in the shopwindow the other day that we should so much like for our very own.

And then we think about the little Baby who was born so many, many years ago, without whom there would have been no Christmas, and we think of the presents that were brought to Him, and of the presents He gave to others as He grew older, with never a thought of Himself.

I think it's ever so much more fun giving presents than taking them, don't you? Although, of course, its lovely having things given to you, too, and especially to think of the loving thought that made someone give them.

That reminds me of a story about a little girl named Maisie, who once lived in a beautiful house with a lovely garden with lots of wandery paths and little hide-away places and corners, and she had *such* a lot of toys, and just everything that she could wish for, and for when it was wet she had a big nursery with pretty flowery curtains and cushions and a cheery fire with a dainty little fireguard round to keep her from falling in, and a kind father and mother who thought *such* a lot of her, and did everything they possibly could to make her happy. But she *wasn't* happy, and it seemed much easier for her to frown and pout than to smile.

Mother and Father were very worried about her and just didn't know what to do. They bought her more toys, and a doll's house that was fitted out just like a real house, only tinier, but that didn't make her happy. She would play for a little while and then fling down her toys and sit on the floor and sulk, and sometimes she actually kicked and screamed!

Well, one wet day (it was Christmas Eve really), she was playing in her nursery and



was feeling so miserable and tired of everything that she must have fallen asleep. And all of a sudden the nursery seemed to be filled with such a lot of little girls and boys who were very ragged and thin, and who looked so hungry and uncared for, and they looked round the nursery at all the lovely toys and the pretty cusions and curtains and the warm, cheery fire, and I don't think they had ever seen anything so beautiful.

Behind them was a tall person with a

kindly face, who spoke to Maisie and said, "Wouldn't you like to share some of your toys with these children who don't have any nice things at Christmas?" And she pouted and said, "Oh, dear no, I can't give them away, they are mine—I never give anything away; if I did I shouldn't have it here when I wanted to play with it." And the person with the kindly face said, "But haven't you heard that it is more blessed to give than to receive?"

Maisie didn't seem to know what that meant, and she kept very quiet and they crept away, one by one, looking very sad.

Then she woke up, and she was so disappointed and sorry and ran down the stairs to try and get them to come back. But it was too late, and she couldn't see which way they had gone. So she went back to her nursery and thought, and thought, and thought, and thought, and thought, and town the stairs again and found her Mummy and said, "Mummy, you remember those poor little girls and boys we saw when we went down to the town the other day, and I said 'What horrid children; I shouldn't like to go near them." And Mother did remember, and she looked very sad.

"Well, Mummy," Maisie said, "could I have some of them to tea to-morrow and then take them up to my nursery and give



them some of my toys and some of the things from my Christmas tree? You see I've such a lot of things, and I can't possibly play with them all."

And Mother smiled, the sweetest, happiest smile she had smiled for many a long day—a smile that was reflected in the face of her little girl—and that was the happiest Christmas that quite a lot of people had ever had.

A very happy Christmas to you, kiddies, From your affectionate AUNT SUSIE.

One of our junior staff asks us why Santa Claus wears so long a beard. We can only suppose his wife once bought him a tie for Christmas.

## CARNIVAL.

The date of the annual Children's Carnival is now fixed for Saturday, January 5th, 1935, and we wish our readers to book the date.

The Committee are always pleased to receive suggestions for the improvement of the Carnival. New ideas will be welcomed and given every consideration if members with any will kindly communicate with the Chairman or Secretaries.

We hope to again have a Carnival Queen and Jazz Band Contest, and with the experience of last year behind us these items ought to arouse greater interest and keenness.

Do come along with your ideas. You may have seen something while on your holiday which would prove an attraction with us.

Our Carnival is so unique it is well worth giving some thought to promote its improvement. Let us have your ideas—we will be so grateful.

## EMPIRE PRODUCE FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Grape fruit—Jamaica. Turtle (canned or dried)—British West Indies. Sole—From the home fishing grounds. Sweetbreads-New Zealand lamb sweetbreads. Oranges— British West Indies, South Africa. Turkey-Ireland, United Kingdom, Canada. Celery and potatoes—United Kingdom. Plum pudding and mince pies—Dried fruits (Australia, South Africa), candied peel (South Africa), sugar (British West Indies), eggs (United Kingdom and Irish Free Sate), flour (Empire-grown wheat), suet (United Kingdom). Spices-Cinnamon (India, Ceylong, and British West Indies), nutmegs (British West Indies, Straits Settlements), allspice (British West Indies). Brandy-Cyprus, South Africa, and Australia. Rum-Jamaica, South Africa, and British Guiana. Coffee—Kenya. Liqueur—Van der Hum (South Africa). Drambuie (Scotland). Cigarettes-South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, Cyprus, Nyasaland, Mauritius, Canada, and United Kingdom.

## \* \* \* A HEAVY-WAIT.

A carol-singer at Birmingham turns the scale at twenty-one stone.

## "Anto You is Born This Day"

From the Gospel of St. Luke, Chapter ii., 1-20.

- 1. And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.
- 2. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was Governor of Syria.)
- 3. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.
- 4. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David).
- 5. To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.
- 6. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.
- 7. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.
- 8. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.
- 9. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.
- 10. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great 10y, which shall be to all people.

- 11. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.
- 12. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.
- 13. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,
- 14. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.
- 15. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.
- 16. And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.
- 17. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.
- 18. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.
- 19. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.
- 20. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.



A Happy Christmas to everybody, and may you be able to eat, drink, and be merry.

To some housewives the Christmas fare is not complete without the gammon, roast pork and beef, in addition to the good old bird. Usually after Christmas Day no more is seen of the bird, but with the other meats



there is a continuance of resurrections for

nearly a week.

"It's got to be finished up," says the housewife. What we want is a good relish to pack it away, and here, I think, is the ideal recipe for one:—

## INGREDIENTS.

2 large apples.

6 ozs. white sugar.

1 oz. salt.

1 large onion.

 $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. mixed spice.

½ teaspoonful pepper.

1 large lemon.

2 pints vinegar.

4 tablespoonsful China Soy.

## METHOD.

Cut lemon, apples, and onion roughly (leaving skin on lemon). Put in pan with all ingredients and bring to boil for twenty minutes. Strain, thicken with 2 ozs flour mixed with cold vinegar, boil for five minutes. Bottle when cool.

This will tickle your palate.

V.L.D.

Oh, dear! Christmas nearly here; at least that is what we gather as we walk in

town and the anxiety of Presents looms ahead of us.

What can we give to Mother? What can we give to Mary; and what on earth can we give to Anne and Bill? Gosh, it's terrible! All right, in that case let's put on our thinking caps and endeavour to get some ideas. Going around the shops just now one can, if one's eyes are open wide, spot some topping little things, and I advise you to snaffle them quickly before they go. Take for instance, in the world of china, there are really some lovely little pottery bowls for flowers or fruit, ashtrays and powder bowls with gaily-coloured flowers painted on—as only can be procured from Japan, and very inexpensive.

Also those lovely peasant dolls, you must have seen them, which reveal a cosy under their voluminous skirts. Just the very thing for Grannie or Auntie, or even Mother. You can buy them from 5s. 11d. upwards. For Mary it isn't at all difficult; there are a million things to choose from, but undies, my dear, are so delectable now, and she'll hug you to bits, if you give her one of



those dainty oyster satin sets. Of course, if you really want to be extravagant, give her a pair of velvet mules trimmed with ostrich feathers. For the gardener maybe you could give Reginald Arkell's "Green Fingers" (3s. 6d.). It is very delightful to read, humorous, and is illustrated—awfully good.

Personally, I am doing some fire screens, which really are jolly useful in the fine days to come—we hope next year. You can buy a frame with some crash already fastened on —a transfer of an old sailing boat looks

rather jolly and you could work in some gay wools, and is not at all dear.

I am afraid our minds always lean towards gay things just about now—food, drink, &c.—and talking of drink, here is an awfully good recipe, and you can call it Pineapple Punch.

Chop a fresh pineapple, mix it with the juice of a lemon and two oranges. Sweeten with honey and serve with soda, and, of course, if you can get it, crushed ice. Oh, dear! now I've started on our inner manwell, try 11b. mushrooms, then saute them in butter. Chop finely with a hard-boiled egg, season to taste, and then spread the mixture on buttered white bread. Devilled crab is another good thing. Take a small tin of crab and chop finely, add the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, the juice of half a lemon, a pinch of salt and cavenne, moisten it with salad crab, and this makes delightful sandwiches on either brown or white bread and butter.

And now, going on to films, If you have not seen it please don't miss Jack Hulbert's new film, "The Camels are Coming." Its absolutely priceless. You can imagine him with his long nose and sticky-

out chin careering about in the desert on camels, &c., can't you?

Oh, you remember we were talking about bulbs last month. Don't do as I did, and plant your crocuses upside down. When I looked at mine some time after, instead of shoots to my horror roots were spreading out all over the place; but then, of course, you wouldn't, it would be only

JANE.

P.S.—A very happy Christmas to you.



POULTERER (to lady buying turkey): This one, madam?

LADY: No!

POULTERER: This one? (pause), this one?

LADY: No!

POULTERER: Well, let me know when I'm getting warm!



End of Volume 8.

